

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

# GLAD GREETINGS

AND PRAISE SERVICES.

BY  
W. L. MASON.

PUBLISHED BY A. S. BARNES & COMPANY, NEW YORK

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# Glad Tidings.

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS NEW AND OLD FOR THE

Sunday-School,

Suitable also for Young People's Meetings, Y. M. C. A.  
and the Home Circle.

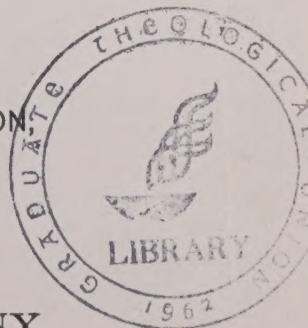
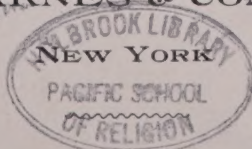
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Compiled and Arranged by W. L. MASON

Author of

**THE "MASON" MUSIC**

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# PREFACE.

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GLAD TIDINGS" is published with the view of meeting a need which has long been felt for a collection of sacred pieces suitable for the Sunday-School, consisting of the more familiar hymns of the better grade for young people, with the addition of a number of new pieces specially written for the work. It is designed to lift the youthful heart in a spirit of reverent praise to the Father, the Redeemer and the Comforter of mankind, while at the same time not losing sight of the joyful spirit which is so thoroughly characteristic of the young people of our time. It is difficult to find in a single collection the best of the old and well-tried hymns by standard composers, but it is hoped that the most of them will be found in "Glad Tidings." Of the new pieces, those which are worthy will survive, it is hoped, and find a permanent place in Sunday-School hymnology. Nothing can determine this but the popular verdict, and to that tribunal they are prayerfully committed.

The thanks of the compiler are respectfully tendered to the Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, D. D., LL. D., for the use of several of his honored father's heretofore unpublished hymns; as well as to Giles Bushnell, Esq., to Hall-Mack Co., Mr. John J. Hood and to many others who have kindly contributed a share in the compilation of this work.

It is believed that "Glad Tidings" will be found to be adapted not only to the Sunday-School, but to Young People's Meetings, the Y. M. C. A., Day Schools, Colleges, and the home circle.

W. L. MASON.

*New York, September 1st, 1899.*

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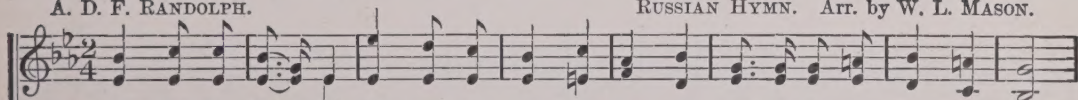


# GLAD TIDINGS.

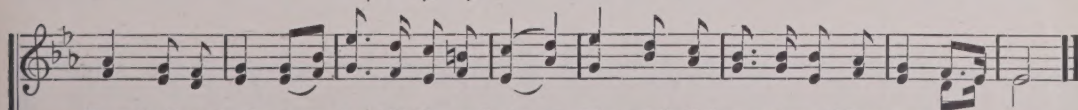
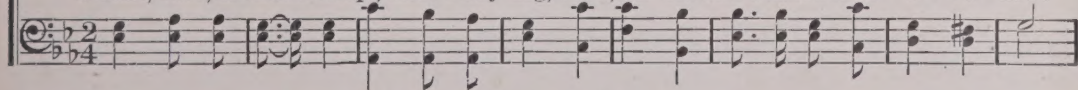
## Christ the Theme of Song in All Ages.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

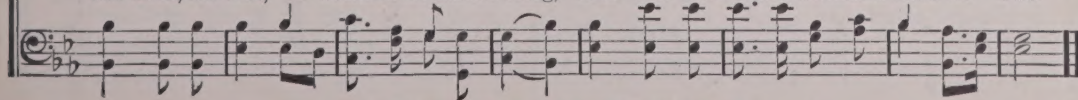
RUSSIAN HYMN. Arr. by W. L. MASON.



1. Oh, end-less theme of ne'er ceas-ing song And mu-sic, wakened by su-prem-est love!
2. Christ, Son of God, and Christ, Son of man; Christ on the cross, and Christ in king-ly reign.
3. Thus thro' the years of long a-ges a-go, Thus in the chan-ges of these lat-ter days:
4. Come, Thou, and touch our lips, that we may sing; Come, fill our hearts with love to o-ver-flow:



How hath it broke from fee-ble lips and strong, The pow'r divine, and matchless grace to prove.  
 So thro' the a-ges, since the song be-gan, With swelling hosts, the saints re-peat the strain.  
 One on-ly Lord, our Lord, above, be-low, And He the ob-ject of our end-less praise.  
 Our Lord, our Life, we would some tribute bring, And tell the world how much to Thee we owe.



## Life is Full of Cloud and Sunshine.

R. E. D.

R. E. DEREEF.

1. Life is full of cloud and sunshine, Changing as from night to day, When the shadows gather  
 2. Tho' temptations bright allure thee, Never wander from His side, He will guide thee and pro-  
 3. When at last our earthly journey Draweth sweetly to its close, And our weary hearts are

'round us We should always learn to pray For the sunshine of His presence Still to  
 tect thee If thou wilt in Him confide, Oh the bliss of those who know Him None but  
 sighing For the last and long repose, Clouds and darkness left behind us May we

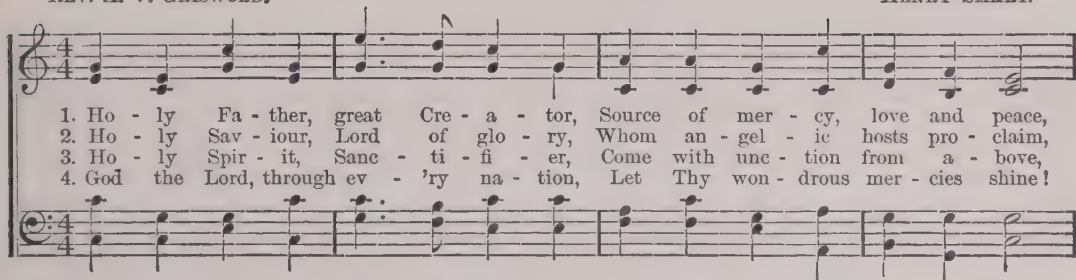
guide our feet aright, For the brightness of His glory To dispel the shades of night.  
 they alone can tell, Ear-nest of the coming glory Which alone can this excel.  
 then Thy glory see In the sunshine of Thy presence Ever, ever more to be.

# Holy Father, Great Creator.

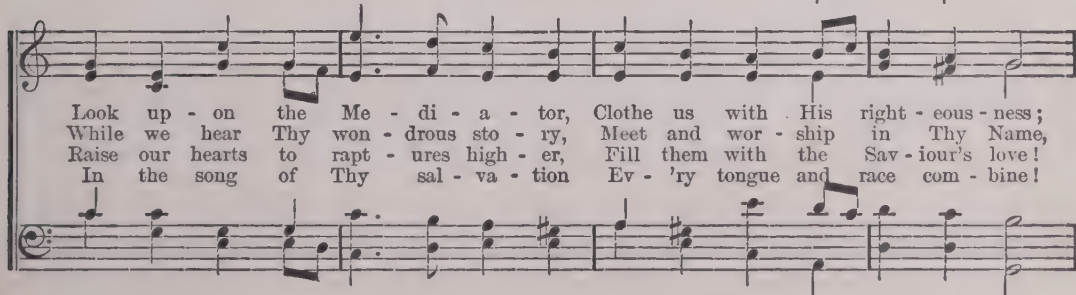
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REV. A. V. GRISWOLD.

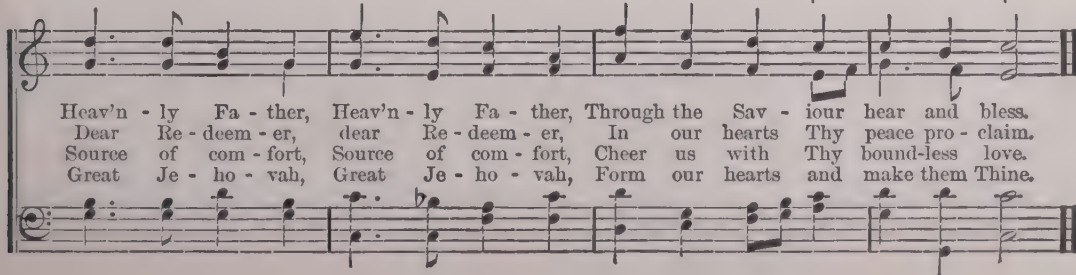
HENRY SMART.



1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love and peace,  
 2. Ho - ly Sav - iour, Lord of glo - ry, Whom an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim,  
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Come with unc - tion from a - bove,  
 4. God the Lord, through ev - 'ry na - tion, Let Thy won - drous mer - cies shine!



Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with His right - eous - ness;  
 While we hear Thy won - drous sto - ry, Meet and wor - ship in Thy Name,  
 Raise our hearts to rapt - ures high - er, Fill them with the Sav - iour's love!  
 In the song of Thy sal - va - tion Ev - 'ry tongue and race com - bine!



Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Through the Sav - iour hear and bless.  
 Dear Re - deem - er, dear Re - deem - er, In our hearts Thy peace pro - claim.  
 Source of com - fort, Source of com - fort, Cheer us with Thy bound - less love.  
 Great Je - ho - vah, Great Je - ho - vah, Form our hearts and make them Thine.

## O Jesus, King Most Wonderful.

ST. BERNARD.

(Jesu, Rex admirabilis.)

W. L. MASON.

1. O Je - sus! King most won - der - ful! Thou Con - quer - or re - nown'd! Thou Sweetness most in -  
 2. O Je - sus! Light of all be - low! Thou Fount of life and fire! Sur - pass - ing all the

ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found! When once Thou vis - it - est the heart, Then  
 joys we know, All that we can de - sire: May ev - 'ry heart con - fess Thy name, And

truth be - gins to shine; Then earth - ly van - i - ties de - part; Then kin - dles love di - vine.  
 ev - er Thee a - dore; And seek - ing Thee it - self inflame To love Thee more and more.

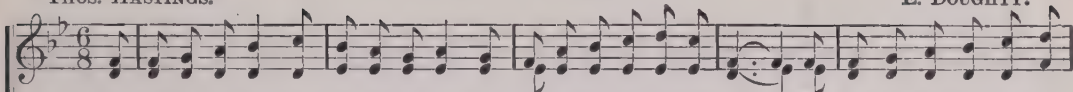


# Oh, Sing to the Lord.

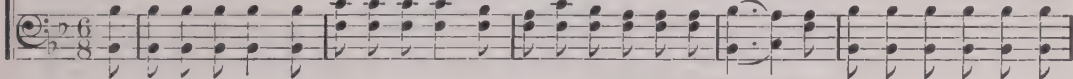
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THOS. HASTINGS.

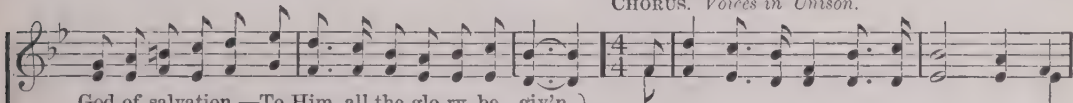
E. DOUGHTY.



1. Oh, sing to the Lord in joyous accord, Ye dwellers in earth and in heav'n! The God of cre - a - tion, the
2. Earth, ocean and air u - nite to declare Th' unspeakable worth of His name. Cre - a - tion He founded in
3. But, oh, the rich grace to our perishing race, Sal - vation, the purchase of blood. Lost sinners be - liev - ing, free
4. What wonders untold will redemption unfold When heav'n its myriad shall bring! In bod - y and spir - it bright
5. Oh, sing to the Lord with joyous accord, Ye dwellers be - low and a - bove; Cre - a - tion is tell - ing, Re -

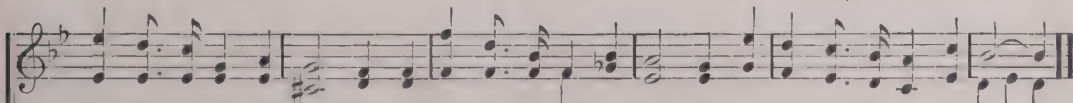


CHORUS. *Voices in Unison.*



God of salvation,—To Him all the glo - ry be giv'n.  
wisdom unbounded, Such wonders His glory pro - claim.  
pardon re - ceiv - ing. Become the blest children of God.  
crowns to in - her - it, With Christ, the victo - ri - ous King.  
demption revealing His in - fi - nite wisdom and love.

Then sing, children, sing, Let the cho - rus, Ring



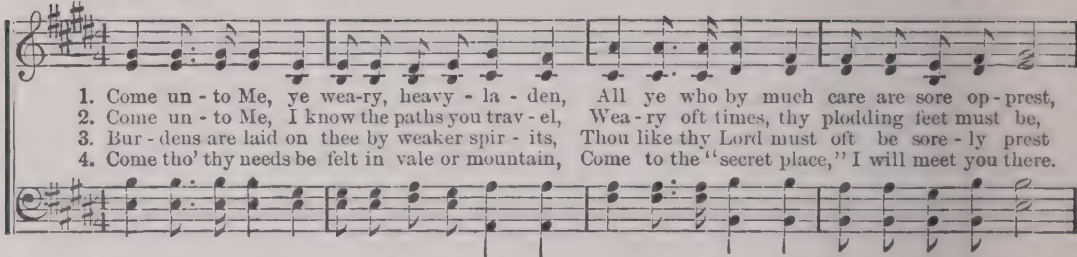
out on the way be - fore us, As - cend to the heavens o'er us, Then sing, happy children, sing!



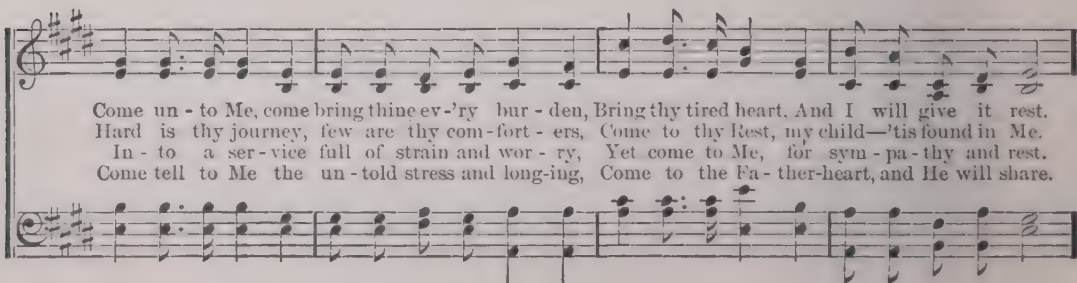
## Come Unto Me.

REV. I. MENCH CHAMBERS.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

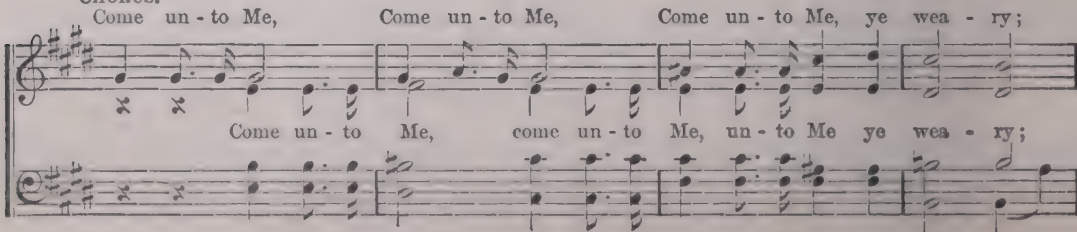


1. Come un - to Me, ye wea-ry, heavy - la - den, All ye who by much care are sore op - prest,  
 2. Come un - to Me, I know the paths you trav - el, Wea-ry oft times, thy plodding feet must be,  
 3. Bur - dens are laid on thee by weaker spir - its, Thou like thy Lord must oft be sore - ly prest  
 4. Come tho' thy needs be felt in vale or mountain, Come to the "secret place," I will meet you there.



Come un - to Me, come bring thine ev - ry bur - den, Bring thy tired heart, And I will give it rest.  
 Hard is thy journey, few are thy com - fort - ers, Come to thy Rest, my child - 'tis found in Me.  
 In - to a ser - vice full of strain and wor - ry, Yet come to Me, for sym - pa - thy and rest.  
 Come tell to Me the un - told stress and long - ing, Come to the Fa - ther - heart, and He will share.

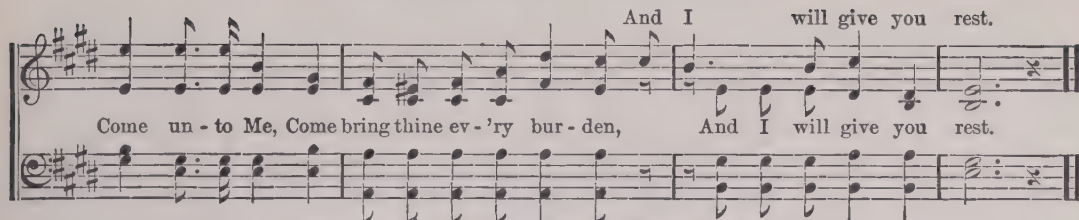
## CHORUS.



Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry;  
 Come un - to Me, come un - to Me, un - to Me ye wea - ry;

# Come Unto Me.—Concluded.

9



And I will give you rest.

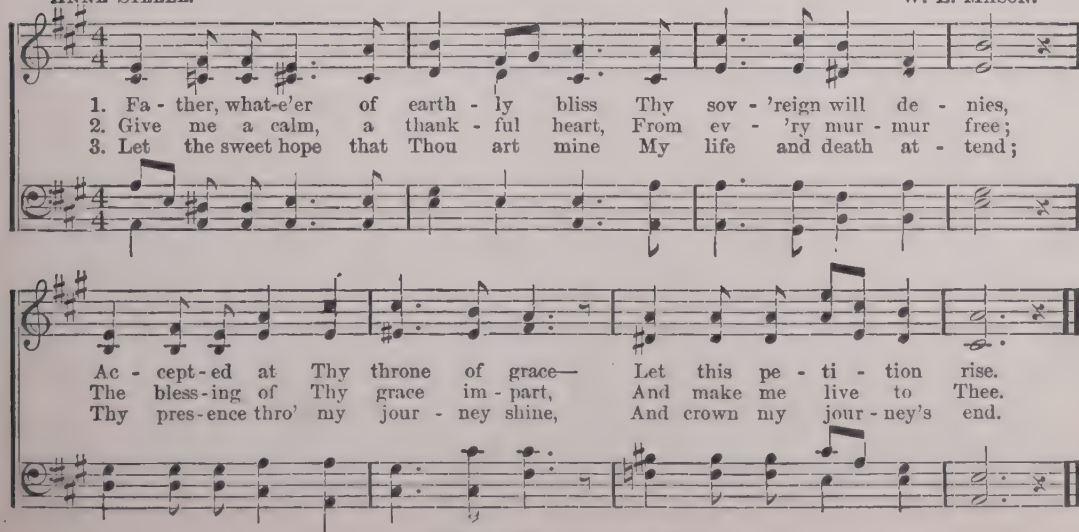
Come un - to Me, Come bring thine ev - 'ry bur - den, And I will give you rest.

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## Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

ANNE STEELE.

W. L. MASON.



1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,  
 2. Give me a calm, a thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;  
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace— Let this pe - ti - tion rise.  
 The bless - ing of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.  
 Thy pres - ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end.

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Little Children, Come to Jesus.

Words and Music by R. E. DEREEF.

1. Lit - tle children, come to Je - sus, For He loves you most of all, While His arms the  
2. Lit - tle children, come to Je - sus, He will teach you how to pray, How to love and  
3. Lit - tle children, come to Je - sus, He will teach you how to live, How to keep His  
4. Lit - tle children, come to Je - sus, He will teach you how to die, So that you may

lamb-en-fold-eth, And He notes the spar-rs fall. Come to Je-sus now, and love Him,  
heed your parents. And their wish-es to o-bey. For He in His Word hath promised,  
ho-ly Sabbath, And to Him your wor-ship give. How to keep your hands from meddling  
live for-ev-er, With the an-gels in the sky. There, up-on His breast a-bid-ing

While your hearts are sweet and pure, And there's naught of sin to drive Him From your young heart's open door.  
Those who shall ob-serve this law Shall en-joy long life, and ev-er On His love and fa-vor draw.  
And your minds from wicked thoughts, And your lit-tle hearts from en-vy, And your life free from all spots.  
You will ev-er hap-py be, In your Saviour dear, con-fid-ing, You will all His glo-ry see.

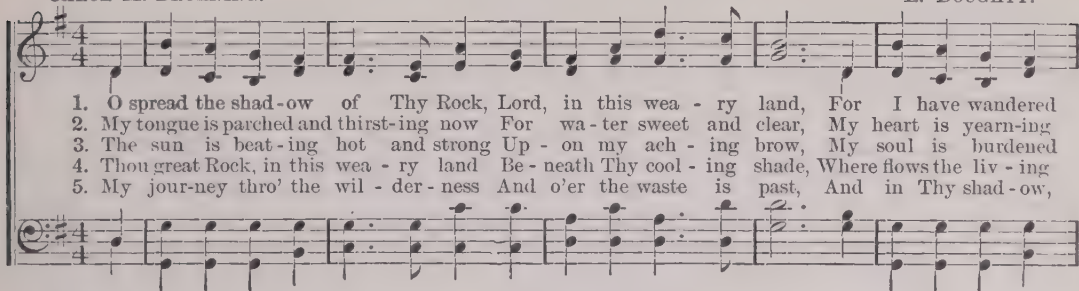


# The Shadow of Thy Rock.

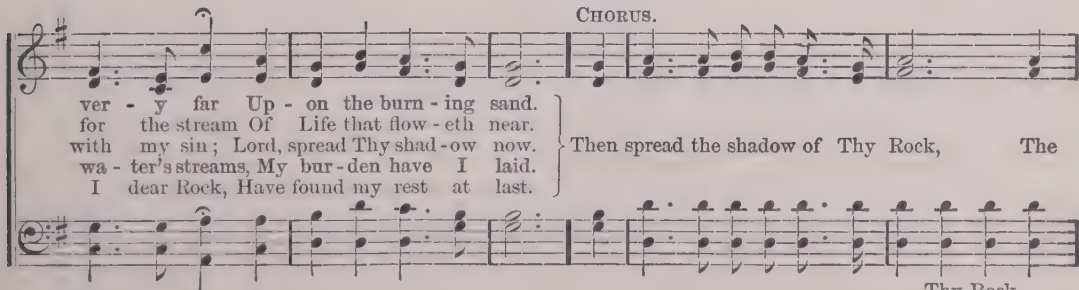
11

CAROL M. BRUENING.

E. DOUGHTY.



1. O spread the shad-ow of Thy Rock, Lord, in this wea - ry land, For I have wandered  
 2. My tongue is parched and thirst-ing now For wa - ter sweet and clear, My heart is yearn-ing  
 3. The sun is beat-ing hot and strong Up - on my ach - ing brow, My soul is burdened  
 4. Thou great Rock, in this wea - ry land Be - neath Thy cool - ing shade, Where flows the liv - ing  
 5. My jour-ney thro' the wil - der-ness And o'er the waste is past, And in Thy shad-ow,

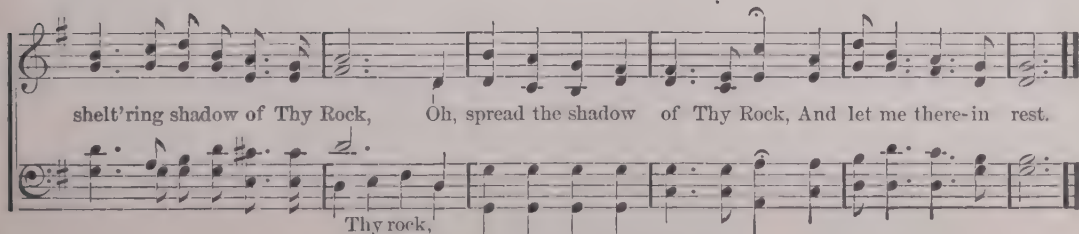


CHORUS.

ver - y far Up - on the burn - ing sand.  
 for the stream Of Life that flow - eth near.  
 with my sin; Lord, spread Thy shad - ow now.  
 wa - ter's streams, My bur - den have I laid.  
 I dear Rock, Have found my rest at last.

Then spread the shadow of Thy Rock, The

Thy Rock,



shelt'ring shadow of Thy Rock, Oh, spread the shadow of Thy Rock, And let me there-in rest.

Thy rock,

## Pardoning Love.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

IRENE ANSTED.

1. I am so glad my Re-deem-er came Down from His kingdom a - bove, A  
 2. I am so glad that His grace is free, Glad there is noth-ing to pay; I'm  
 3. I am so glad Je-sus waits to bring Hope to the wea-ry and sad, That

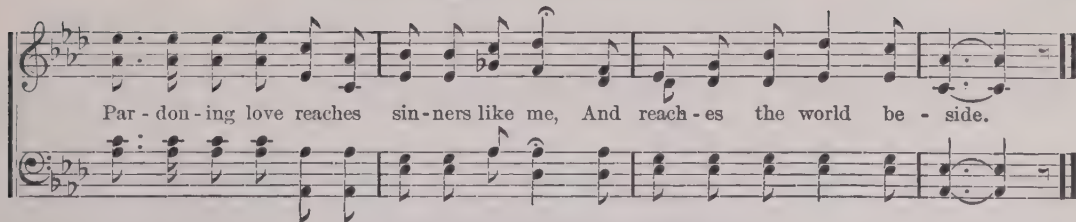
bless-ed sal - va-tion for all to pro-claim, And show us His par-don-ing love.  
 glad that sal - va-tion is of-fered to me, And I have full par-don to - day.  
 all who will own Him as Sav-iour and King In par-don-ing love shall be glad.

## CHORUS.

Par - don-ing love is free— is free, Par - don-ing love is wide,

# Pardoning Love.—Concluded.

13



Par - don - ing love reaches sin - ners like me, And reach - es the world be - side.

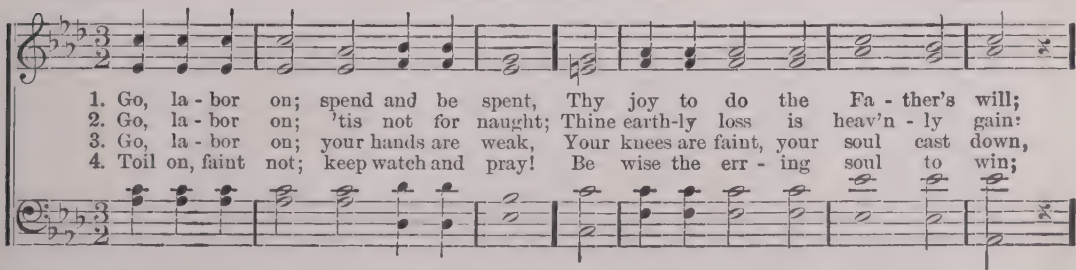
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## Go Labor On.

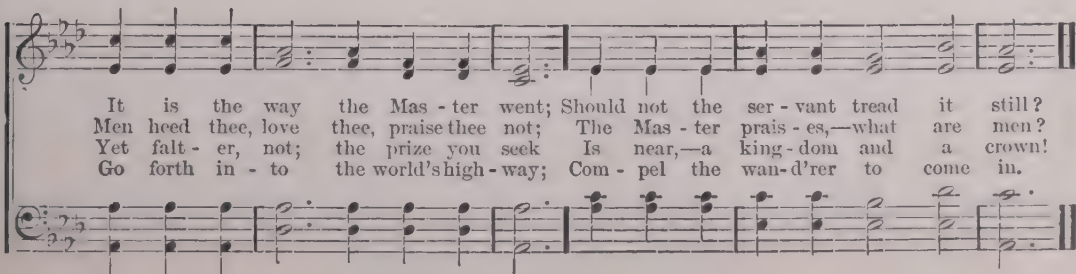
H. BONAR.

(Missionary Chant. L. M.)

H. C. ZEUNER



1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;  
 2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earth - ly loss is heav'n - ly gain:  
 3. Go, la - bor on; your hands are weak, Your knees are faint, your soul cast down,  
 4. Toil on, faint not; keep watch and pray! Be wise the err - ing soul to win;




It is the way the Mas - ter went; Should not the ser - vant tread it still?  
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Mas - ter prais - es,—what are men?  
 Yet falt - er, not; the prize you seek Is near,—a king - dom and a crown!  
 Go forth in - to the world's high - way; Com - pel the wan - d'rer to come in.

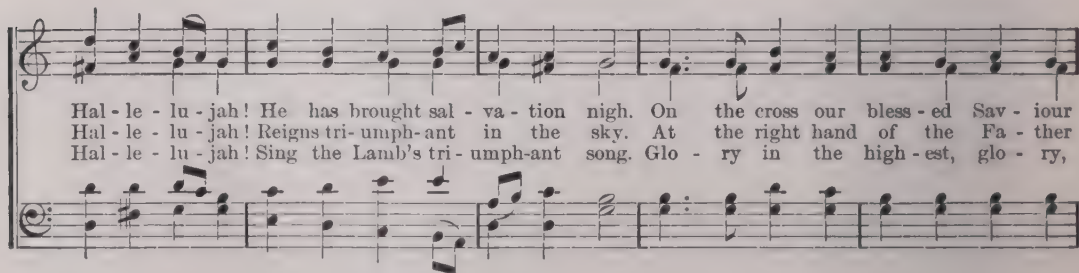
## Jesus Reigns!

*Spirited.*

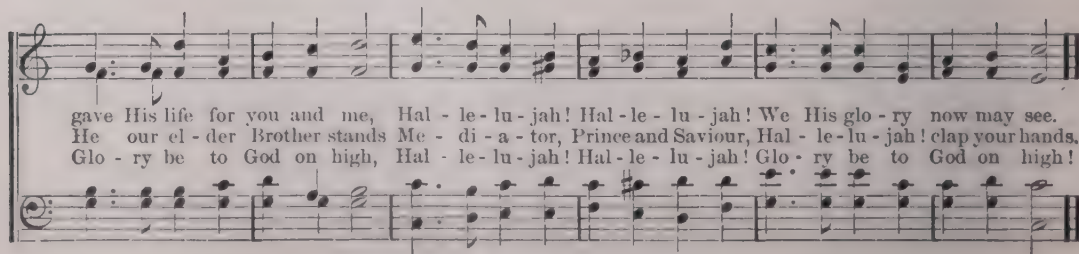
Words and Music by R. E. DEREEF.



1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus came to earth to die, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus reigns our King on high Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Soon we'll join the an - gel throng, Hal - le - lu - jah!



Hal - le - lu - jah! He has brought sal - va - tion nigh. On the cross our bless - ed Sav - iour  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Reigns tri - umph - ant in the sky. At the right hand of the Fa - ther  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing the Lamb's tri - umph - ant song. Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry,



gave His life for you and me, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! We His glo - ry now may see.  
 He our el - der Brother stands Me - di - a - tor, Prince and Saviour, Hal - le - lu - jah! clap your hands,  
 Glo - ry be to God on high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to God on high!



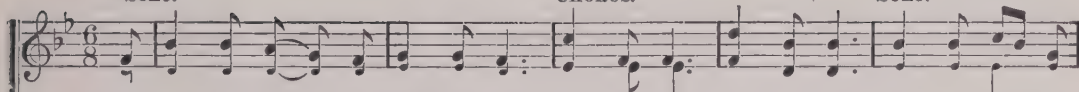
# Jesus, the Children's Friend.

15

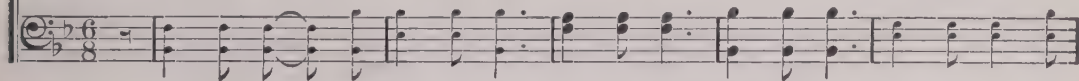
W. L. M.  
SOLO.

CHORUS.

W. L. MASON.  
SOLO.

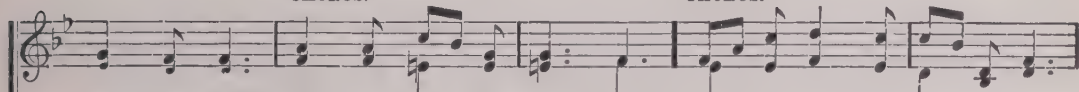


1. I won - der who is the children's friend? Je - sus is! Je - sus is! Who will love them  
 2. Who came from heaven for us to die? Je - sus did! Je - sus did! Who was lift - ed  
 3. O who was cru - ci - fied for sin? Je - sus was! Je - sus was! Who for us did  
 4. And who will love us while life shall last? Je - sus will! Je - sus will! Who will take us



CHORUS.

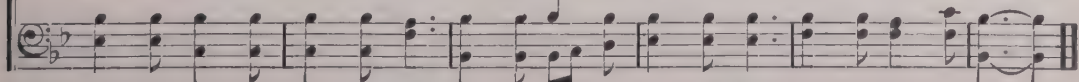
CHORUS.



to the end? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.  
 up on high? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.  
 heav - en win? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.  
 home at last? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus. } Tell, oh, tell of Je - sus' praise!



Loud and clear your voi - ces raise! Up to him our songs as - cend, Je - sus is our friend.



## He is Calling.

F. W. FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea ;  
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good ;  
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind ;  
 4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word ;

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal-ing in His blood.  
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful and kind.  
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

## CHORUS.

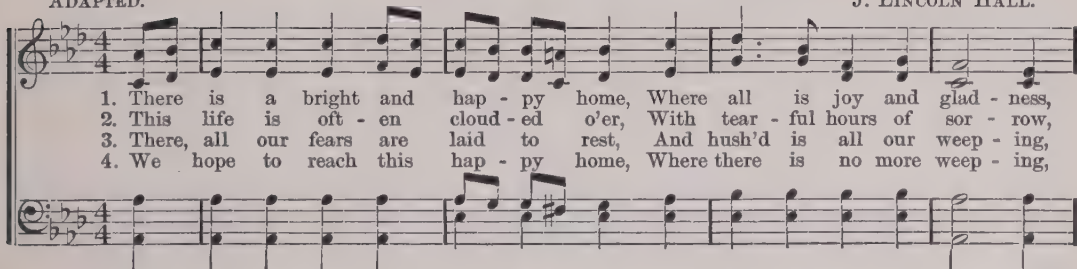
He is call-ing, "Come to Me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to Thee.

# There is a Bright and Happy Home.

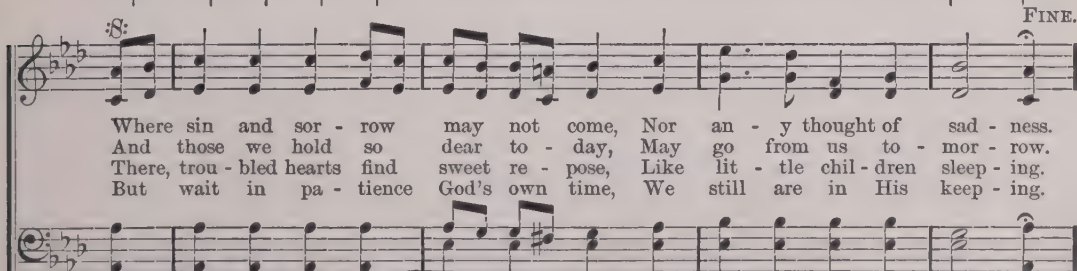
17

ADAPTED.

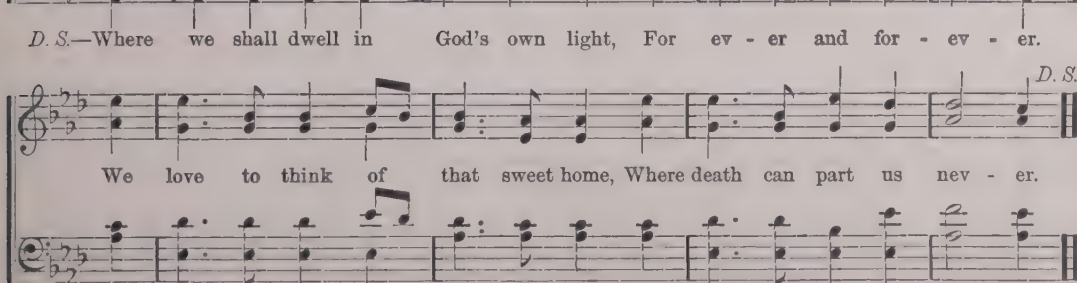
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. There is a bright and hap - py home, Where all is joy and glad - ness,  
 2. This life is oft - en cloud - ed o'er, With tear - ful hours of sor - row,  
 3. There, all our fears are laid to rest, And hush'd is all our weep - ing,  
 4. We hope to reach this hap - py home, Where there is no more weep - ing,



Where sin and sor - row may not come, Nor an - y thought of sad - ness.  
 And those we hold so dear to - day, May go from us to - mor - row.  
 There, trou - bled hearts find sweet re - pose, Like lit - tle chil - dren sleep - ing.  
 But wait in pa - tience God's own time, We still are in His keep - ing.



*D. S.*—Where we shall dwell in God's own light, For ev - er and for - ev - er.

*D. S.*  
 We love to think of that sweet home, Where death can part us nev - er.

HARRIET E. JONES.

W. L. MASON.

1. Some-time, we'll cross the roll-ing tide And land up-on the gold-en side Where  
 2. Some-time, the worn and wea-ry feet Shall tread the ci - ty's gold-en street, To  
 3. Some-time, we'll gaze up-on the King Who did to us sal - va - tion bring, And  
 4. O keep the cheering thought in mind: Some - time, the wea-ry soul shall find The

## CHORUS.

Je - sus and His own a - bid - e, — Sometime, yes, sometime.  
 nev - er thorns and briars meet, — Sometime, yes, sometime.  
 make His courts with praises ring, — Sometime, yes, sometime. } Oh! sweet the thought, some day, sometime, We'll  
 peace for which it long hath pin'd, — Sometime, yes, sometime.

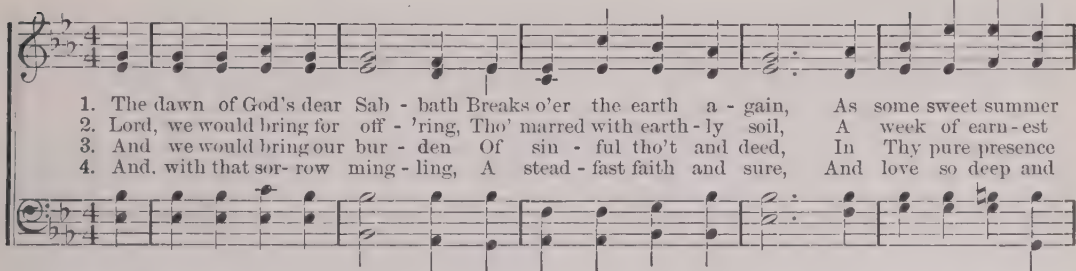
reach that glad and sunny clime, To nev - er leave its scenes sublime, — Sometime, yes, sometime.

# The Dawn of God's Dear Sabbath.

19

MRS. A. C. CROSS.

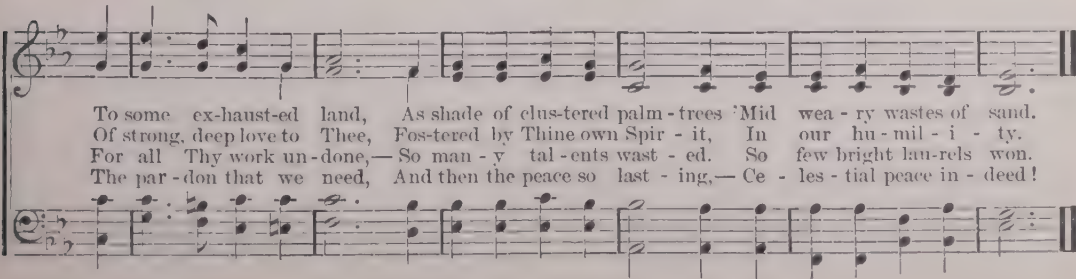
S. S. WESLEY.



1. The dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain, As some sweet summer  
 2. Lord, we would bring for off - 'ring, Tho' marred with earth - ly soil, A week of earn - est  
 3. And we would bring our bur - den Of sin - ful tho't and deed, In Thy pure presence  
 4. And, with that sor - row ming - ling, A stead - fast faith and sure, And love so deep and



morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain. It comes as cool - ing show - ers  
 la - bor, Of stead - y, faith - ful toil; Fair fruits of self - de - ni - al,  
 kneel - ing, From bond - age to be freed; Our hearts' most bit - ter sor - row  
 fer - vent, That tries to make it pure; In His dear pres - ence find - ing



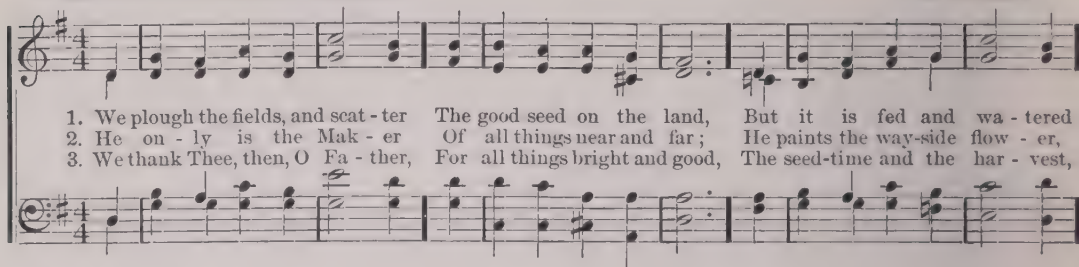
To some ex-haust-ed land, As shade of clus-tered palm - trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand.  
 Of strong, deep love to Thee, Fos-tered by Thine own Spir - it, In our hu - mil - i - ty.  
 For all Thy work un-done, — So man - y tal - ents wast - ed. So few bright lau - rels won.  
 The par - don that we need, And then the peace so last - ing, — Ce - les - tial peace in - deed!



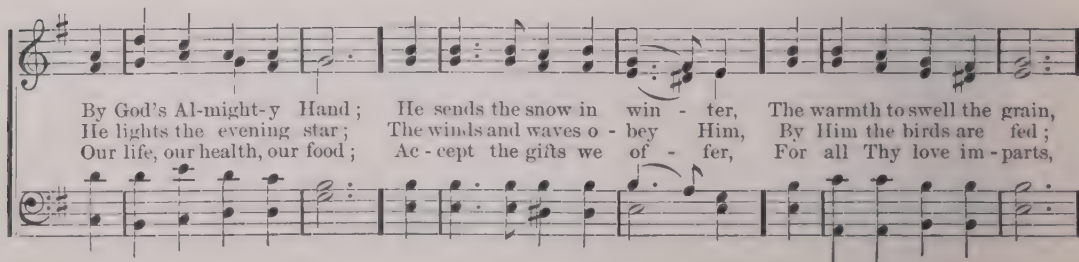
## We Plough the Fields, and Scatter.

CLAUDIUS. Tr. JANE M. CAMPBELL.

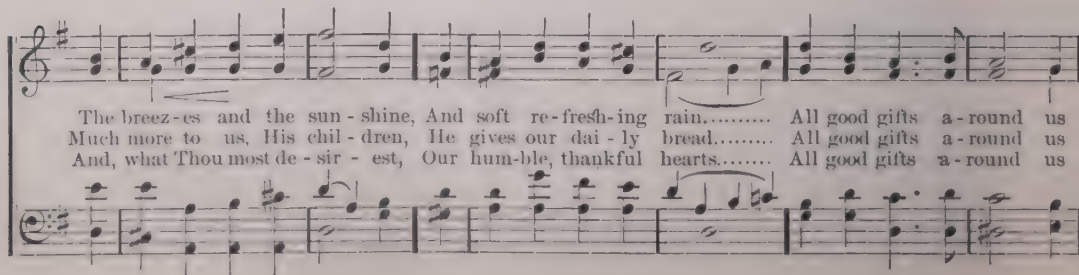
A. COTTMAN.



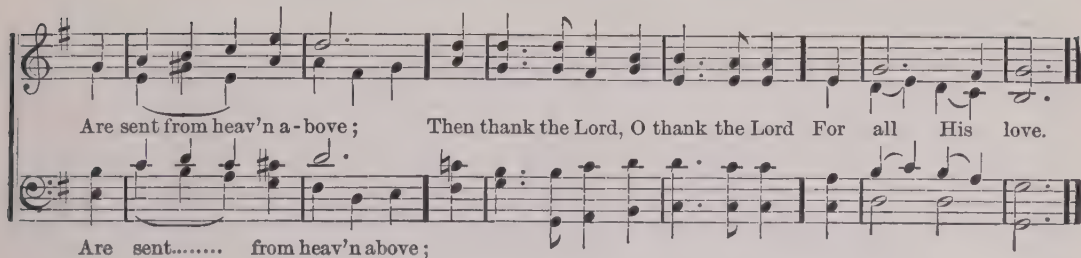
1. We plough the fields, and scat-ter    The good seed on the land,    But it is fed and wa-tered  
 2. He on-ly is the Mak-er    Of all things near and far;    He paints the way-side flow-er,  
 3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa-ther,    For all things bright and good,    The seed-time and the har-vest,



By God's Al-might-y Hand;    He sends the snow in win-ter,    The warmth to swell the grain,  
 He lights the evening star;    The winds and waves o-bey Him,    By Him the birds are fed;  
 Our life, our health, our food;    Ac-cept the gifts we of-fer,    For all Thy love im-parts,



The breez-es and the sun-shine, And soft re-fresh-ing rain..... All good gifts a-round us  
 Much more to us, His chil-dren, He gives our dai-ly bread..... All good gifts a-round us  
 And, what Thou most de-sir-est, Our hum-ble, thankful hearts..... All good gifts a-round us



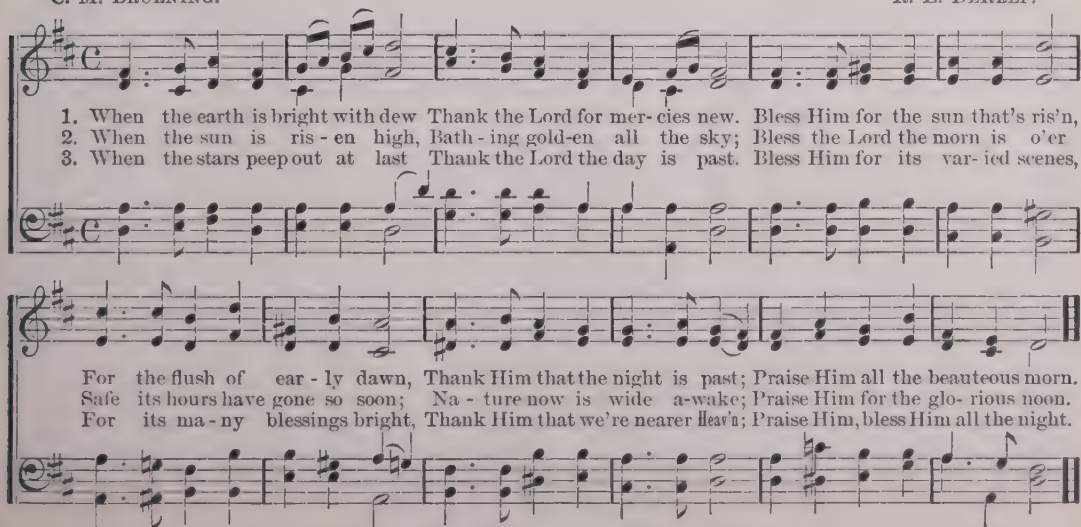
Are sent from heav'n a-bove; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all His love.

Are sent..... from heav'n above;

## When the Earth is Bright With Dew.

C. M. BRUENING.

R. E. DEREEF.



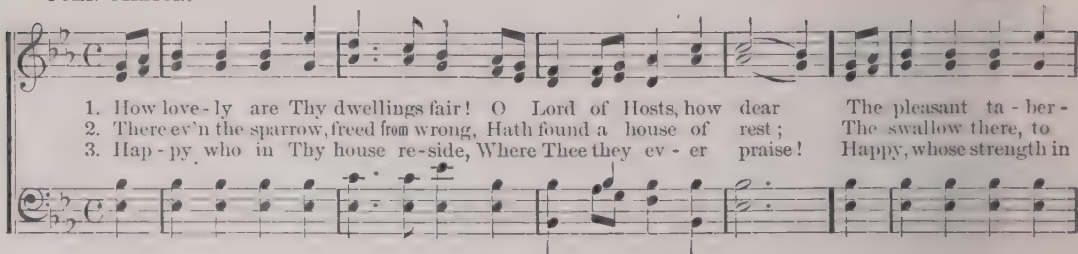
1. When the earth is bright with dew Thank the Lord for mercies new. Bless Him for the sun that's ris'n,  
 2. When the sun is ris-en high, Bath-ing gold-en all the sky; Bless the Lord the morn is o'er  
 3. When the stars peep out at last Thank the Lord the day is past. Bless Him for its var-ied scenes,

For the flush of ear-ly dawn, Thank Him that the night is past; Praise Him all the beauteous morn.  
 Safe its hours have gone so soon; Na-ture now is wide a-wake; Praise Him for the glo-rious noon.  
 For its ma-ny blessings bright, Thank Him that we're nearer heav'n; Praise Him, bless Him all the night.

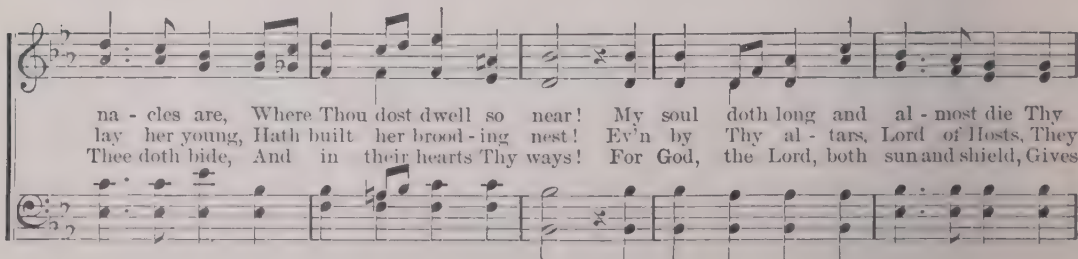
## How Lovely are Thy Dwellings Fair.

JOHN MILTON.

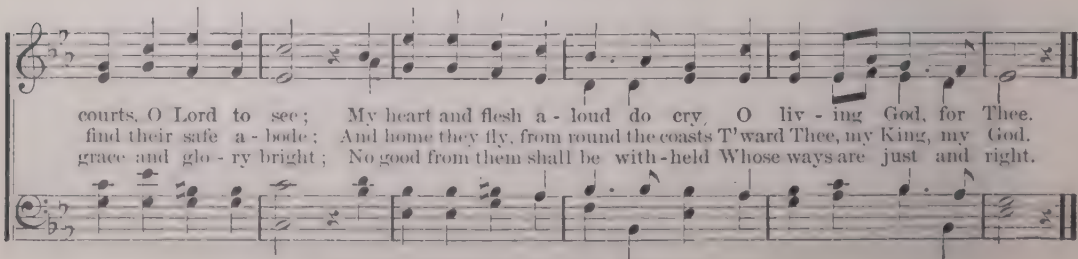
W. L. MASON.



1. How love-ly are Thy dwellings fair! O Lord of Hosts, how dear The pleasant ta-ber-  
 2. There ev'n the sparrow, freed from wrong, Hath found a house of rest; The swallow there, to  
 3. Hap-py who in Thy house re-side, Where Thee they ev-er praise! Happy, whose strength in



na-cles are, Where Thou dost dwell so near! My soul doth long and al-most die Thy  
 lay her young, Hath built her brood-ing nest! Ev'n by Thy al-tars, Lord of Hosts, Thy  
 Thee doth bide, And in their hearts Thy ways! For God, the Lord, both sun and shield, Gives



courts, O Lord to see; My heart and flesh a-loud do cry, O liv-ing God, for Thee.  
 find their safe a-bode; And home they fly, from round the coasts T'ward Thee, my King, my God.  
 grace and glo-ry bright; No good from them shall be with-held Whose ways are just and right.

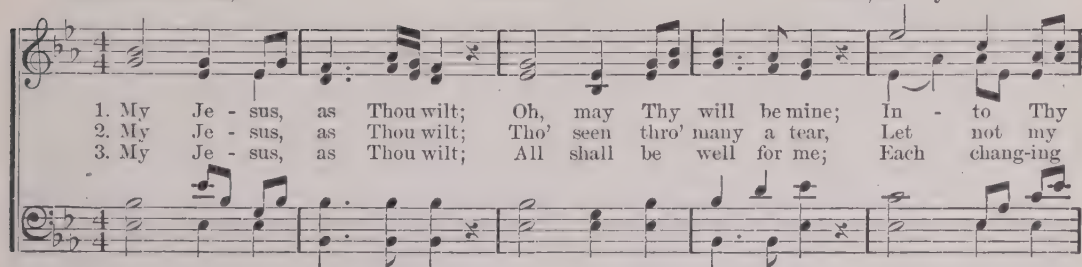
# My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

23

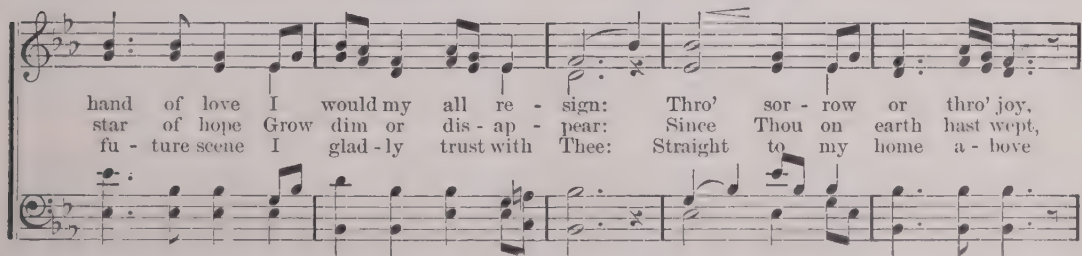
JANE BORTHWICK, tr.

(Jewett. 6s. D.)

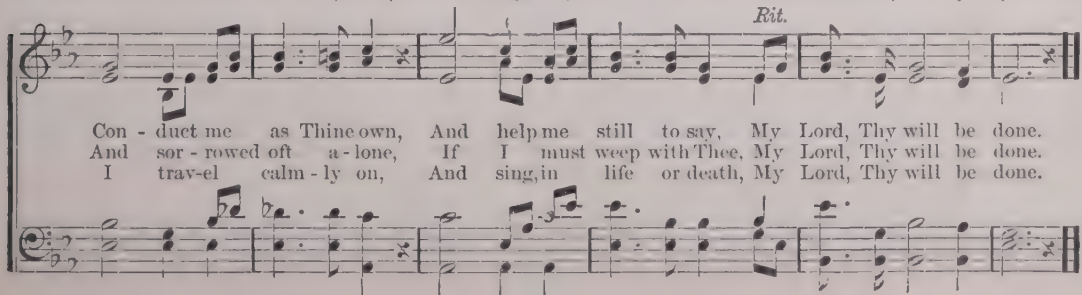
WEBER, arr. by H. P. M.



1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy  
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my  
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing



hand of love I would my all re - sign: Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,  
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear: Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
 fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - bove



*Rit.*  
 Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
 And sor - rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
 I trav-el calm - ly on, And sing in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done.

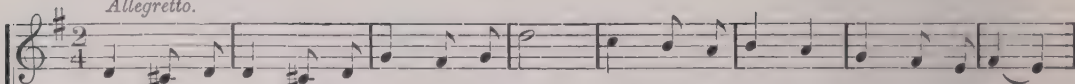
## Song of Praise.

W. L. M.

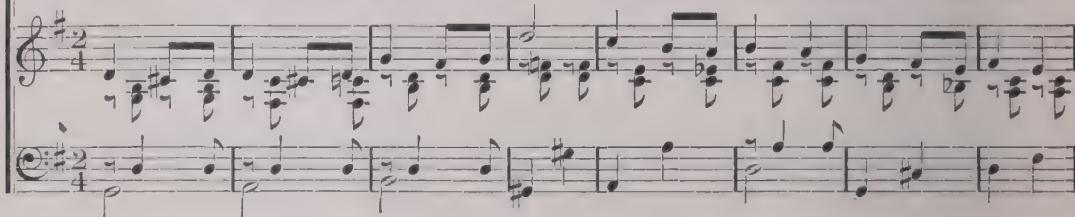
*Voices in Unison.**Allegretto.*

RUBENSTEIN'S MELODY.

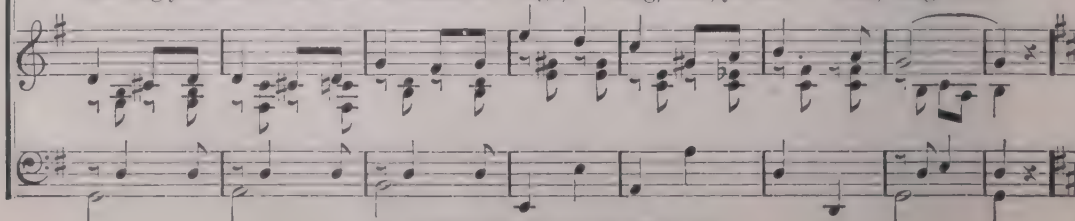
Arranged by W. L. MASON.



- |                                                          |                                               |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| 1. Come, hap - py chil - dren, and joy - ful - ly bring  | Gar - lands of praise to Je - sus, our King;  |
| 2. Come, hap - py chil - dren with glad some ac - claim, | Sing to the praise of Je - sus' dear name,—   |
| D. C. Sing, then, ye chil - dren of day and of light!    | Morn - ing is break - ing, gone is the night, |
| D. C. Come, now, a - dore Him, the Sav - iour di - vine, | O - pen your hearts and there let Him shine,  |



- |                                                        |                                       |
|--------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Raise glad some voi - ces and praise - ful - ly sing,  | This ho - ly Sab - bath Day.....      |
| Through all the a - ges for - ev - er the same,—       | Glo - ry and hon - or bring.....      |
| Fill'd be your hearts now with praise and de - light,— | Sing, hap - py chil - dren, sing..... |
| Fill - ing your soul with a ra - diance be - nign,—    | Sing, then, ye chil - dren, sing..... |





*p*

Gone is the night with its man-tle of dark-ness, Fled are the shades o'er the far dis-tant sea.  
No more shall sin, with its darkness and sor-row, Rule o'er the earth with a far-reach-ing sway;

*p*

*f*

Behold the bright sun in its splen-dor a-rise, Flood-ing the landscape and daz-zling the eyes.  
Je-sus, the Light of the world, now ap-pears, Scatter-ing the gloom and dis-pell-ing our fears.

*f*

*ritard.* *D.C. al Fine.*

## Gently, Lord, O Gently.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

SPANISH MELODY.

1. Gent-ly, Lord, O gent-ly lead us, Pil-grim in this vale of tears, Thro' the tri-als yet de-  
 2. In the hour of pain and an-guish, In the hour when death draws near, Suf-fer not our hearts to

-cred us, Till our last great change ap-pears. When temp-ta-tion's darts as-sail us, Lead us  
 lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear; And, when mor-tal life is end-ed, Bid us

in thy per-fect way, Let thy good-ness nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.  
 in thine arms to rest. Till, by an-gel bands at-tend-ed, We a-wake a-mong the blest.

# Even Song.

27

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

*p* *pp*

1. Oh, Je - sus! gentle Sav - iour, we a - dore Thee. Hear us as we bow before Thee! Watch  
2. And now the day is o'er, oh, grant Thy blessing As we kneel, our sins con - fess - ing, May

*cres.* *mf*

o'er and pro - tect us, Throughout the com - ing night. May an - gel guards at - tend us, In  
Thy gra - cious pres - ence. Our home - ward steps at - tend, And ev - en thro' life's journey, Un -

*cres.* *f* *dim.*

shin - ing rai - ment white. From dan - ger and harm Thy chil - dren keep ; For Thou, Lord, dost  
til we reach its end. So guide us and guard our wand - 'ring feet, That rest - ing in

## Even Song.—Concluded.

give Thy be - lov - ed ones sleep: For Thou, Lord, dost give Thy be - lov - ed ones sleep.  
Thee, Lord, our sleep may be sweet; That rest - ing in Thee, Lord, our sleep may be sweet.

Copyright, 1899, by W. L. Mason.

ANON.

## We Would See Jesus.

F. MENDELSSOHN. Arr.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows lengthen A - cross this lit - tle landscape of our life;  
2. We would see Je - sus, the great Rock-founda - tion, Where-on our feet were set with sovereign grace;  
3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we have rejoiced to see.  
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're needing, Strength, Joy, and Willingness, come with the sight;

We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen For the last wea - ri-ness—the fin - al strife.  
Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His face.  
The bless - ings of our pil - grim - age are fail - ing, We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.  
We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en, pleading; Then welcome, day! and farewell, mortal night!

(These words may also be sung to the tune on page 147.)

# Jesus is God.

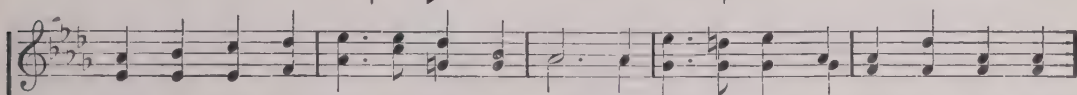
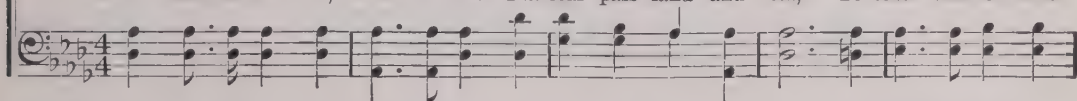
29

FREDERICK W. FABER, D. D.

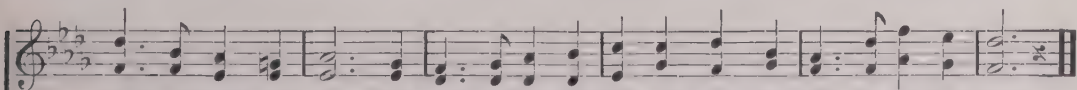
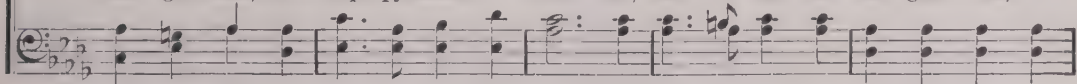
W. L. MASON.



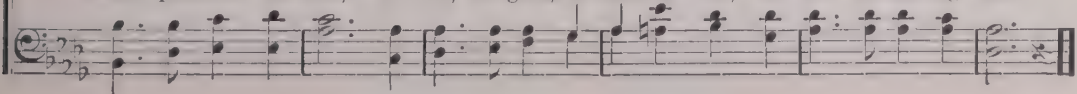
1. Je - sus is God! the sol - id earth, The o - cean broad and bright, The count-less stars, like  
 2. Je - sus is God! the glo - rious bands Of gold - en an - gels sing Songs of a - dor - ing  
 3. Je - sus is God! let sor - row come, And pain and ev - 'ry ill; All are worth while, for  
 4. Je - sus is God! oh, could I now But com - pass land and sea, To teach and tell this



gold - en dust, That strew the skies at night, The wheel-ing storm, the dread - ful fire, The  
 praise to Him, Their Mak - er and their King. He was true God in Beth'hem's crib; On  
 all are means His glo - ry to ful - fill; Worth while a thou - sand years of life To  
 sin - gle truth, How hap - py should I be! Oh, had I but an an - gel's voice, I



pleas - ant, wholesome air, The summer's sun, the win - ter's frost, His own cre - a - tions were.  
 Cal - v'ry's cross, true God: He who in heav'n e - ter - nal reign'd, In time on earth a - bode.  
 speak one lit - tle word, If by our Cre - do we might own The God-head of our Lord.  
 would proclaim so loud, — Je - sus, the good, the beau - ti - ful, Is ev - er - last-ing God!



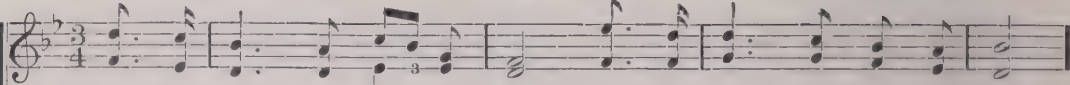


## Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.


REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

[Pilot, 7s 6 lines.]

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea ;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild ;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar,



Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal ;  
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still !"  
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

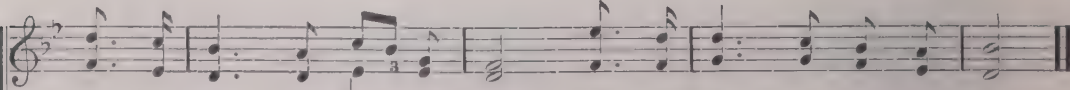


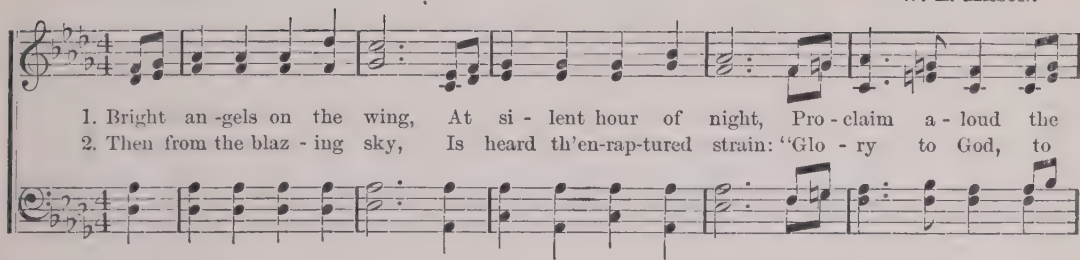
Chart and com - pass come from Thee : Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 Wond - rous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee !"

# Bright Angels on the Wing.

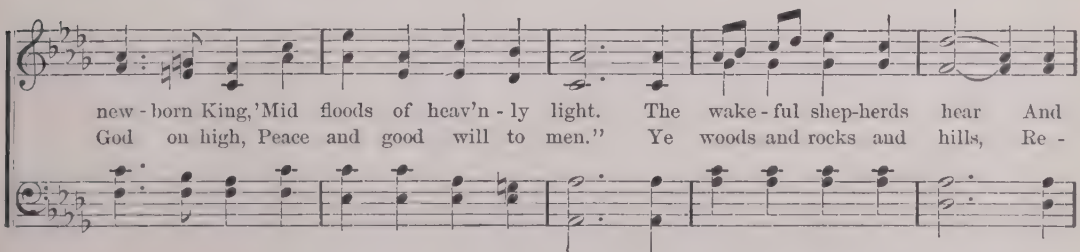
31

THOS. HASTINGS.

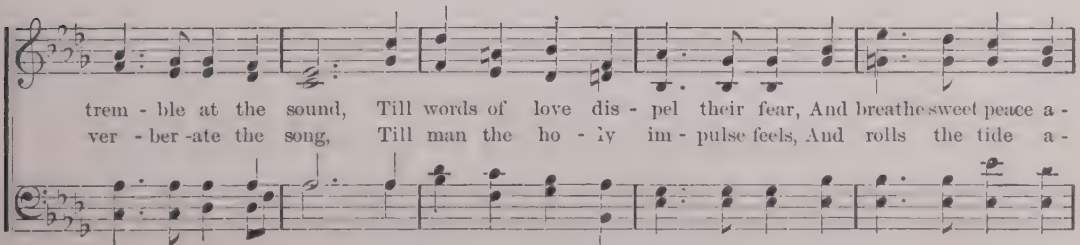
W. L. MASON.



1. Bright an-gels on the wing, At si-lent hour of night, Pro-claim a-loud the  
2. Then from the blaz-ing sky, Is heard th'en-rap-tured strain: "Glo-ry to God, to



new-born King, 'Mid floods of heav'n-ly light. The wake-ful shep-herds hear And  
God on high, Peace and good will to men." Ye woods and rocks and hills, Re-



trem-ble at the sound, Till words of love dis-pel their fear, And breathe sweet peace a-ver-ber-ate the song, Till man the ho-ly im-pulse feels, And rolls the tide a-

## Bright Angels on the Wing.—Concluded.

*ritard.*

round. Till words of love dis - pel their fear, And breathe sweet peace a - round.  
long. Till man the ho - ly im - pulse feels, And rolls the tide a - long.

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is written on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo/mood is marked 'ritard.' (ritardando). The lyrics are: 'round. Till words of love dis - pel their fear, And breathe sweet peace a - round. long. Till man the ho - ly im - pulse feels, And rolls the tide a - long.'

*After second verse only.*

Glo - ry to God on high, Good will to men be given; Ce -

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a triplet of eighth notes in the melody, marked with a '3' above it. The lyrics are: 'Glo - ry to God on high, Good will to men be given; Ce -'.

*ritard.*

les - tial peace be - low the sky, And end - less joy in heaven.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It features a final 'ritard.' marking. The melody and accompaniment end with a double bar line. The lyrics are: 'les - tial peace be - low the sky, And end - less joy in heaven.'

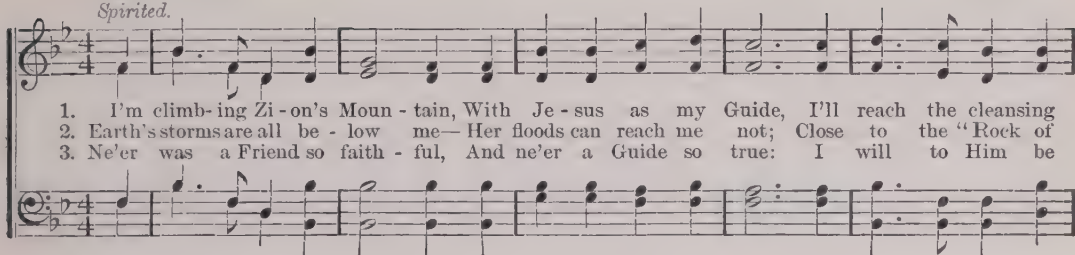
# Climbing Zion's Mountain.

33

VICTORIA E. KEITH.

*Spirited.*

W. A. OGDEN.

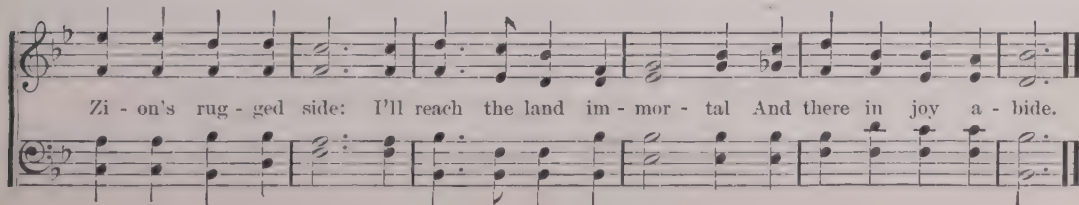


1. I'm climb-ing Zi-on's Moun-tain, With Je-sus as my Guide, I'll reach the cleansing  
 2. Earth's storms are all be-low me—Her floods can reach me not; Close to the "Rock of  
 3. Ne'er was a Friend so faith-ful, And ne'er a Guide so true: I will to Him be

## REFRAIN.



fount-ain—The pre-cious crim-son tide.  
 A-ges" I'll find a shel-tered spot.  
 loy-al The whole long jour-ney through. } I'm on-ward, up-ward climb-ing Mount



Zi-on's rug-ged side: I'll reach the land im-mor-tal And there in joy a-bide.

## Christian Soldiers, Forward March.

R. E. D.

*Marcia.*

R. E. DEREEF.

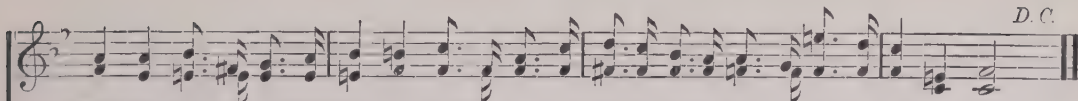
Christian soldiers, forward march to battle, In the name of Jesus battle bravely un-derneath His banner;

Sound the trum-pet call o'er sea and mountain, Till the ransomed army comes vic-to-rious from the war.

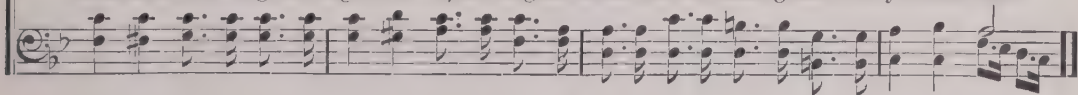
1. Valiant stand a firm and loy-al band Against the hosts of sin that still in-fest the land,  
 2. In His might we'll stand for God and right, And then we con-quer must if still in God we trust,  
 3. Vol-un-teers must have no cring-ing fears, But watch and fight and pray un-til the bat-tle's won,



*D. C.*



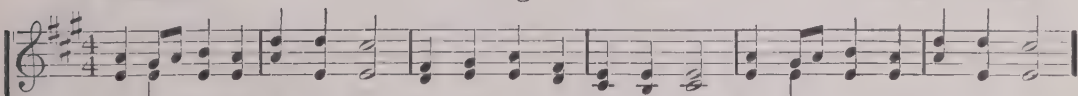
Face the foe, as on-ward still we go, The bat-tle wage for right and justice till the trumpet blow.  
 Fear no ill His word He will ful-fil, Thou 'rt not alone, He'll bear thee up lest thou should strike a stone.  
 Then the crown will give a bright renown, And brighter shine with burnished gleam if duty be well done.



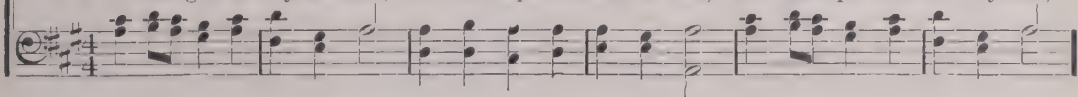
F. S. PIERPONT.

# Our Song of Praise.

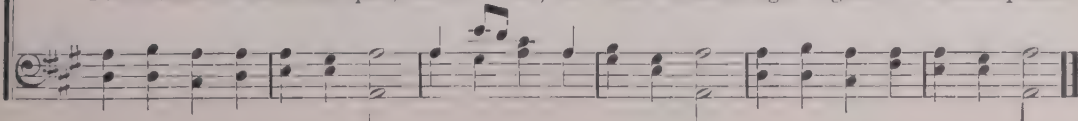
CONRAD KOCHER.



1. For the beauty of the earth, For the glo-ry of the skies, For the love which from our birth  
 2. For the joy of hu-man love, Brother, sis-ter, pa-rent, child, Friends on earth and friends a-bove,  
 3. For the gift of Thy dear Son, For the hope of heav'n at last, For the Spir-it's vic-t'ry won,



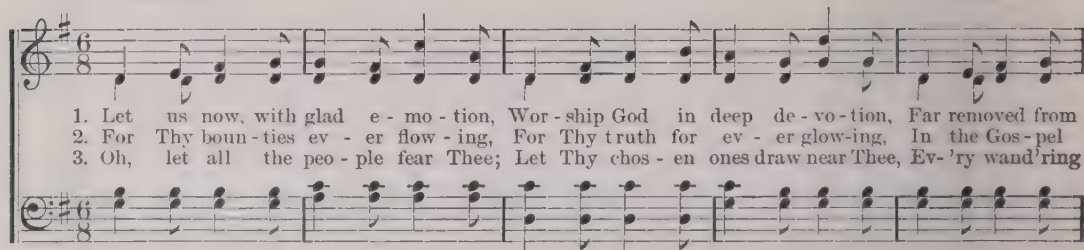
O-ver and a-round us lies, Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grate-ful song of praise.  
 Pleasures pure and un-de-fil-ed, Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grate-ful song of praise.  
 For the crown when life is past, Lord of all, to Thee we raise Songs of grat-i-tude and praise.



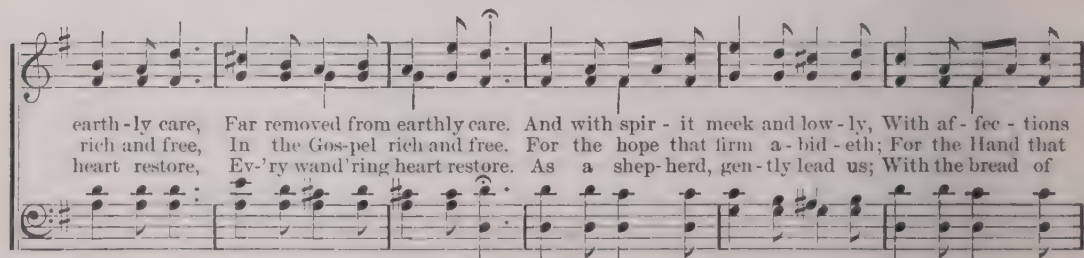
## Let Us Now, With Glad Emotion.

THOS. HASTINGS.

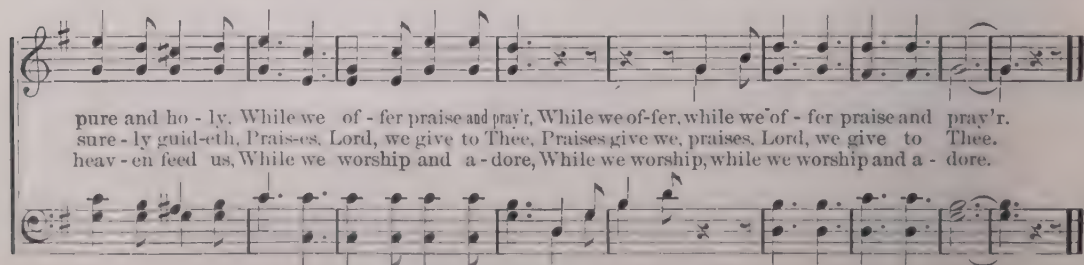
W. L. MASON.



1. Let us now, with glad e - mo - tion, Wor - ship God in deep de - vo - tion, Far removed from  
 2. For Thy boun - ties ev - er flow - ing, For Thy truth for ev - er glow - ing, In the Gos - pel  
 3. Oh, let all the peo - ple fear Thee; Let Thy chos - en ones draw near Thee, Ev - 'ry wand'ring



earth - ly care, Far removed from earthly care. And with spir - it meek and low - ly, With af - fec - tions  
 rich and free, In the Gos - pel rich and free. For the hope that firm a - bid - eth; For the Hand that  
 heart restore, Ev - 'ry wand'ring heart restore. As a shep - herd, gen - tly lead us; With the bread of



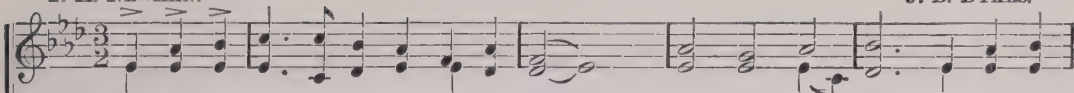
pure and ho - ly. While we of - fer praise and pray'r, While we of - fer, while we of - fer praise and pray'r.  
 sure - ly guid - eth, Prais - es, Lord, we give to Thee, Praises give we, praises, Lord, we give to Thee.  
 heav - en feed us, While we worship and a - dore, While we worship, while we worship and a - dore.

# Lead, Kindly Light.

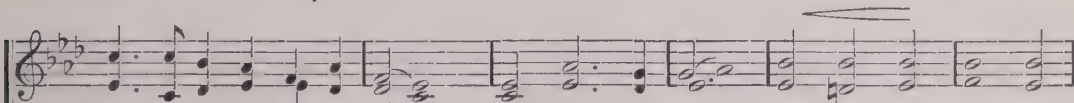
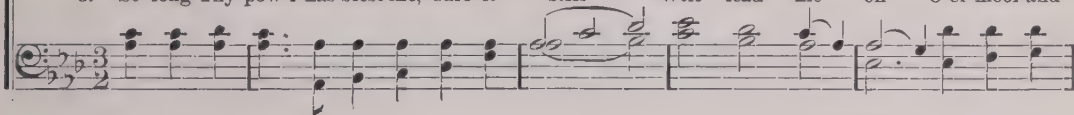
37

T. H. NEWMAN.

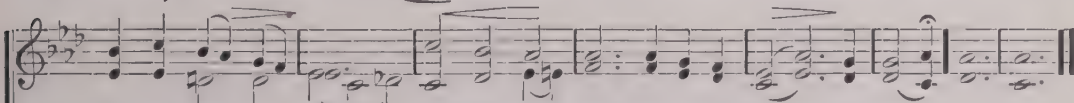
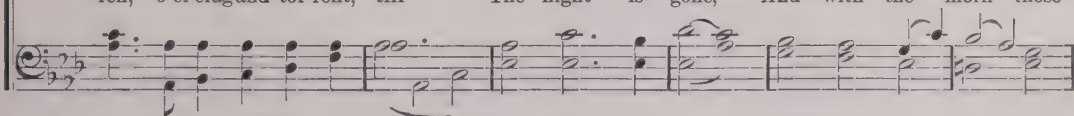
J. B. DYKES.



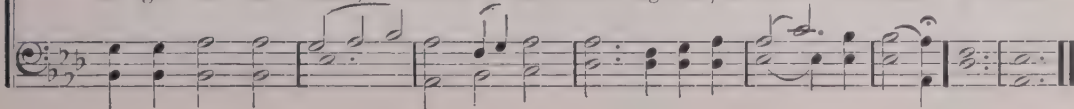
1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom,      Lead Thou me on ;      The night is  
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou      Shouldst lead me on ;      I loved to  
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it      still      Will lead me on      O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home,      Lead Thou me on.      Keep Thou my feet ; I  
choose and see my path : but now      Lead Thou me on.      I loved the gar - ish  
fen, o'ercrag and tor-rent, till      The night is gone,      And with the morn those



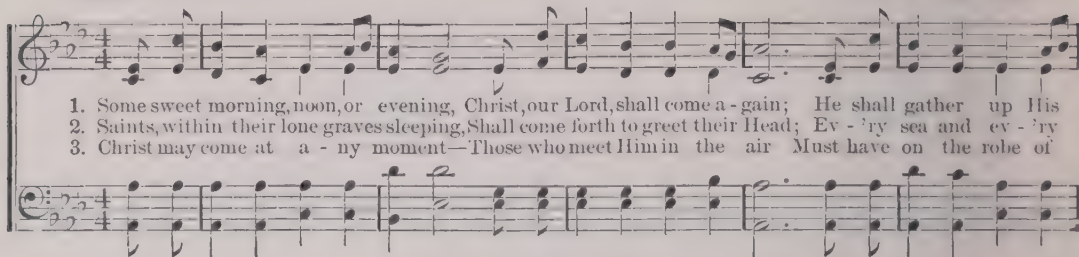
do not ask to see      The dis - tant scene ; one step e - nough for me.  
day; and spite of fears,      Pride ruled my will : re-mem-ber not      past years.  
an - gel fa - ces      smile,      Which I have loved long since, and lost      a - while.      A - MEN.



## Some Sweet Morning, Noon, or Evening.

HARRIET E. JONES.

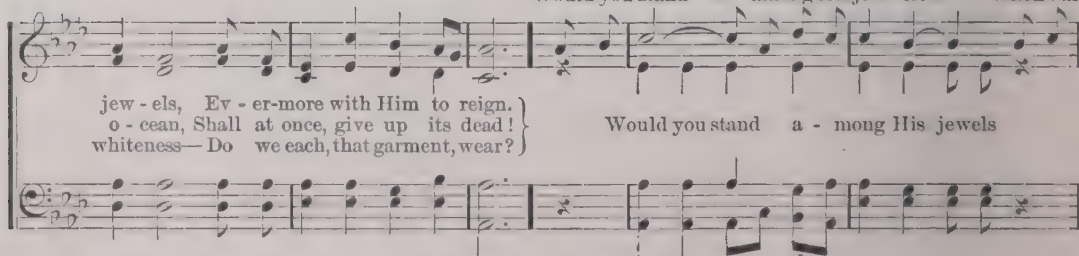
CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



1. Some sweet morning, noon, or evening, Christ, our Lord, shall come a - gain; He shall gather up His  
 2. Saints, within their lone graves sleeping, Shall come forth to greet their Head; Ev - 'ry sea and ev - 'ry  
 3. Christ may come at a - ny moment—Those who meet Him in the air Must have on the robe of

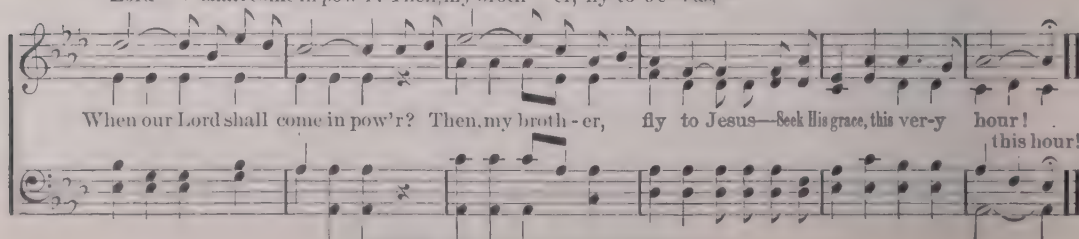
## CHORUS.

Would you stand..... among His jew - els... When our



jew - els, Ev - er-more with Him to reign.  
 o - cean, Shall at once, give up its dead! } Would you stand a - mong His jewels  
 whiteness—Do we each, that garment, wear? }

Lord..... shall come in pow'r? Then, my broth - er, fly to Je - sus,—



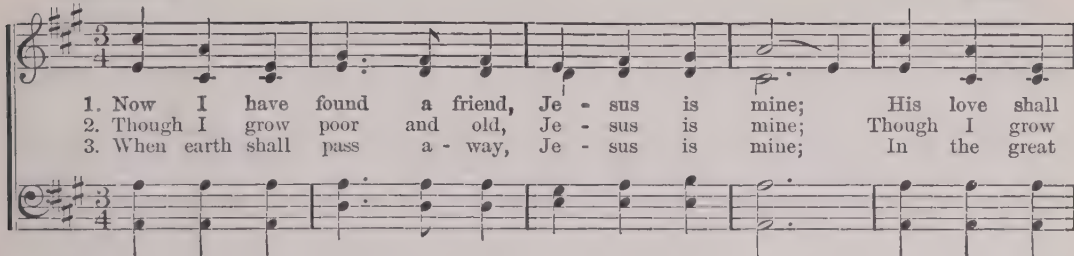
When our Lord shall come in pow'r? Then, my broth - er, fly to Jesus—seek His grace, this ver-y hour! this hour!

# Now I Have Found a Friend.

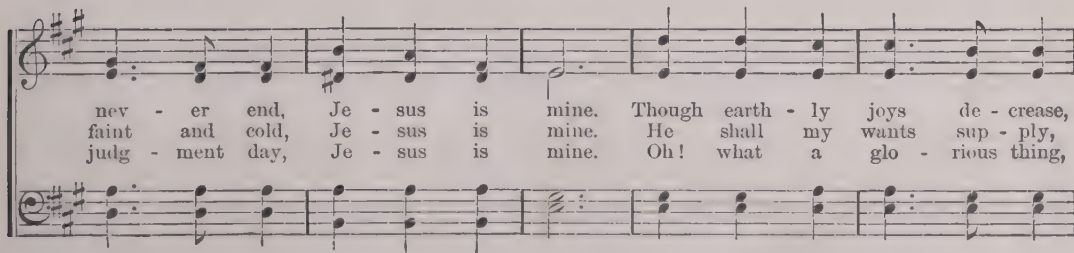
39

HENRY HOPE.

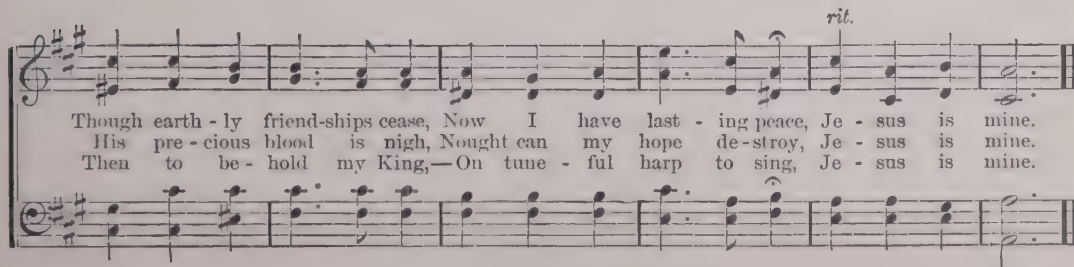
W. L. MASON.



1. Now I have found a friend, Je - sus is mine; His love shall  
 2. Though I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine; Though I grow  
 3. When earth shall pass a - way, Je - sus is mine; In the great



nev - er end, Je - sus is mine. Though earth - ly joys de - crease,  
 faint and cold, Je - sus is mine. He shall my wants sup - ply,  
 judg - ment day, Je - sus is mine. Oh! what a glo - rious thing,



Though earth - ly friend-ships cease, Now I have last - ing peace, Je - sus is mine.  
 His pre - cious blood is nigh, Nought can my hope de - stroy, Je - sus is mine.  
 Then to be - hold my King, — On tune - ful harp to sing, Je - sus is mine.



## Give me the Wings of Faith.

*"Here we have no continuing city."—HEB. 13: 14.*

REV. I. WATTS.

SOLO.

ARR. BY WALTER KITTREDGE.



1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see The  
 2. Once they were mourn - ers here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They  
 3. I ask them whence their vic - t'ry came, They, with u - ni - ted breath, As -



saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.  
 wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.  
 eribe their con - quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to His death.

CHORUS.



Ma - ny are the friends who are wait - ing to - day, Hap - py on the gold - en strand,



Ma - ny are the voi - ces call - ing us a - way, To join their glo - rious band.



# Give me the Wings of Faith.—Concluded.

41

*Repeat pp.*

Call-ing us a-way, Call-ing us a-way, Call-ing to the bet-ter land.

## "O Lord, My God."

(Response.)

ADAPTED FROM S. S. WESLEY.

*Larghetto.*

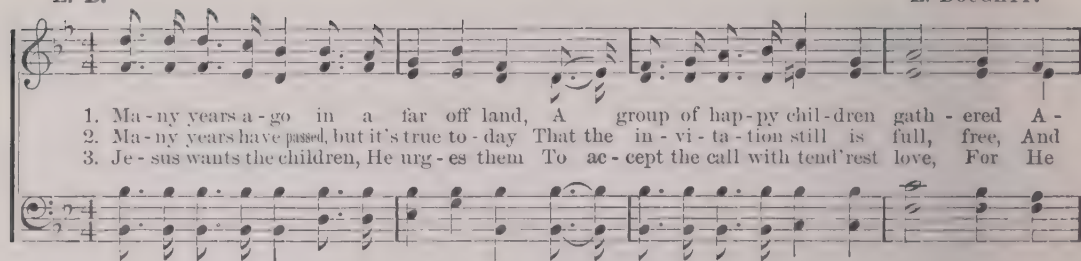
*p*  
O Lord, my God, O Lord, my God, Hear Thou the pray'r Thy ser-vant pray-eth;

Hear Thou in Heav'n, Thy dwelling place, And when thou hear-est, Lord, for-give. A-MEN.

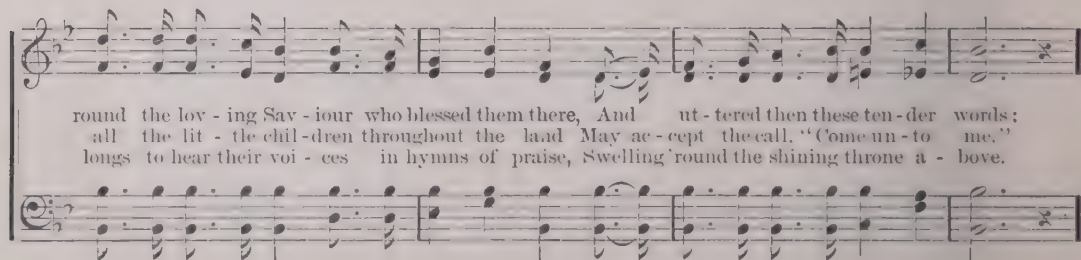
## Let the Children Come.

E. D.

E. DOUGHTY.

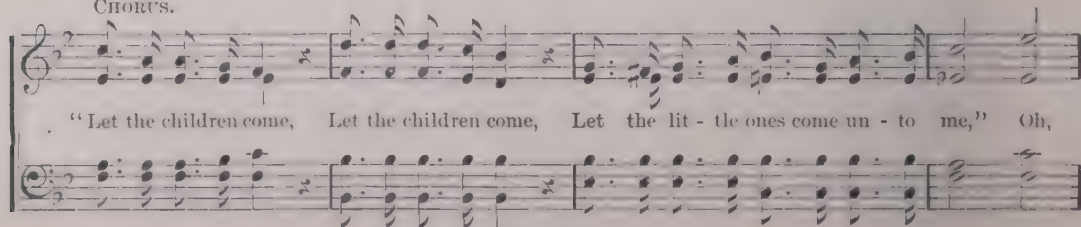


1. Ma - ny years a - go in a far off land, A group of hap - py chil - dren gath - ered A -  
 2. Ma - ny years have passed, but it's true to - day That the in - vi - ta - tion still is full, free, And  
 3. Je - sus wants the children, He urg - es them To ac - cept the call with tend' rest love, For He

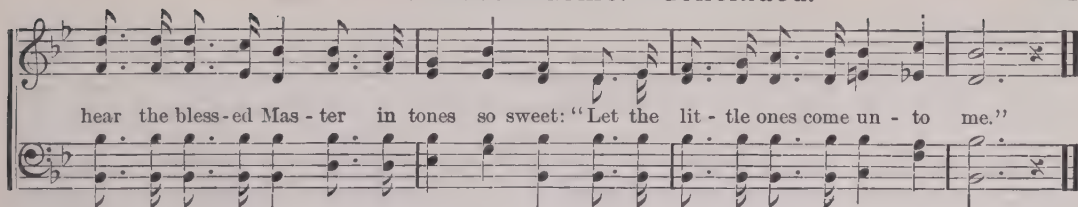


round the lov - ing Sav - iour who blessed them there, And ut - tered then these ten - der words;  
 all the lit - tle chil - dren throughout the land May ac - cept the call. "Come un - to me."  
 longs to hear their voi - ces in hymns of praise, Swelling round the shining throne a - bove.

CHORUS.



"Let the children come, Let the children come, Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me," Oh,

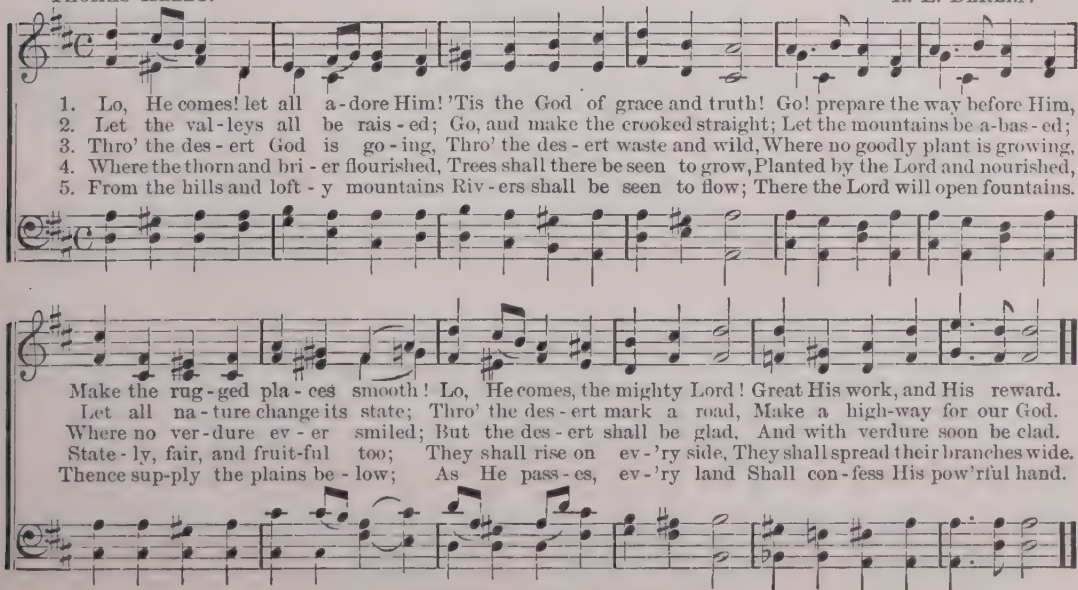


hear the bless-ed Mas-ter in tones so sweet: "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me."

## Lo, He Comes! Let All Adore Him!

THOMAS KELLY.

R. E. DEREEF.



1. Lo, He comes! let all a-dore Him! 'Tis the God of grace and truth! Go! prepare the way before Him,
2. Let the val-leys all be rais-ed; Go, and make the crooked straight; Let the mountains be a-bas-ed;
3. Thro' the des-ert God is go-ing, Thro' the des-ert waste and wild, Where no goodly plant is growing,
4. Where the thorn and bri-er flourished, Trees shall there be seen to grow, Planted by the Lord and nourished,
5. From the hills and loft-y mountains Riv-ers shall be seen to flow; There the Lord will open fountains.

Make the rug-ged pla-ces smooth! Lo, He comes, the mighty Lord! Great His work, and His reward.  
 Let all na-ture change its state; Thro' the des-ert mark a road, Make a high-way for our God.  
 Where no ver-dure ev-er smiled; But the des-ert shall be glad, And with verdure soon be clad.  
 State-ly, fair, and fruit-ful too; They shall rise on ev-'ry side, They shall spread their branches wide.  
 Thence sup-ply the plains be-low; As He pass-es, ev-'ry land Shall con-fess His pow'rful hand.

THOMAS KELLY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark ! ten thousand harps and voi - ces Sound the notes of praise a - bove, Je - sus reigns and heav'n re -  
 2. Je - sus, hail ! whose glo - ry bright - ens All a - bove, and gives it worth, Lord of life, Thy smile en -  
 3. King of glo - ry ! reign for - ev - er ! Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown, Nothing from Thy love shall

joie - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love. See, He sits on yon - der throne,  
 light - ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth. When we think of love like Thine,  
 sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own. Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace,

Je - sus rules the world a - lone. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! A - men !  
 Lord, we own it all di - vine. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! A - men !  
 Destined to be - hold Thy face. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! A - men !

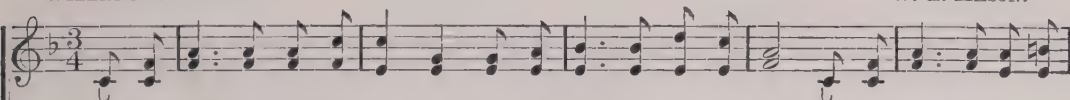


# Jesus, Lead Us With Thy Power.

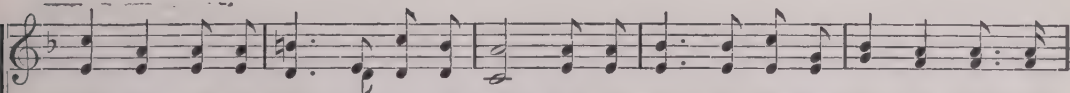
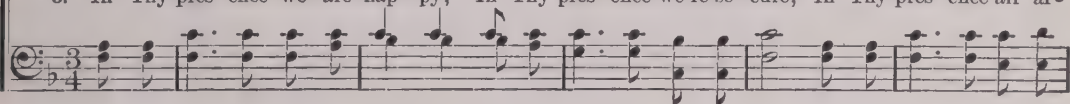
45

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

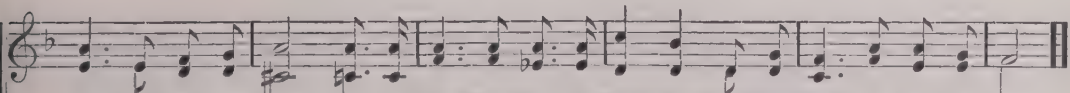
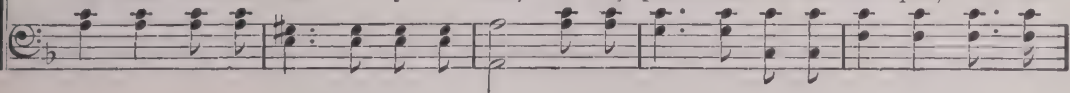
W. L. MASON.



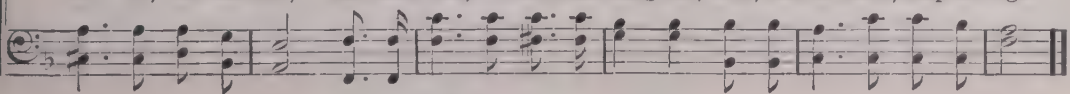
1. Je - sus, lead us with Thy pow - er Safe in - to the promised rest; Hide our souls within Thy  
2. Thro' the des - ert wild con - duct us, With a glo - rious pil - lar bright; In the day a cooling - ing  
3. In Thy pres - ence we are hap - py; In Thy pres - ence we're se - cure; In Thy pres - ence all af -



bos - om; Let us slum - ber on Thy breast; Feed us with the heav'nly man - na, Bread that  
com - fort, And a cheer - ing fire by night; Be our guide in ev - 'ry per - il; Watch us  
flic - tions We will eas - i - ly en - dure; In Thy pres - ence we can con - quer, We can



an - gels eat a - bove; Let us drink from ho - ly fountains Draughts of ev - er - last - ing love.  
hour - ly, night and day; Oth - er - wise we'll err and wan - der From Thy Spir - it far a - way.  
suf - fer, we can die; Far from Thee, we faint and lan - guish; Lord, our Sav - iour, keep us nigh.



## We'll Testify for Jesus!

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. We'll tes - ti - fy for Je - sus,—we'll take the wit - ness stand; We'll tell that we have  
 2. Oh, if we want His glo - ry to shine with-in the soul, And hear the heav'nly  
 3. Come, all who know sal - va - tion—re-joice to tes - ti - fy! O, tell the world of

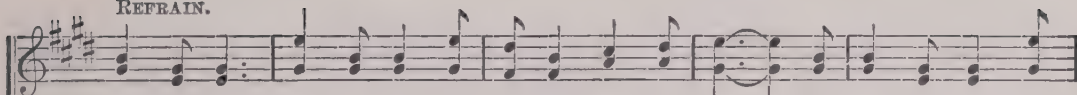
found Him, in this dry, thirst-y land! The Rock of our sal - va - tion— our  
 mu - sic in waves of rap - ture roll; We'll let the Ho - ly Spir - it come  
 Je - sus—our bless - ed Friend on high! We know He ev - er liv - eth; we

Ref - uge, day and night; Come, hear a - bout our Je - sus,—our ev - er - last - ing light!  
 in, with might - y pow'r, To make us true to Je - sus and faith - ful ev - 'ry hour!  
 know we live in Him; Some hap - py day, we'll praise Him with saints and ser - a - phim!

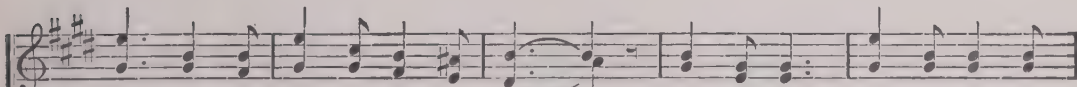
# We'll Testify for Jesus!—Concluded.

47


## REFRAIN.



Tes - ti - fy, tes - ti - fy in ring-ing tones of cheer! The pre-cious blood is



cleans - ing,—The Ho - ly One is near! Tes - ti - fy, tes - ti - fy,—O,



make it ver-y plain, To live, for us is Je - sus,—To die, is end - less gain!

## Jerusalem, the Golden!

S. BERNARD.

ALEX. EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Be - neath thy con - tem -  
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an  
 3. And they who with their Lead - er Have conquered in the fight, For ev - er and for  
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try! The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and bless - ed

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh, I know not What  
 an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid, And  
 ev - er Are clad in robes of white. O land that seest no sor - row! O  
 coun - try! That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To

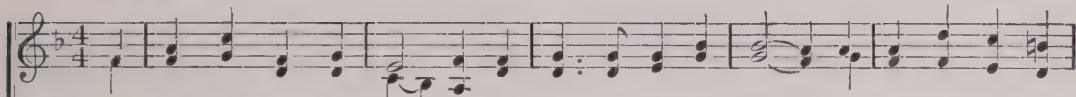
joys a - wait me there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.  
 there, from toil re - leased, The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.  
 state that fear'st no strife! O roy - al land of flow - ers! O realm and home of life.  
 that dear land of rest, Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

# O Sacred Head Surrounded.

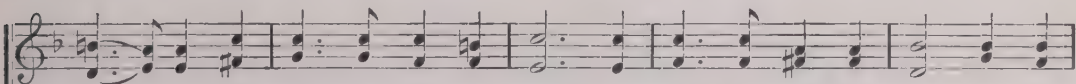
49

PAUL GERHARDT.

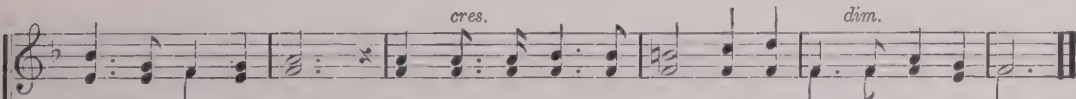
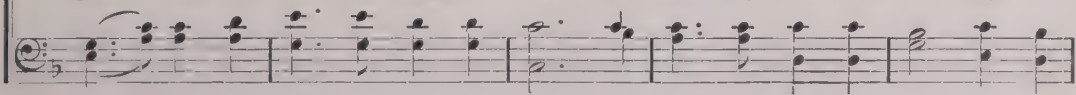
W. L. MASON.



1. O sa - cred Head, sur-round - ed By crown of pierc-ing thorn! O bleed-ing Head so  
2. I see the strength and vig - or All fad - ing in the strife, And death with cru - el  
3. In this Thy bit - ter pas - sion, Good Shep-herd, think of me, With Thy most sweet com-



wound - ed, Re - viled, and put to scorn! Death's pal - lid hue comes o'er Thee, The  
rig - or Be - reav - ing Thee of life; O ag - o - ny and dy - ing! O  
pas - sion, Un - wor - thy though I be: Be - neath Thy cross a - bid - ing! For -



glow of life de - cays, Yet an - gel - hosts a - dore Thee, And trem - ble as they gaze.  
love to sin - ners free! Je - sus, all grace sup - ply - ing, O turn Thy face on me!  
ev - er would I rest; In Thy dear love con - fid - ing, And with Thy pres - ence blest.





## There is a Green Hill Far Away.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall, Where the dear Lord was  
 2. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good, That we might go at  
 3. O dear-ly, dear-ly, has He loved, And we must love Him too, And trust in His re-

crucified, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we can-not tell, What  
 last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre-cious blood. There was no oth-er good e-nough To  
 deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. For there's a green hill far a-way With

pain He had to bear; But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fer'd there.  
 pay the price of sin: He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.  
 out a cit-y wall, Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.

# We Can Tell.

51

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

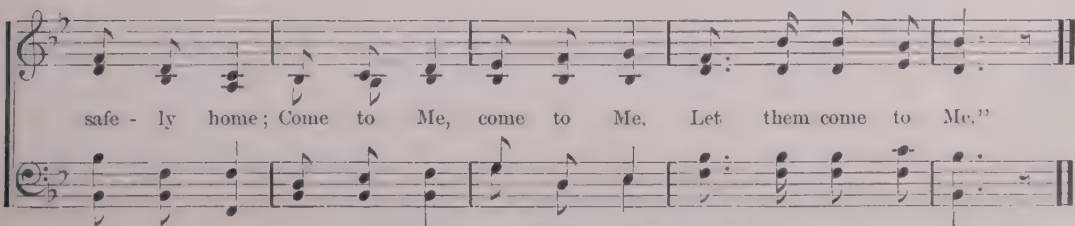


1. We can tell, we can tell, Je - sus loves the chil - dren well; Ev - ery day,  
 2. Long a - go, long a - go, Je - sus came for us, we know; He is near,  
 3. So we sing, sweet - ly sing, Prais - es to our Sav - iour - King. Lisp - ing low,

## CHORUS.



when at play, We can hear Him say:  
 ver - y near, And His words we hear: "Suf - fer lit - tle ones to come, I will guide them  
 sweet and low, For His voice we know:"



safe - ly home; Come to Me, come to Me, Let them come to Me."

## The Rock That is Higher Than I!

*"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."*

E. JOHNSON.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. O, some-times the shad - ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;  
 2. O, some-times how long seems the day, And some-times how heav - y my feet!  
 3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, Though bless - ings or sor - rows pre - vail;

And sor - rows, how oft - en they sweep, Like tem - pests down o - ver the soul!  
 But toil - ing in life's dust - y way, The Rock's bless - ed shad - ow, how sweet!  
 When climb - ing the moun-tain - way steep, Or walk - ing the shad - ow - y vale.

## CHORUS.

O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I! O,  
 is high-er than I!

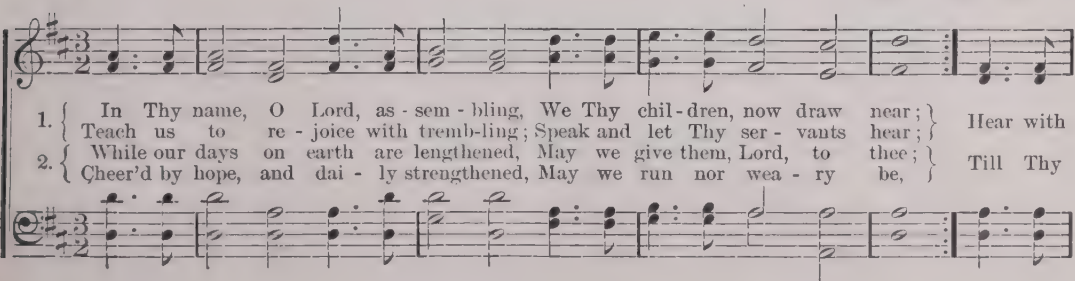


then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I!

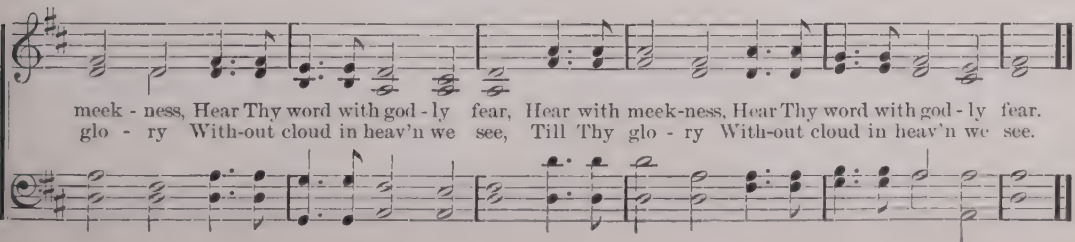
In Thy Name, O Lord Assembling.

T. H.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. { In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bling, We Thy chil - dren, now draw near; } Hear with  
Teach us to re - joice with tremb - ling; Speak and let Thy ser - vants hear; }  
2. { While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord, to thee; } Till Thy  
Cheer'd by hope, and dai - ly strengthened, May we run nor wea - ry be, }



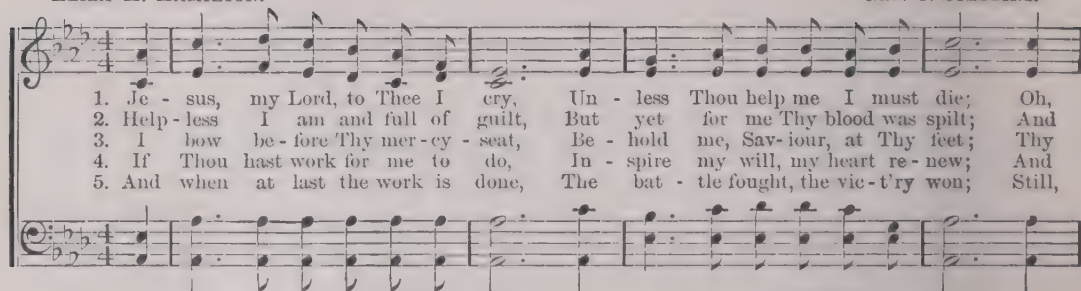
meek - ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear, Hear with meek - ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear.  
glo - ry With - out cloud in heav'n we see, Till Thy glo - ry With - out cloud in heav'n we see.

## Take Me as I Am.

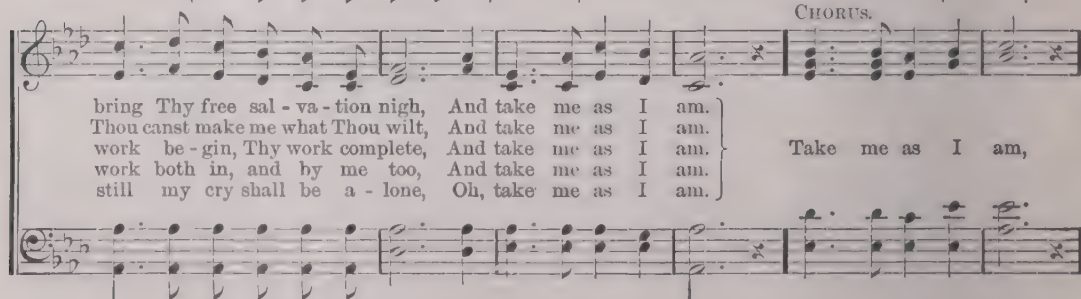
*"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee."*

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

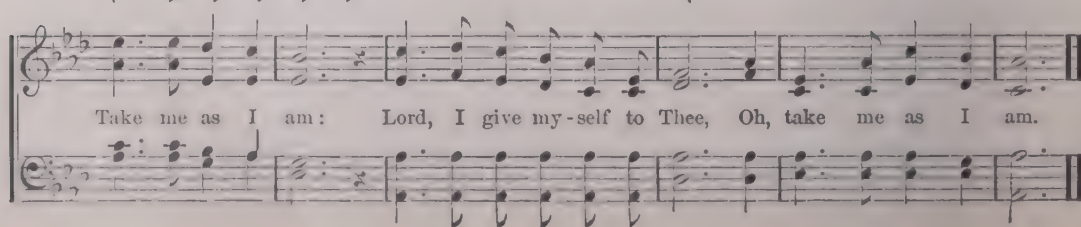


1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die; Oh,  
 2. Help - less I am and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt; And  
 3. I bow be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat, Be - hold me, Sav - iour, at Thy feet; Thy  
 4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new; And  
 5. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won; Still,



CHORUS.

bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am. }  
 Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am. }  
 work be - gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am. } Take me as I am,  
 work both in, and by me too, And take me as I am. }  
 still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh, take me as I am. }



Take me as I am: Lord, I give my - self to Thee, Oh, take me as I am.

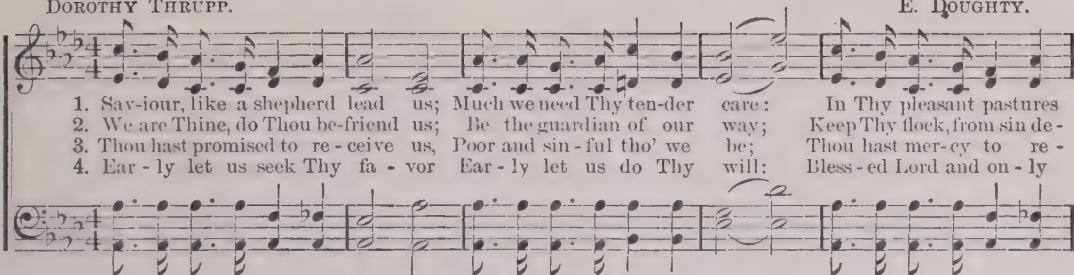


# Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

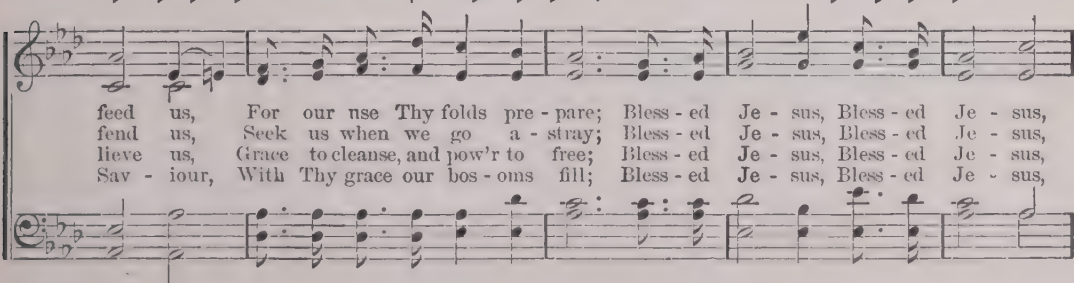
55

DOROTHY THURPP.

E. DOUGHTY.



1. Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need Thy ten-der care: In Thy pleasant pastures  
 2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us; Be the guardian of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin de-  
 3. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be; Thou hast mer-cy to re-  
 4. Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa-vor Ear-ly let us do Thy will: Bless-ed Lord and on-ly



feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare; Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus,  
 fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray; Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus,  
 lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free; Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus,  
 Sav-iour, With Thy grace our bos-oms fill; Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus,

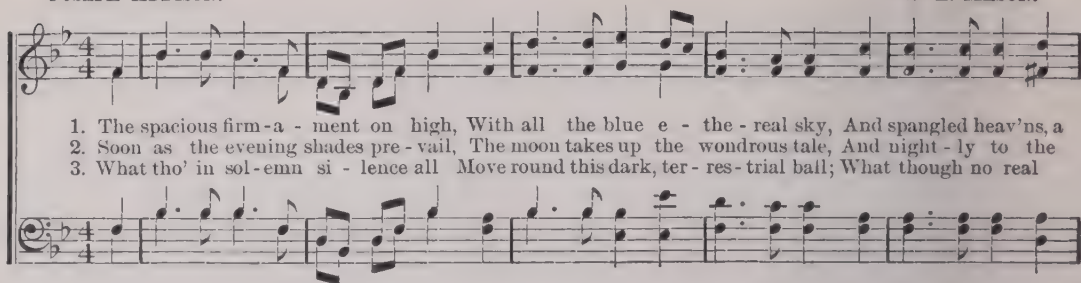


Thou hast bought us, Thine we are, Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
 Hear thy children when they pray, Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Hear thy children when they pray.  
 Let us ear-ly turn to Thee, Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Let us ear-ly turn to Thee.  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still, Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

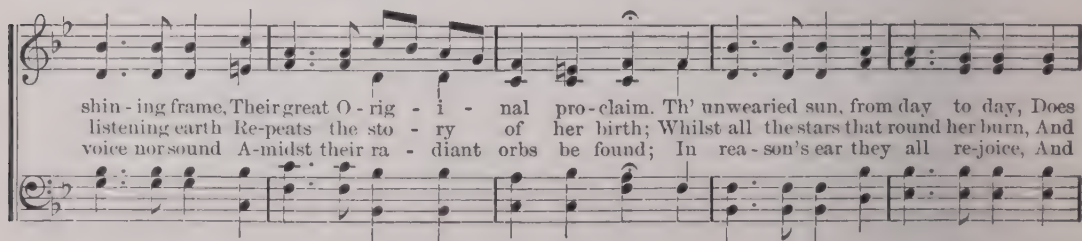
## The Spacious Firmament On High.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

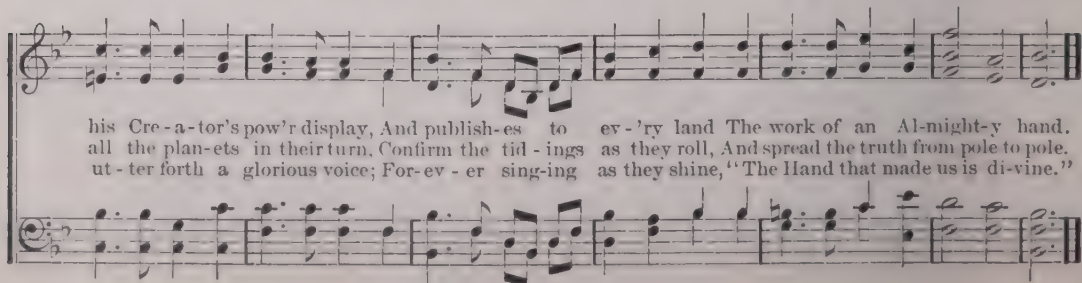
W. L. MASON.



1. The spacious firm-a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And spangled heav'n's, a  
 2. Soon as the evening shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And night - ly to the  
 3. What tho' in sol-emn si - lence all Move round this dark, ter - res - trial ball; What though no real



shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does  
 listening earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And  
 voice nor sound A - midst their ra - diant orbs be found; In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And



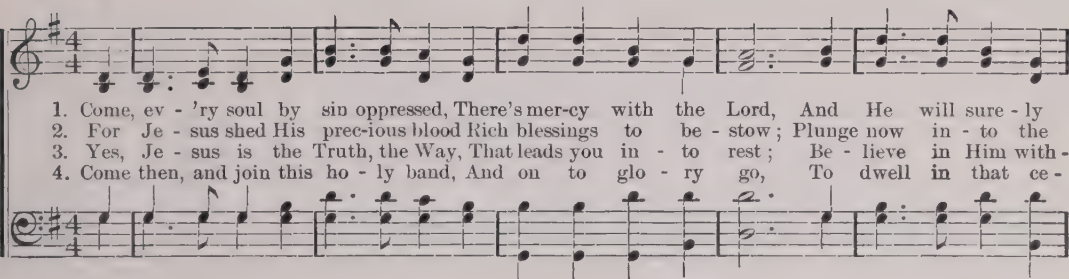
his Cre - a - tor's pow'r display, And publish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - night - y hand,  
 all the plan - ets in their turn, Confirm the tid - ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
 ut - ter forth a glorious voice; For - ev - er sing - ing as they shine, "The Hand that made us is di - vine."

# Only Trust Him.

57

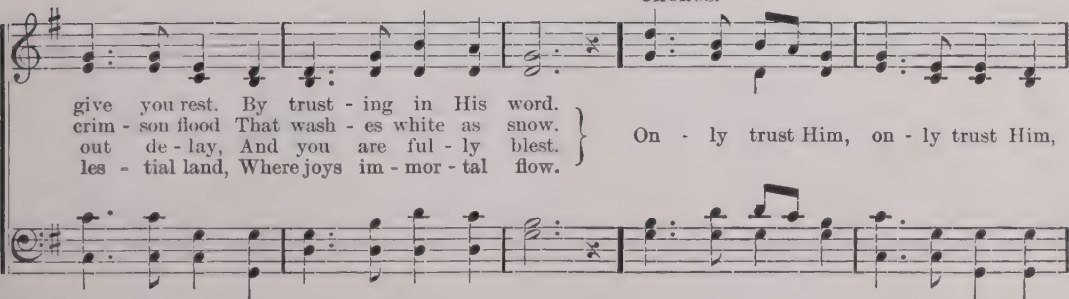
J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

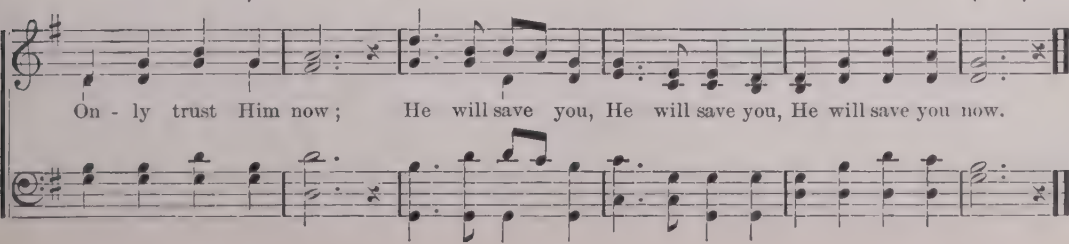


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord, And He will sure - ly  
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood Rich blessings to be - stow ; Plunge now in - to the  
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest ; Be - lieve in Him with -  
 4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce -

CHORUS.



give you rest. By trust - ing in His word.  
 crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.  
 out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest. } On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,  
 les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

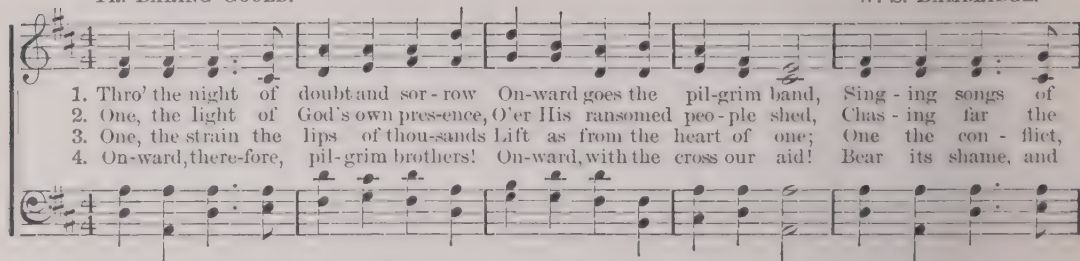


On - ly trust Him now ; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

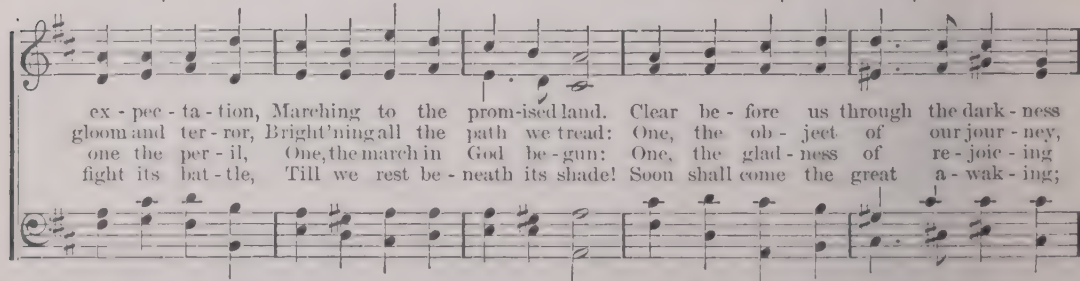
## Thro' the Night of Doubt and Sorrow.

BERNHARD SEVERIN INGEMANN.  
TR. BARING-GOULD.

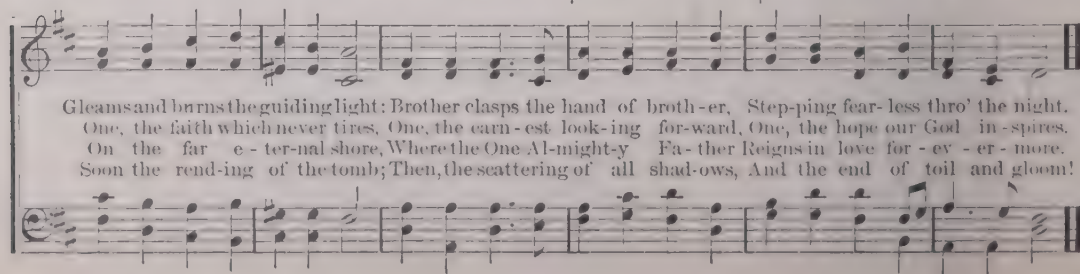
W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band, Sing-ing songs of  
2. One, the light of God's own pres-ence, O'er His ransomed peo-ple shed, Clas-ing far the  
3. One, the strain the lips of thou-sands Lift as from the heart of one; One the con-flict,  
4. On-ward, there-fore, pil-grim brothers! On-ward, with the cross our aid! Bear its shame, and



ex-pec-ta-tion, Marching to the prom-ised land. Clear be-fore us through the dark-ness  
gloom and ter-ror, Bright'ning all the path we tread: One, the ob-ject of our jour-ney,  
one the per-il, One, the march in God be-gun; One, the glad-ness of re-joic-ing,  
fight its bat-tle, Till we rest be-neath its shade! Soon shall come the great a-wak-ing;



Gleams and burns the guiding light: Brother clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less thro' the night.  
One, the faith which never tires, One, the earn-est look-ing for-ward, One, the hope our God in-spires.  
On the far e-ter-nal shore, Where the One Al-might-y Fa-ther Reigns in love for-ev-er-more.  
Soon the rend-ing of the tomb; Then, the scatter-ing of all shad-ows, And the end of toil and gloom!

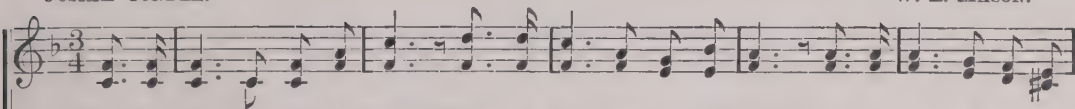
# See, the Ransomed Millions Stand!

59

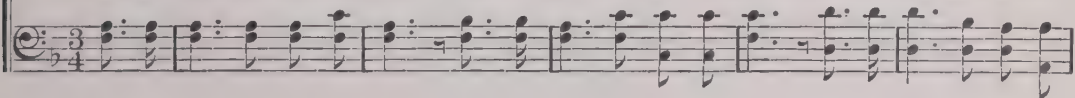
"Come, Lord Jesus." Christ's Second Coming.

JOSIAH CONDER.

W. L. MASON.



1. See, the ran-somed mill-ions stand, Palms of con-quest in their hand! This be-fore the throne their
2. Has-ten, Lord! the prom-ised hour; Come in glo-ry and in power; Still Thy foes are un-sub-



strain; "Hell is vanquished; death is slain." Bless-ing, hon- or, glo-ry might, Are the  
dued; Na- ture sighs to be re- newed: Time has near- ly reached it's sum, All things



Conqueror's na-tive right; Thrones and powers be-fore Him fall, Lamb of God, and Lord of all.  
with Thy Bridesay, Come; Je- sus whom all worlds a- dore, Come and reign for- ev- er- more!





## The Golden Glow is Paling.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

ALBERTO RANDEGGER.

*Slowly.*

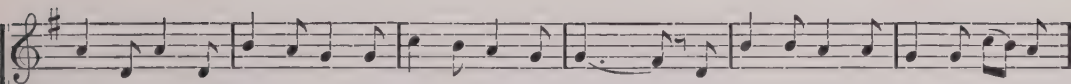
♩:

1. The gold - en glow is pal - ing Be -
2. We hard - ly see them twink - le In
3. Are they the eyes of an - gels, That
4. More beau - ti - ful and glo - rious, And

*Slowly.**p*

tween the cloud-y bars ;  
 an - y summer night,  
 al - ways wake to keep  
 nev - er cold and far,

I'm watch-ing in the twi - light To see the lit - tle stars. I  
 But in the win - ter eve-nings They spark-le clear and bright. Is  
 A lov-ing watch a - bove us, While we are fast a - sleep? Or  
 Is He Who al - ways loves them, The Bright and Morning Star. I



wish that they would sing tonight, Their song of lo-ng a - go ;  
this to tell the lit - tle ones, So hun-gry, cold, and sad,  
are they lamps that God has lit From His own glo-rious light,  
wish those lit-tle children knew That ho - ly hap - py light !

If we were on - ly near-er them, What  
That there's a shining home for them Where  
To guide the lit-tle children's souls Whom  
Lord Je-sus, shine on them, I pray, And



might we hear and know !  
all is warm and glad ?  
He will call to - night ?  
make them glad to - night.



ISAAC WATTS.

J. BOWRING.

W. L. MASON.

1. When I sur-vey the wond'rous cross, On which the Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I  
 2. For - bid it Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that  
 3. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small; Love, so a - maz - ing,

## CHORUS.

count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride. } In the cross..... of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring  
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood. }  
 so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all! } In the cross of Christ I glo - ry,

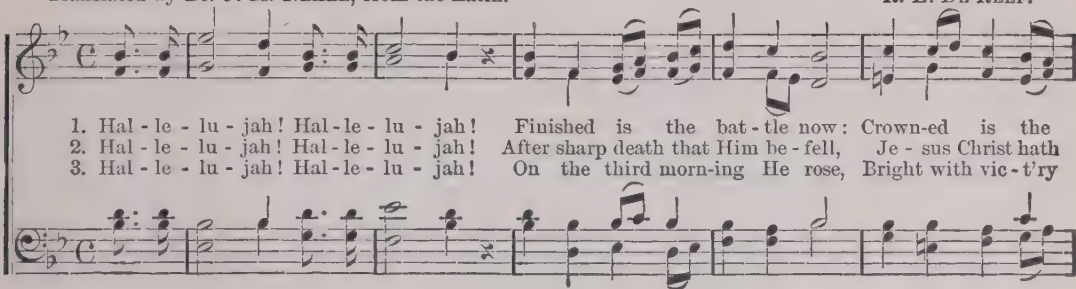
o'er..... the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gathers round its head sub - lime.  
 Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

# Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

63

Translated by Dr. J. M. NEALE, from the Latin.

R. E. DE REEF.



1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Finished is the bat - tle now: Crown - ed is the  
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! After sharp death that Him he - fell, Je - sus Christ hath  
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! On the third morn - ing He rose, Bright with vic - t'ry



Vic - tor's brow! Hence with sad - ness! Sing with glad - ness, Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 conquered hell. Earth is sing - ing, Heaven is ring - ing, Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 o'er His foes. Sing we laud - ing, And ap - plaud - ing, Hal - - le - lu - jah!

4.  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 He hath closed hell's brazen door,  
 And heaven is open evermore!  
 Hence with sadness!  
 Sing with gladness,  
 Hallelujah!

5.  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 Lord, by Thy wounds we call on Thee,  
 So from ill death to set us free,  
 That our living  
 Be thanksgiving!  
 Hallelujah!

## One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

*"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.*

MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near - er home to -  
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house Where ma - ny man - sions be; Near - er the great white  
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down; Near - er to leave the  
 4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink; For I am near - er

## CHORUS.

day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.  
 throne to - day, Near - er the crys - tal sea.  
 cross to - day, And near - er to the crown. } Near - er my home, Near - er my home,  
 home to - day, Per - haps, than now I think.

Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

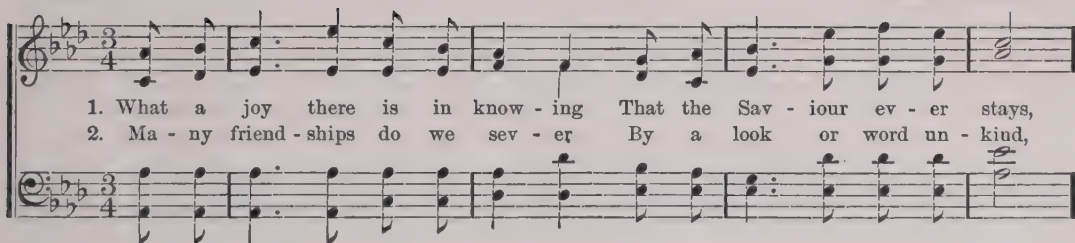


# Jesus Ever Near.

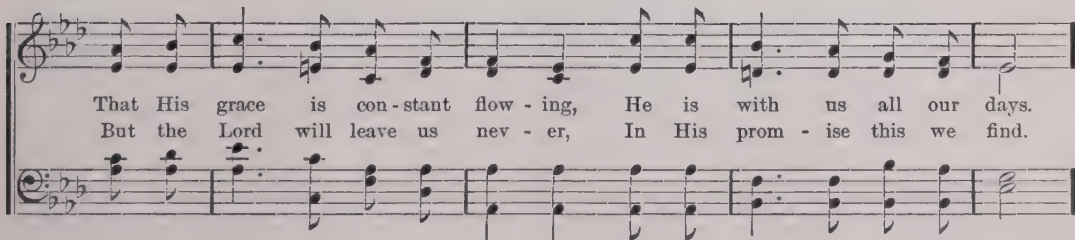
65

ANON.

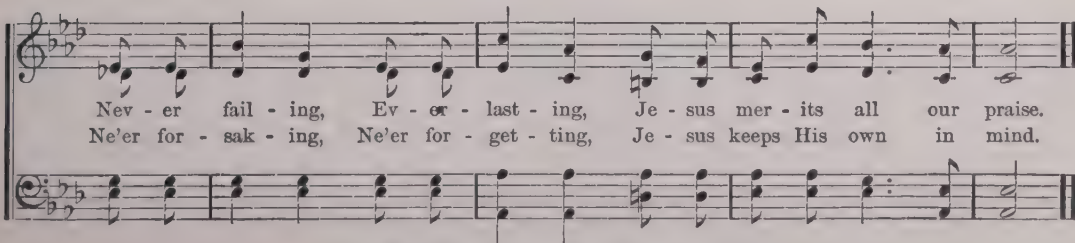
IRENE ANSTED.



1. What a joy there is in know - ing That the Sav - iour ev - er stays,  
2. Ma - ny friend - ships do we sev - er By a look or word un - kind,



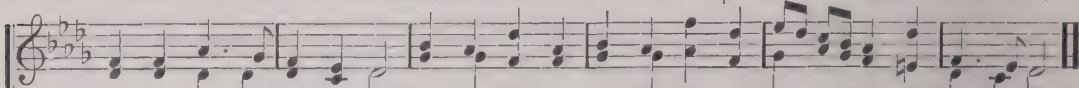
That His grace is con - stant flow - ing, He is with us all our days.  
But the Lord will leave us nev - er, In His prom - ise this we find.



Nev - er fail - ing, Ev - er - last - ing, Je - sus mer - its all our praise.  
Ne'er for - sak - ing, Ne'er for - get - ting, Je - sus keeps His own in mind.



1. Light di-vine, re-splen-dent shin-ing, With a glo-ry ev-er new; Nev-er, like the sun's, de-clin-ing,
2. Clouds and earth-li-ness come o'er us, Mists of sin our way obscure; Fierce temptations rise before us
3. But Thy ra-diance, sweetly beaming, Bids the darkness dis-ap-pear; Then of earth no longer dreaming,
4. Lord for-give our sin and fol-ly, Make our fa-cies ev-er bright; Oh, Em-manuel, ev-er ho-ly,
5. Light di-vine, re-splendent shining, O'er the pathway where we tread; Light with perfect life combining,



Caus-ing dark-ness to en-sue. We a-dore Thee! We im-plore Thee, Lead us all life's journey through.  
 Fear-ful con-flicts we en-dure. Snares surrounding, Foes a-bound-ing, Sin would make our ru-in sure.  
 Then no more the slaves of fear, We a-wak-en, Not for-sak-en, To be-hold Thee ev-er near.  
 Make us chil-dren of the light. Love shall bless Thee; Joy con-fess Thee; Faith put ev-'ry foe to flight.  
 Love that hath for sin-ners bled, Earth shall own Thee, Earth shall crown Thee, By Thy influence captiv-pled.

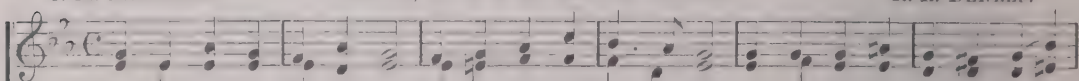


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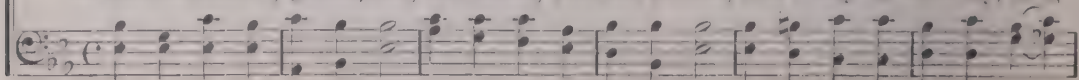
C. M. BRUENING.

Lord, I am a Little Child.

R. E. DEREEF.

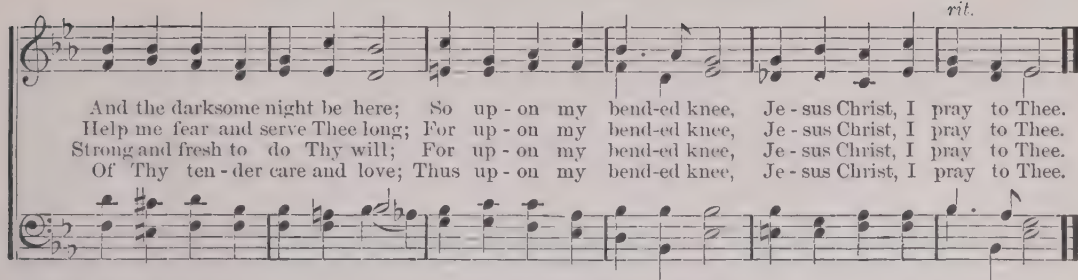


1. Lord, I am a lit-tle child, And the eve-ning draw-eth near; Soon the stars will show their light.
2. In the hours of this bright day May-be I have done some wrong. Help me to be good, dear Lord,
3. In the hours of this dark night, Guard me from all woe and ill, In the morn-ing let me wake.
4. Make me cheer-ful, gen-tle, kind, As Thou art, who dwell'st above, That I may be wor-thy, Lord,



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*rit.*

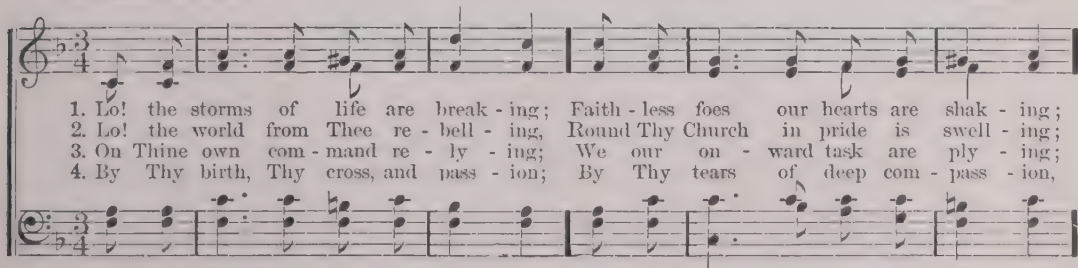


And the darksome night be here; So up - on my bend-ed knee, Je - sus Christ, I pray to Thee.  
 Help me fear and serve Thee long; For up - on my bend-ed knee, Je - sus Christ, I pray to Thee.  
 Strong and fresh to do Thy will; For up - on my bend-ed knee, Je - sus Christ, I pray to Thee.  
 Of Thy ten - der care and love; Thus up - on my bend-ed knee, Je - sus Christ, I pray to Thee.

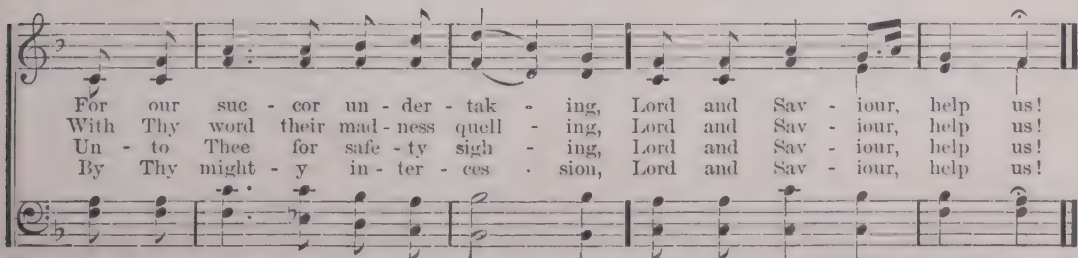
DR. HENRY ALFORD.

Lo! the Storms of Life.

W. L. MASON.



1. Lo! the storms of life are break - ing; Faith - less foes our hearts are shak - ing;  
 2. Lo! the world from Thee re - bell - ing, Round Thy Church in pride is swell - ing;  
 3. On Thine own com - mand re - ly - ing; We our on - ward task are ply - ing;  
 4. By Thy birth, Thy cross, and pass - ion; By Thy tears of deep com - pass - ion,



For our suc - cor un - der - tak - ing, Lord and Sav - iour, help us!  
 With Thy word their mad - ness quell - ing, Lord and Sav - iour, help us!  
 Un - to Thee for safe - ty sigh - ing, Lord and Sav - iour, help us!  
 By Thy might - y in - ter - ces - sion, Lord and Sav - iour, help us!

## What a Friend we Have in Jesus.

*"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."*

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;  
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r!  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged— Take it to the Lord in pray'r!  
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in pray'r!

*D. S.* All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r!  
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness— Take it to the Lord in pray'r!  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,—  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

# Once in Royal David's City.

69

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

DR. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

$\text{♩} = 83.$

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,  
 2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of all,  
 3. And our eyes at last shall see Him, Thro' His own re - deem - ing love,  
 4. Not in that poor low - ly sta - ble, With the ox - en stand - ing by.

Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed:  
 And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall;  
 For that Child, so dear and gen - tle, Is our Lord in heav'n a - bove;  
 We shall see Him; but in heav - en, Set at God's right hand on high;

Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ that lit - tle Child.  
 With the poor, and, mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Sav - iour holy.  
 And He leads His chil - dren on To the place where He is gone.  
 When like stars His chil - dren crown'd, All in white shall stand a - round.



## Upward, Ever Upward.

W. L. M.

(Processional.)

W. L. MASON.

1. Upward, ev-er up-ward, Reaching toward the light, Trusting in the Sav-iour, Rest-ing in His might.  
2. Upward, ev-er up-ward, Freed from error's chain; Here we have but loss-es,—There e-ter-nal gain.

This shall be our watchword, This our song shall be, Thro' our earth-ly jour-ney To E-ter-ni-ty.  
Sweeping on to glo-ry With ex-ult-ing cry, We shall reign for-ev-er With our Lord on high.

CHORUS.

"Upward, ev-er up-ward," This our song shall be, Thro' our earth-ly jour-ney To E-ter-ni-ty.

Hosanna we Sing, Like the Children Dear.

REV. G. S. HODGES.

E. DOUGHTY.

1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the old - en days when the Lord lived here;  
2. Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re - joic - es the hymns of His own to hear;

The first system of the musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system concludes with a double bar line.

He blessed lit - tle chil - dren and smiled on them, While they chanted His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem.  
We know that His warm heart will ne'er wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), indicating the key of D major. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the child - ren bright, With their harps of gold and their raiment white,  
Al - le - lu - ia we sing, in the Church we love, Al - le - lu - ia sounds in the Church a - bove;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

As they fol - low their Shepherd with lov - ing eyes Thro' the beau - ti - ful val-leys of Par - a - dise.  
To Thy children, dear Lord, may such grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of heaven.

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## Blessed Saviour, Lead Us.

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Just to let the Sav - iour Lead us where He will, Tho' 'tis thro' the des - ert, Or by moss-y rill.  
2. Ev - er trusting Je - sus, Glad to do His will, E'en tho' thorns and briars Make the good seem ill.  
3. Nev - er shirking du - ty, Tho' we're sorely pressed, Knowing that He work-eth, All things for the best.

## CHORUS.

Blessed Saviour, lead us, Dai - ly by the hand, Then we'll safe - ly jour - ney To the promised land.  
Blessed Saviour, lead us, lead us,

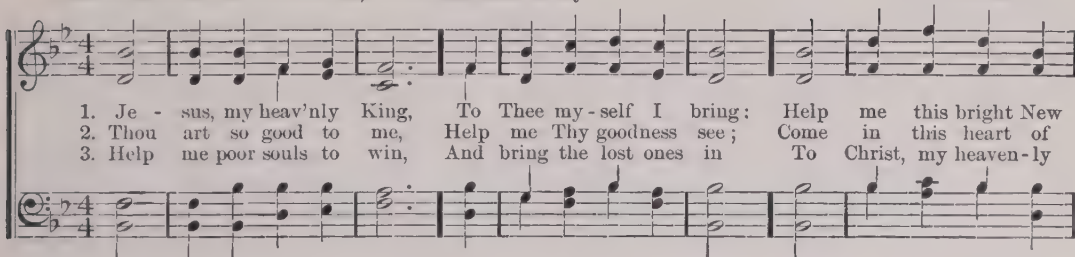
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# Jesus, My Heavenly King.

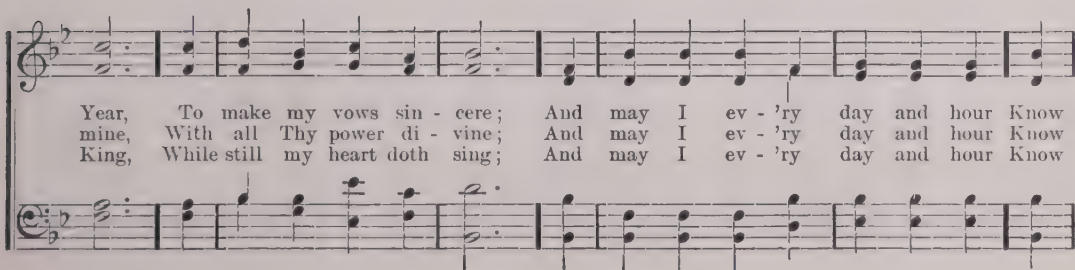
73

MRS. STAFF CAPTAIN HOWELLS, of the Salvation Army.

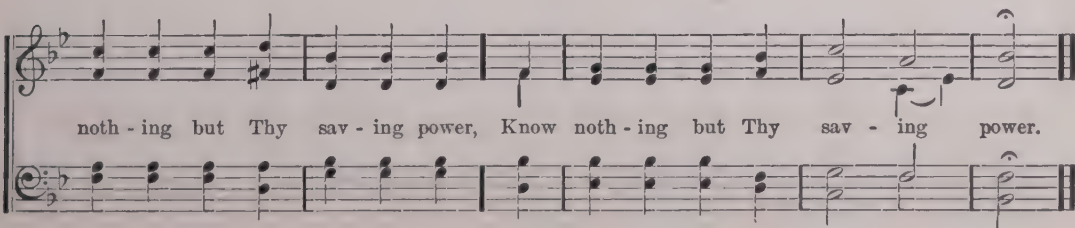
LEWIS EDSON.



1. Je - sus, my heav'nly King, To Thee my - self I bring: Help me this bright New  
2. Thou art so good to me, Help me Thy goodness see; Come in this heart of  
3. Help me poor souls to win, And bring the lost ones in To Christ, my heav - ly



Year, To make my vows sin - cere; And may I ev - 'ry day and hour Know  
mine, With all Thy power di - vine; And may I ev - 'ry day and hour Know  
King, While still my heart doth sing; And may I ev - 'ry day and hour Know



noth - ing but Thy sav - ing power, Know noth - ing but Thy sav - ing power.

## Jesus, My Lord! My Life! My All!

SAMUEL MEDLER.

Case. L. M.

W. L. MASON.



1. Je - sus, my Lord! my life! my all! Pros - trate be - fore Thy throne I fall;  
 2. Here in this world of sin and woe, I'm filled with toss - ings to and fro,  
 3. Lord, I am vile and poor and weak, Yet will I for Thy mer - cy seek:  
 4. Oh speak and bid my soul re - joice! I long to hear Thy pard - 'ning voice:  
 5. Then, filled with grate - ful, ho - ly love, My soul in praise shall soar a - bove,



Fain would my soul look up, and see My hope, my heav'n, my all, in Thee.  
 Bur - dened with sin, with fear op - press'd; And noth - ing here can give me rest.  
 I there - fore can not turn a - way, But wait and hear what Thou wilt say.  
 Say, "Peace, be still! look up and live; Life, peace and heav'n are Mine to give."  
 And with de - light - ful joy re - cord The won - drous good - ness of my Lord.

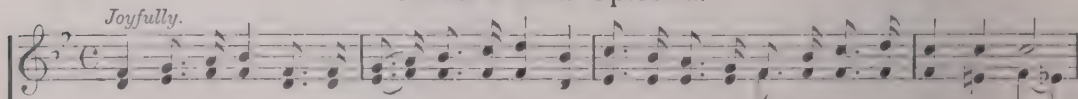


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R. E. D.

## Onward and Upward.

R. E. DEREEF.



On - ward and up - ward we're march - ing to Zi - on, Sing the joy - ful an - them as we march a - long,



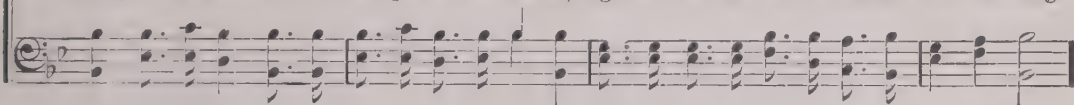
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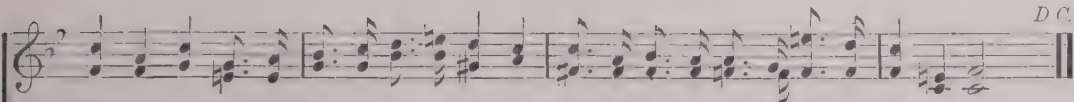
FINE.



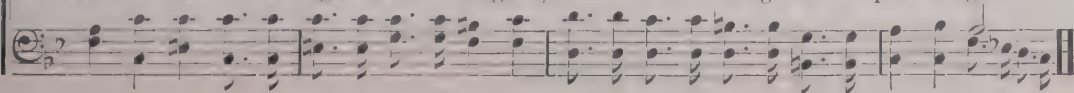
Strong in His name we will con-quer sin and Sa-tan, Right will win the bat-tle and de-feat the wrong.



1. "I am with you, let not your heart be troubled; I am with you, aye e-ven to the end."
2. By the way-side we see the weak and helpless, Wait-ing there to be shown the nar-row way,
3. Ev-'ry soul that we dai-ly bring to Je-sus, Adds a star to our heav'n-ly di-a-dem,

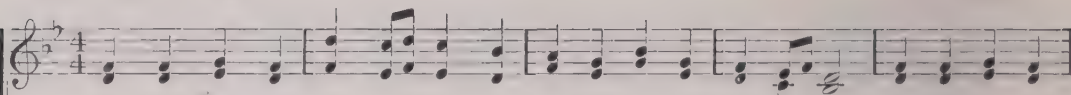


With the sword of the Spir-it still vic-to-ri-ous, Soon with ours we'll hear the an-gels' voi-ces blend,  
 With His word as their bless-ed guide and char-ter, Dark-est night may soon become as bright as day.  
 That will shine ev-er bright-er still and brighter, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges as a price-less gem.

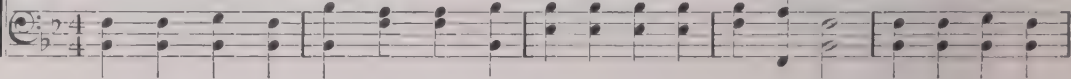


REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

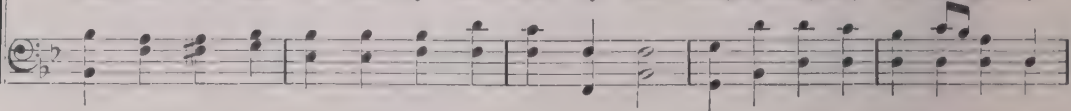
J. ZUNDEL.



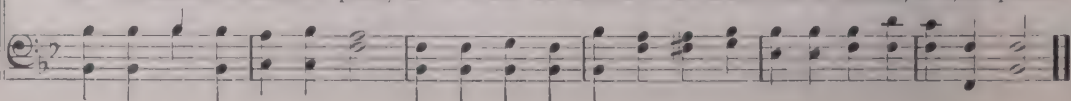
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing—Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy  
 2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it, In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast! Let us all in  
 3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure, un-spot - ted may we be: Let us see our



hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown: Je sus! Thou art all com - pas - sion,  
 Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest: Come, Almight - y to de - liv - er,  
 whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee! Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry,



Pure, un-boun - ded love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion. En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.  
 Let us all Thy life re - ceive! Speed - i - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy temples leave!  
 Till in heaven we take our place; Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

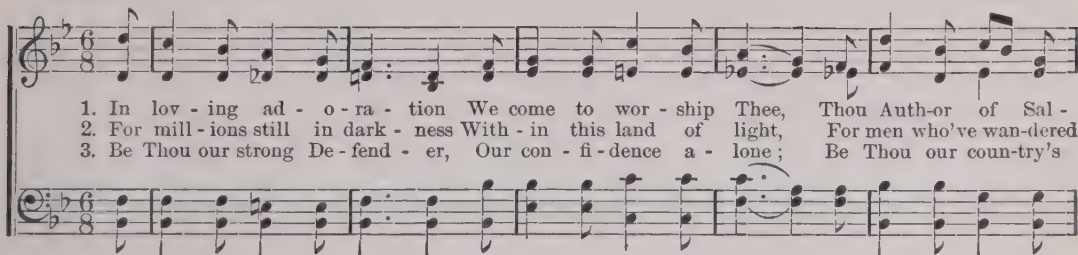


# In Loving Adoration.

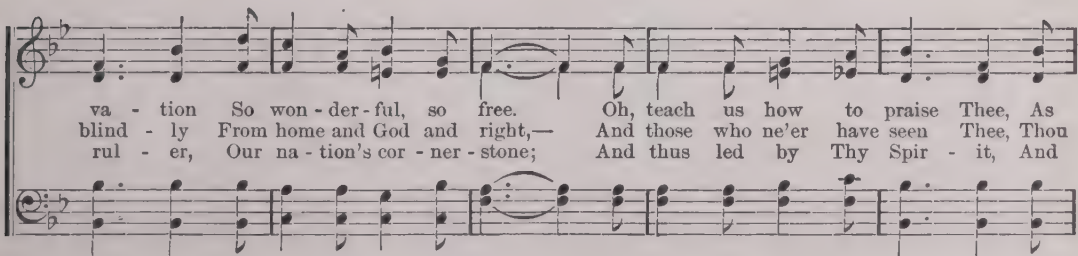
77

THORNTON B. PENFIELD.

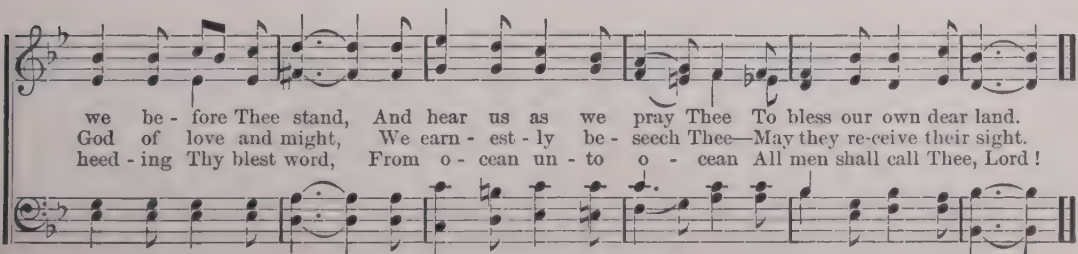
W. L. MASON.



1. In lov - ing ad - o - ra - tion We come to wor - ship Thee, Thou Auth - or of Sal -  
 2. For mill - ions still in dark - ness With - in this land of light, For men who've wan - dered  
 3. Be Thou our strong De - fend - er, Our con - fi - dence a - lone; Be Thou our coun - try's



va - tion So won - der - ful, so free. Oh, teach us how to praise Thee, As  
 blind - ly From home and God and right, — And those who ne'er have seen Thee, Thou  
 rul - er, Our na - tion's cor - ner - stone; And thus led by Thy Spir - it, And



we be - fore Thee stand, And hear us as we pray Thee To bless our own dear land.  
 God of love and might, We earn - est - ly be - seech Thee — May they re - ceive their sight.  
 heed - ing Thy blest word, From o - cean un - to o - cean All men shall call Thee, Lord!

## The Sweet Old Story.

Words adapted by IRVIN H. MACK.

ADAM GEIBEL.

DUETT FOR SOP. &amp; TENOR.

1. Tell me a - bout the Mas - ter! I am wea - ry and worn to - night, The  
 2. Tell me a - bout the Mas - ter! Of the wrongs life for us for - gave; Of  
 3. Yet what I know of sor - row And temp - ta - tions that oft be - fall, The

day lies be - hind me in shad - ow And on - ly the even - ing is light!  
 love and of ten - der com - pas - sion, Of love, that was might - y to save;  
 in - fi - nite Mas - ter had suf - fered, And know - eth and pit - i - eth all.

QUARTET.

Light with a ra - di - ant glo - ry That lin - gers a - bout the West, My poor  
 Sad is my heart, and so wea - ry Of woes and the trials of life, Of the  
 Tell me the sweet - est old sto - ry, That falls on each wound like balm, And my

heart is a - wea - ry, a - wea - ry, And longs like a child for rest.  
 wrongs that are stalk - ing in noon - day, Of false - hood, and sin, and strife.  
 heart that was bruised and broken Shall grow well, and strong, and calm.

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## Art Thou Weary?

REV. J. M. NEALE. Trans. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11 : 28.

WM. H. MONK, 1861.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis - tress'd? "Come to Me," saith  
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him If He be my guide? "In His feet and  
 3. Is there di - a - dem as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns? "Yes, a crown in

One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."  
 hands are wound-prints, And His side."  
 ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns!"

4.  
 If I find Him, if I follow,  
 What my future here?  
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
 Many a tear."

5.  
 If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last?  
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
 Jordan past."

6.  
 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
 "Not till earth and not till heaven  
 Pass away."



W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

1. Come, and la - bor in the har - vest field, There is plen - ty of work to do,  
 2. Come, and la - bor in the har - vest field, Je - sus bids you, oh! why de - lay?  
 3. All day long the Mas - ter stands and calls, — Are you read - y to heed His call?

Rich re - turn does the la - bor yield, And the grain is ripe but the reap - ers are few.  
 All His promis-es are full and true, He will sure-ly turn none who of - fer a - way.  
 Haste, be - fore the evening dark-ness falls, — There is always plen - ty of room for you all.

## CHORUS.

Toil on,..... toil on,..... The re - ward is sure, the prom - ise true,  
 Toil on, toil on,

# Toil On.—Concluded.

81

Musical score for 'Toil On.—Concluded.' in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'Toil on, Toil on, Toil on, toil on, Keep the word of the Mas - ter in view.'

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# Jesus, My All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

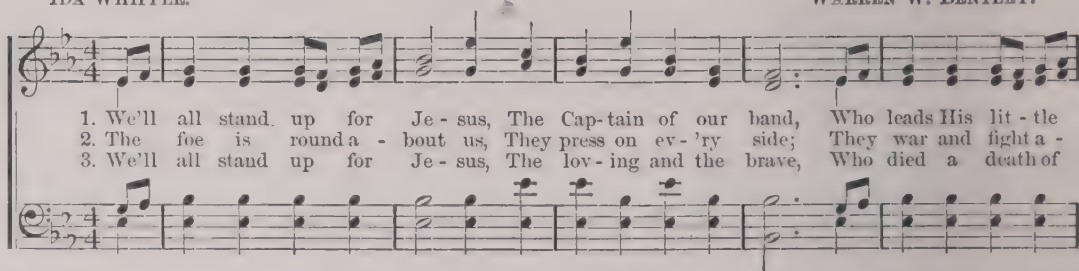
OLD MELODY.

Musical score for 'Jesus, My All.' in B-flat major, 3/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: '1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; Plead-ing Thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call; 2. Tears of re - pent-ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my un - be-lief, Hear Thou my call; 3. Still at Thy mer - cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; Pleading Thy promise sweet, Heard is my call; Now let Thy work begin, Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev - 'ry sin, Je - sus, my all. Oh, how I pine for Thee! 'Tis all my hope and plea: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all. Faith wings my soul to Thee; This all my hope shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.'

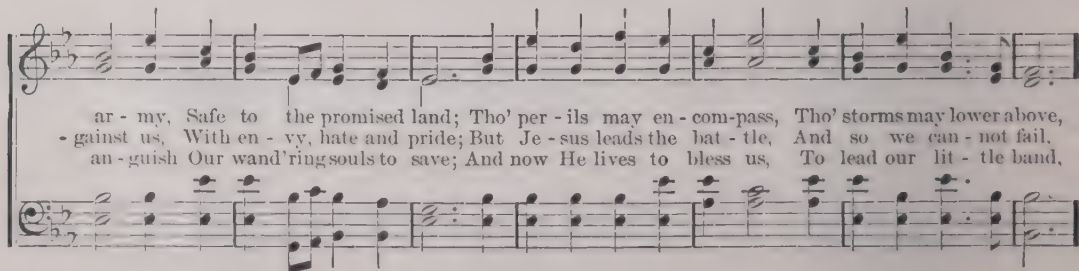
## We'll all Stand up for Jesus.

IDA WHIPPLE.

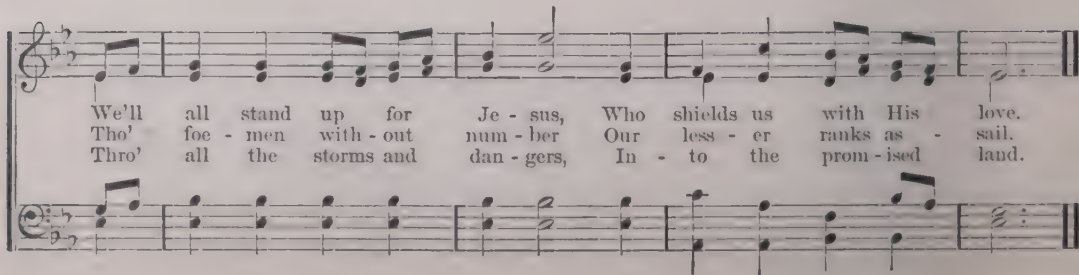
WARREN W. BENTLEY.



1. We'll all stand up for Je - sus, The Cap - tain of our band, Who leads His lit - tle  
 2. The foe is round a - bout us, They press on ev - 'ry side; They war and fight a -  
 3. We'll all stand up for Je - sus, The lov - ing and the brave, Who died a death of



ar - my, Safe to the promised land; Tho' per - ils may en - com - pass, Tho' storms may lower above,  
 - gainst us, With en - vy, hate and pride; But Je - sus leads the bat - tle, And so we can - not fail,  
 an - guish Our wand'ring souls to save; And now He lives to bless us, To lead our lit - tle band,



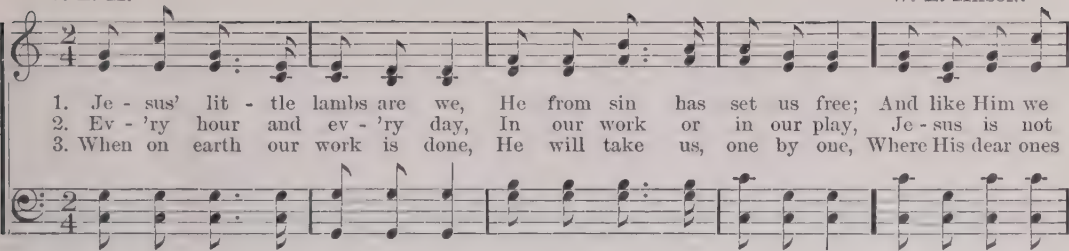
We'll all stand up for Je - sus, Who shields us with His love.  
 Tho' foe - men with - out num - ber Our less - er ranks as - sail.  
 Tho' all the storms and dan - gers, In - to the prom - ised land.

# Jesus' Little Lambs.

83

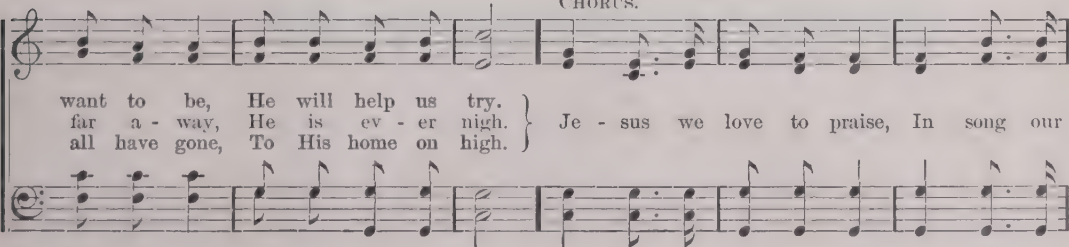
W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

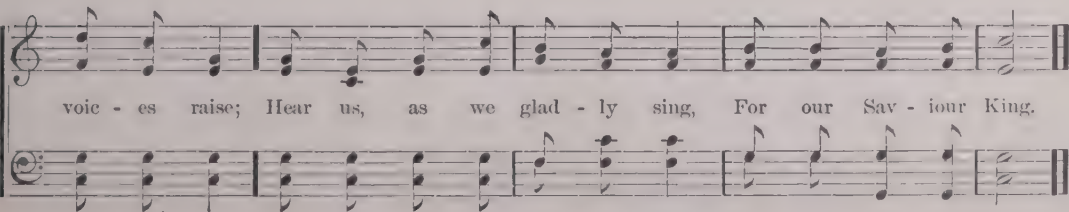


1. Je - sus' lit - tle lambs are we, He from sin has set us free; And like Him we  
 2. Ev - 'ry hour and ev - 'ry day, In our work or in our play, Je - sus is not  
 3. When on earth our work is done, He will take us, one by one, Where His dear ones

## CHORUS.



want to be, He will help us try.  
 far a - way, He is ev - er nigh. } Je - sus we love to praise, In song our  
 all have gone, To His home on high. }

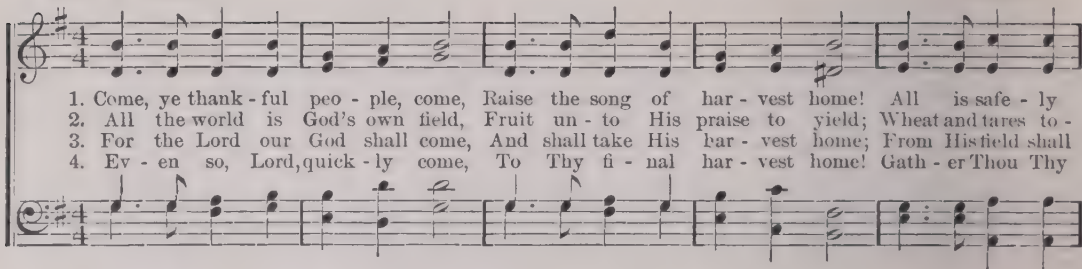


voic - es raise; Hear us, as we glad - ly sing, For our Sav - iour King.

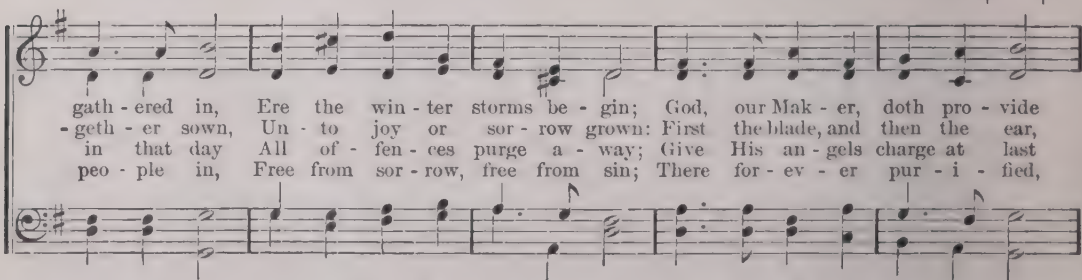
## Come, ye Thankful People, Come.

REV. H. ALFORD.

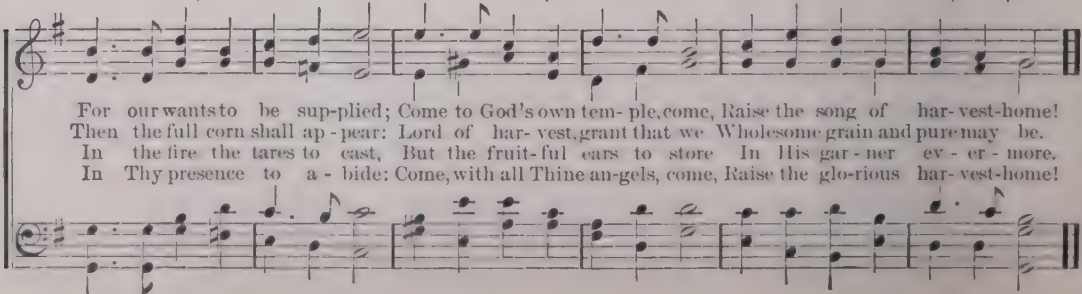
G. J. ELVEY.



1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home! All is safe - ly  
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield; Wheat and tares to -  
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home; From His field shall  
 4. Ev - en so, Lord, quick - ly come, To Thy fi - nal har - vest home! Gath - er Thou Thy



gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin; God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide  
 - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown: First the blade, and then the ear,  
 in that day All of - fen - ces purge a - way; Give His an - gels charge at last  
 peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin; There for - ev - er pur - i - fied,



For our wants to be sup - plied; Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home!  
 Then the full corn shall ap - pear: Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.  
 In the fire the tares to cast, But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.  
 In Thy presence to a - bide: Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious har - vest - home!

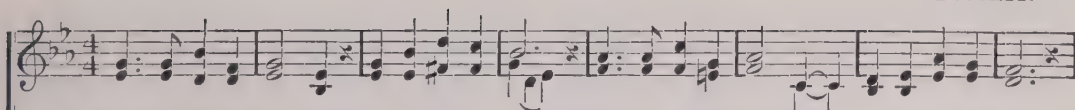


# Evening Hymn.

85

E. D.

E. DOUGHTY.



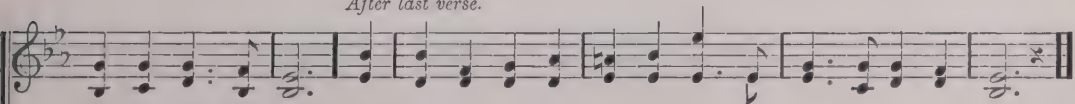
1. Now the night's approaching, Day before it flies, Sinks the sun with splendor In the western skies,  
2. Soft-ly night en-folds us As a blessed rest Sent us by the Fa-ther Who gives us of His best.



Heav'nly love has kept us Safe from all a - larm, And we pray that thro' the night, We  
T'ward the heav'nly king-dom We are mov-ing on Where no night shall ev - er dim The



*After last verse.*



may be kept from harm.  
glo - ries of the Son. The Lord keep watch be-tween us till we meet, we meet a - gain.

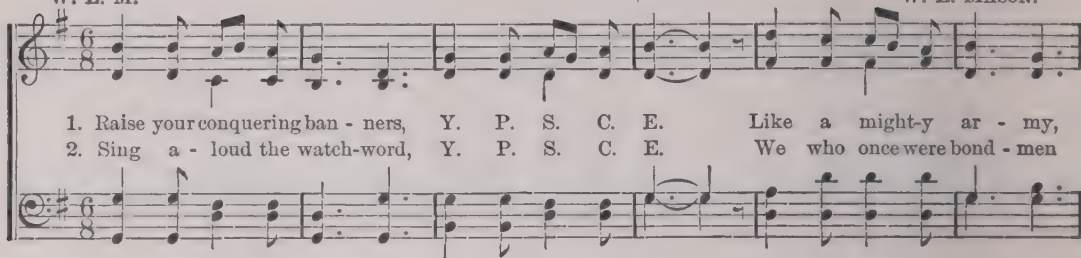


# Raise Your Conquering Banners.

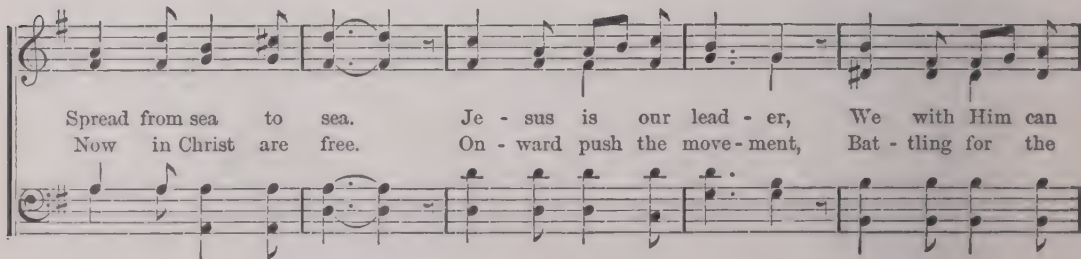
(Christain Endeavor Rallying Song.)

W. L. M.

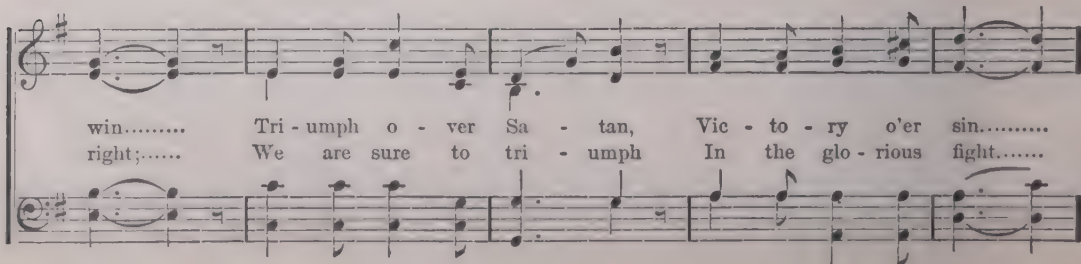
W. L. MASON.



1. Raise your conquering ban - ners, Y. P. S. C. E. Like a might-y ar - my,  
2. Sing a - loud the watch-word, Y. P. S. C. E. We who once were bond - men



Spread from sea to sea. Je - sus is our lead - er, We with Him can  
Now in Christ are free. On - ward push the move - ment, Bat - tling for the

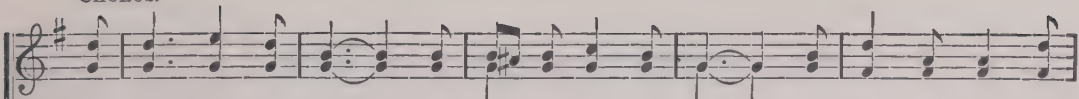


win..... Tri - umph o - ver Sa - tan, Vic - to - ry o'er sin.....  
right;..... We are sure to tri - umph In the glo - rious fight.....

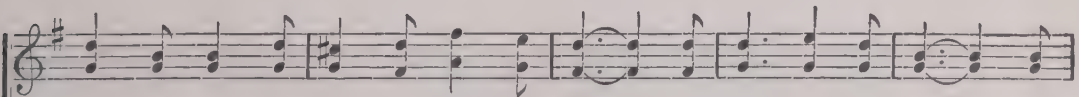
# Raise Your Conquering Banners.—Concluded.

87

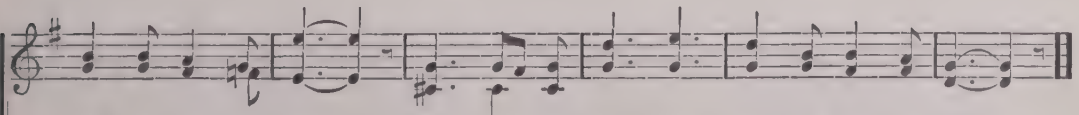
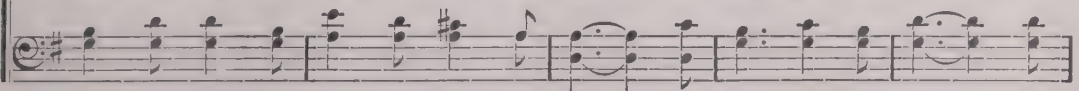
CHORUS.



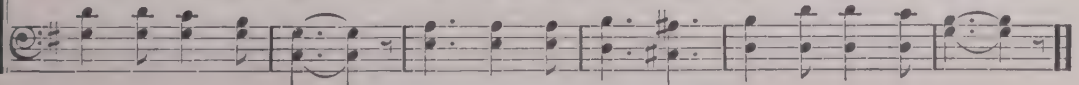
"For Christ and the Church!" Our ev - er glo - rious aim; We'll live for Him, we'll



die for Him, Oh, praise His pre - cious name. "For Christ and the Church!" The



Lord is on our side; We must pre - vail, what ev - er may be - tide.



## Jesus, Holy, Undeiled.

MRS. E. SHEPCOTE.

R. E. DE REEF.

1. Je - sus, ho - ly, un - de - filed ! Lis - ten to a lit - tle child ;  
 2. Thou hast sent the sun to shine O'er this glo - rious world of Thine,  
 3. Now the lit - tle birds a - rise, Chirp - ing gay - ly in the skies ;

Thou hast sent the glo - rious light, Chas - ing far the si - lent night.  
 Warmth to give, and pleas - ant glow On each ten - der flow'r be - low.  
 Thee their ti - ny voi - ces praise, In the ear - ly songs they raise.

4.  
 Thou by whom the birds are fed,  
 Give to me my daily bread ;  
 And Thy holy Spirit give,  
 Without whom I cannot live.

5.  
 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,  
 As becomes a little child ;  
 All day long, in every way,  
 Teach me what to do and say.

6.  
 Let me never say a word  
 That will make Thee angry, Lord ;  
 Help me so to live in love  
 As Thine angels do above.

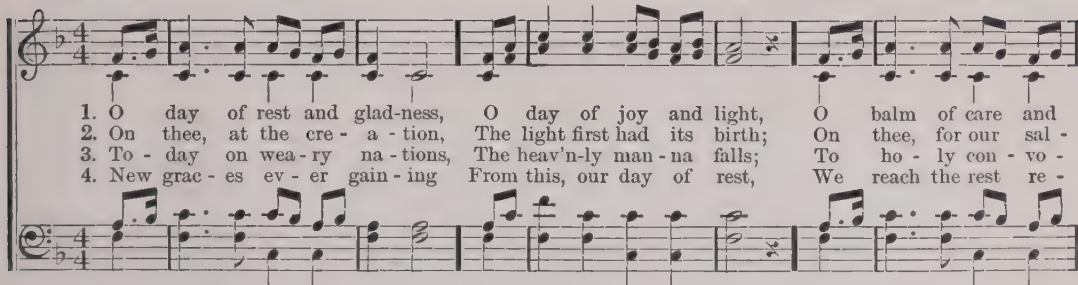
7.  
 Make me, Lord, in work and play,  
 Thine more truly every day ;  
 And when Thou at last shalt come,  
 Take me to the heavenly home.

# 0 Day of Rest and Gladness.

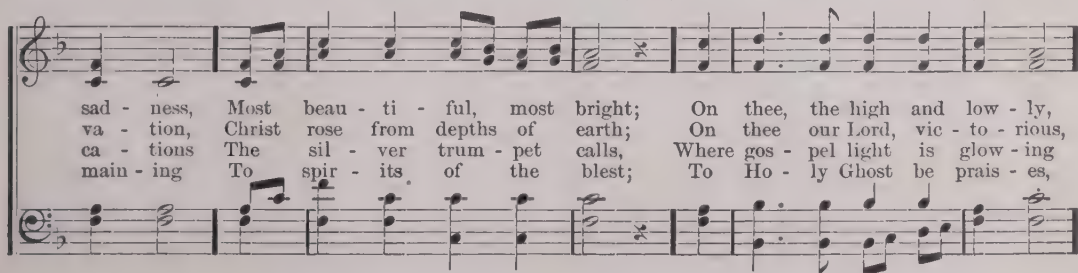
89

Bishop C. WORDSWORTH.

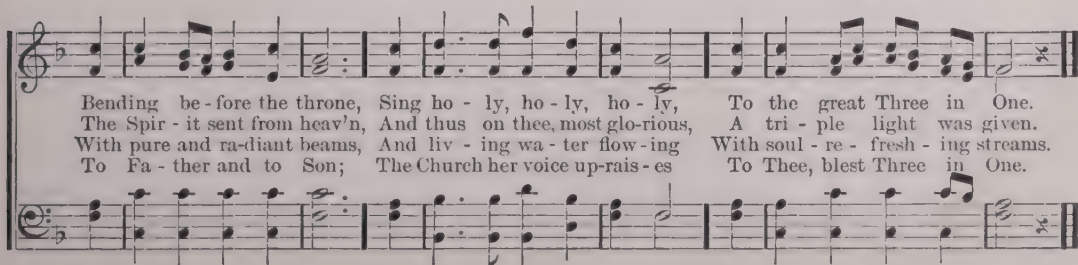
German Melody. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and  
 2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth; On thee, for our sal-  
 3. To-day on wea-ry na-tions, The heav'n-ly man-na falls; To ho-ly con-vo-  
 4. New grac-es ev-er gain-ing From this, our day of rest, We reach the rest re-



sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low-ly,  
 va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth; On thee, our Lord, vic-to-rious,  
 ca-tions The sil-ver trum-pet calls; Where gos-pel light is glow-ing  
 main-ing To spir-its of the blest; To Ho-ly Ghost be prais-es,



Bending be-fore the throne, Sing ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, To the great Three in One.  
 The Spir-it sent from heav'n, And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A tri-ple light was given.  
 With pure and ra-diant beams, And liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing With soul-re-fresh-ing streams.  
 To Fa-ther and to Son; The Church her voice up-rai-es To Thee, blest Three in One.



God's Loving Care.

W. L. M.

**Motion Song.**

W. L. MASON.

1. The flow'rs have wak - en'd from their sleep, The lit - tle brook goes rip - pling by;  
 2. Who watch - es o'er this world (10) so bright? Who set the sun (11) in you - der sky?  
 3. The God (12) of love is o - ver all, (15) He al - ways hears His chil - dren's cry.  
 4. And we will praise Him for His love, And pray that He our feet (13) may guide,

The stars (4) their night - ly watch - es keep. The lit - tle birds (5) have learn'd to fly. (6)  
'Tis God (12) who keeps us day and night; 'Tis He who taught the birds (6) to fly.  
No harm His crea - tures can be - fall. For He to them is ev - er nigh.  
Un - til we reach our home (12) a - bove, And ev - er more with Him a - bide. (11)

*D. S.* When night is come we sleep (8) at home, Just like the bird - ies in their nest. (9) *D. S. al fine.*

Choir's. D. S. al Fine.

Thy gra-cious care, we, too, may share, And in Thy love se-cure-ly rest; (7)

1. Point downward. 2. Lay cheek on folded hands. 3. Wave hands right and left. 4. Extend arms above head and move fingers to represent twinkling. 5. Fluttering motion of hands. 6. Extend arms to right and left and move them. 7. Arms clasped across breast. 8. Bow head on hands and shut eyes. 9. Two hands placed together with thumbs inside for birds. 10. Make circle with hands. 11. Make circle with fingers. 12. Point upward. 13. Point to feet. 14. Both hands upraised. 15. Both hands arched above head.

By permission.

# Safe Within the Vail.

91

JOHN M. EVANS.

*Spirited.*

1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fade-less green; And the liv - ing wa - ters  
 2. Onward, bark, the cape I'm rounding; See the bless - ed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re -  
 3. There, let go the an - chor, rid - ing On this calm and sil - v'ry bay; Seaward fast the tide is  
 4. Now we're safe from all temp - ta - tion; All the storms of life are past; Praise the Rock of our sal -

CHORUS.

lav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.  
 sound - ing From the bright, im - mor - tal lands.  
 glid - ing; Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.  
 va - tion! We are safe at home at last!

} Rocks and storms I fear no more When on

that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an - chor! furl the sail! I am safe with - in the vail!

J. B. KENYON, Lit. D.

W. L. MASON.

1. The morn bursts on us with a song: Night's sa - ble wings are furled; The  
 2. Lo! watch - ing eyes, be - dimm'd with tears, With hap - pi - ness grow bright; And  
 3. Roll swift - ly up, O joy - ful day, Flood all the heav'n's se - rene; The

gold - en age, a - wait - ed long, Dawns on the wea - ry world. Now hoar - y wrongs shall  
 hearts oppress'd with gloom - y fears Un - fold to catch the light. Let ev - 'ry tongue its  
 plac - es where foul drag - ons lay With rush - es shall be green; The li - on and the

right - ed be, Love's fil - let bind each brow, While Peace, the dove, o'er land and sea,  
 si - lence break, No more let bat - tles rage, While val - leys, plains, and hills a - wake  
 leop - ard wild No more shall hurt nor slay. And o'er God's mount a lit - tle child

# The Golden Age.—Concluded.

93

## CHORUS.

Shall bear the ol - ive bough. }  
To greet the gold - en age. } O com - rades, O com - rades, it is com - ing  
Shall lead them in the way. }

nigh, The age so long fore - told, The age so long fore - told, Its splen - dor

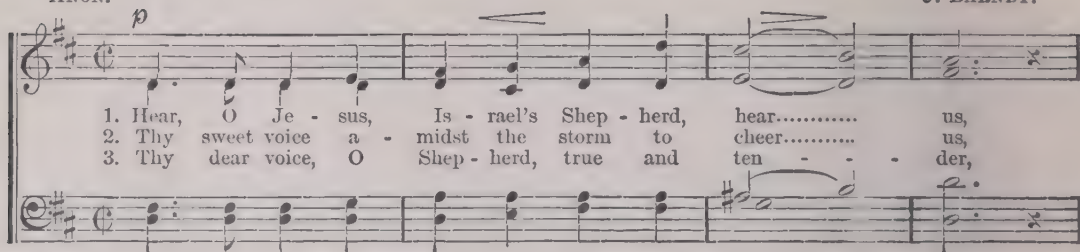
streams, now streams a - long the sky, All hail, all hail the age of gold!

## Hear, O Jesus, Israel's Shepherd, Hear Us.

ANON.

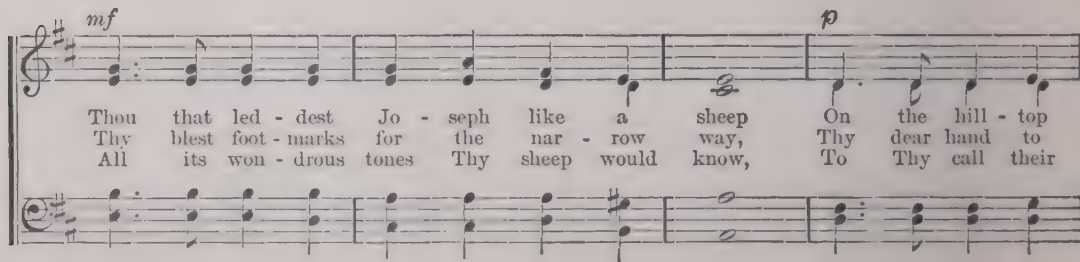
J. BARNBY.

*p*

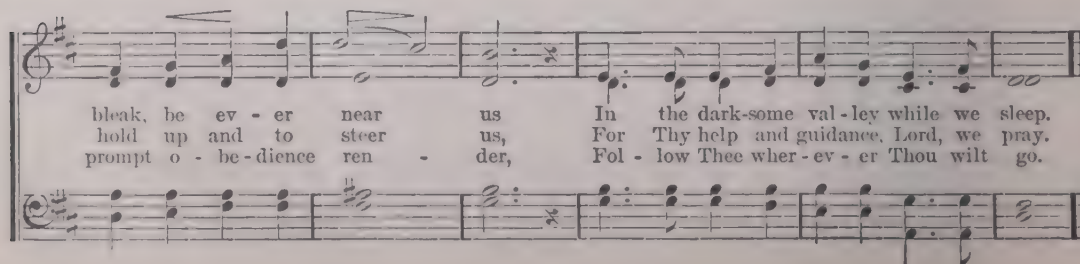


1. Hear, O Je - sus, Is - rael's Shep - herd, hear..... us,  
 2. Thy sweet voice a - midst the storm to cheer..... us,  
 3. Thy dear voice, O Shep - herd, true and ten - der,

*mf* *p*



Thou that led - dest Jo - seph like a sheep On the hill - top  
 Thy blest foot - marks for the nar - row way, Thy dear hand to  
 All its won - drous tones Thy sheep would know, To Thy call to their



bleak, be ev - er near us In the dark - some val - ley while we sleep.  
 hold up and to steer us, For Thy help and guidance, Lord, we pray.  
 prompt o - be - dience ren - der, Fol - low Thee wher - ev - er Thou wilt go.



# I Want More Love to Thee!

95

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. I want more love, more love to Thee, O Je - sus, Lamb of Cal - va - ry! More grace to do Thy
2. I want to have my trust-ing soul Subdued to Thy com-plete con-trol; That all I think, or
3. I want the sweet and heav'ly peace, The pure, ecs - tat - ic sense of bliss; The calm and deep and
4. I plead, that ev - 'ry voice of sin Be silenced, my poor heart, with-in, — That Je - sus, whom as

## CHORUS.

ho - ly will, And Thy commandments to ful - fill!  
do, or say, May meet Thy fa - vor, day by day!  
set - tled rest, With which Thy ho - ly ones are blest. } In mer - cy, Je - sus, grant my plea, And  
mine, I own, May reign there-in, and reign a - lone!

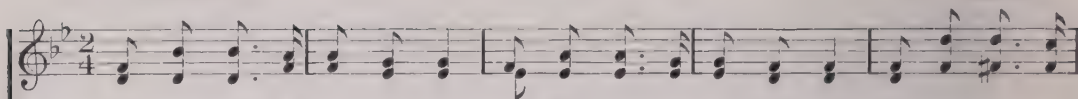
give Thy per - fect love to me! In mer - cy, Je - sus, grant my plea, And give Thy per - fect love to me!

## The Children's Saviour.

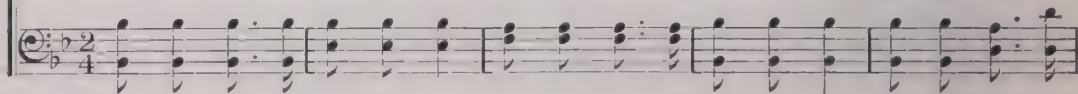
J. E. FARNSWORTH.

(For the Primary Class.)

W. L. MASON.



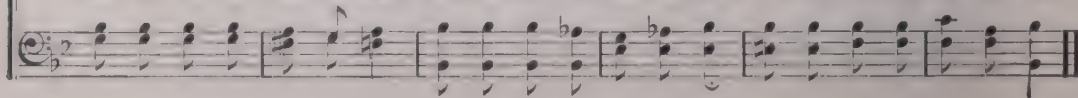
1. Je - sus was a lit - tle child,—And He knows our ev - 'ry need,—Je - sus keep us  
 2. For each lit - tle child our Lord Rose a - gain on Eas - ter morn, Let our song in



un - de - filed, Make us all Thine own in - deed; E - ven for each lit - tle one,  
 sweet ac - cord, Be to heav'n with glad - ness borne. Hal - le - lu - jah! chil - dren sing!



Je - sus died up - on the cross; For our souls God's on - ly Son Suf - fered grief, and pain, and loss.  
 Glo - ry be to God on high; Make the heav'n - ly arch - es ring, Join the cho - rus of the sky.



# I've Found a Friend.

97

REV. JAS. GRINDLEY SEWELL.

R. E. DE REEF.

1. I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him! He drew me with the
2. I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And not a - lone the
3. I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! So kind, so true, so ten - der, So wise a Coun - sel -

cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him: And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those  
gift of life, But His own Self He gave me. Nought that I have my own I call, I  
lor, and Guide, So mighty a De - fen - der. From Him, Who loves me now so well, What

ties which nought can sever, For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er.  
hold it for the Giv - er: My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.  
pow'r my soul can sev - er? Shall life? — or death? — or earth? — or hell? No! I am His for - ev - er. A - men.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Al - - le - lu - ia! Sons of men, and an-gels  
 2. Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Al - - le - lu - ia! Fought the fight, the bat-tle  
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Al - - le - lu - ia! Christ hath burst the gates of

say; Al - - le - lu - ia! Raise your joys and tri-umphs high! Al -  
 won; Al - - le - lu - ia! Lo, our Sun's e-clipse is o'er; Al -  
 hell; Al - - le - lu - ia! Death in vain for-bids His rise; Al -

le - lu - ia! Sing, ye heav'n's! and earth, re-ply! Al - - le - lu - ia!  
 le - lu - ia! Lo, He sets in blood no more; Al - - le - lu - ia!  
 le - lu - ia! Christ hath o-pened par-a-dise. Al - - le - lu - ia!

4 Lives again our glorious King;  
 "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"  
 Once He died our souls to save:  
 "Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
 Following our exalted Head;  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

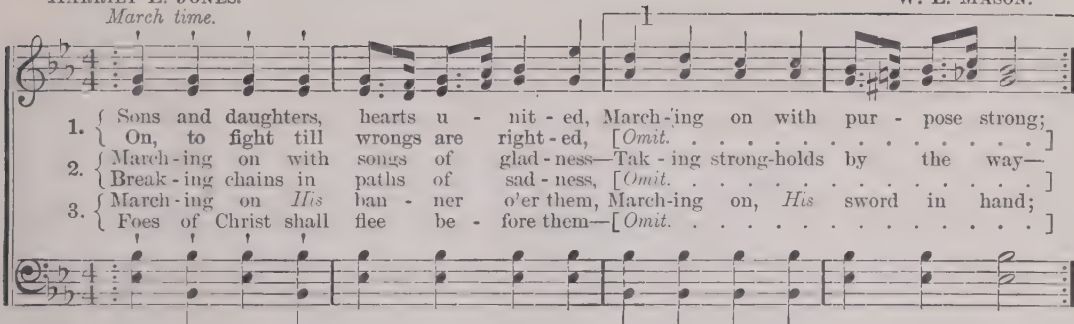
# Sons and Daughters of the King.

99

HARRIET E. JONES.

*March time.*

W. L. MASON.

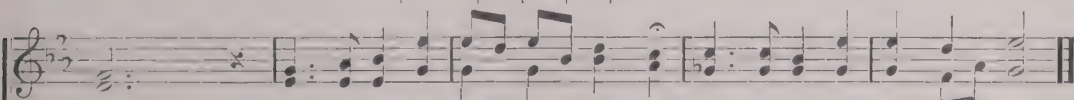


1. { Sons and daughters, hearts u - nit - ed, March - ing on with pur - pose strong;  
 { On, to fight till wrongs are right - ed, [Omit. . . . .]  
 2. { March - ing on with songs of glad - ness—Tak - ing strong-holds by the way—  
 { Break - ing chains in paths of sad - ness, [Omit. . . . .]  
 3. { March - ing on *His* ban - ner o'er them, March - ing on, *His* sword in hand;  
 { Foes of Christ shall flee be - fore them—[Omit. . . . .]



REFRAIN.

Christ their watchword and their song.  
 Free - ing cap - tives 'mid the fray.  
 They shall sure - ly take the land. } Marching, marching, onward marching, Sons and daughters of the

King— From the highways, from the by - ways, They shall ma - ny tro - phies bring.  
 King, of the King,



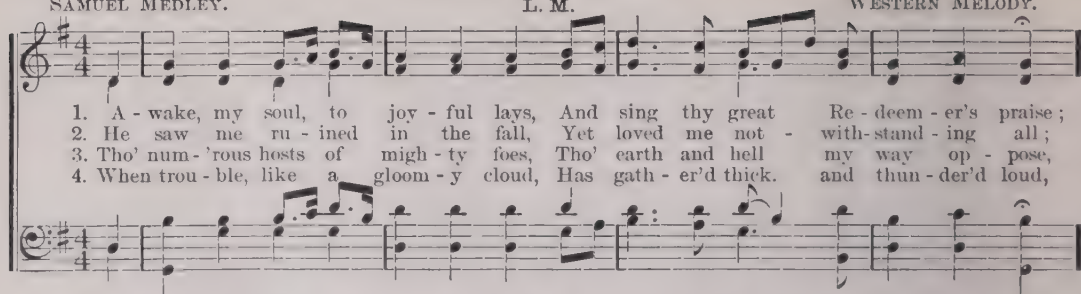


## Loving Kindness.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

L. M.

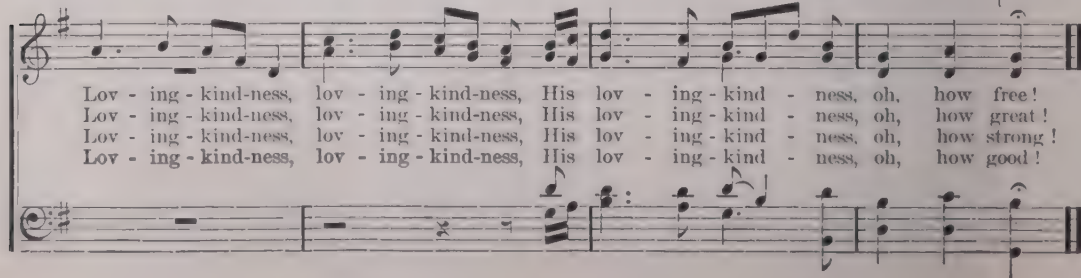
WESTERN MELODY.



1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise ;  
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with - stand - ing all ;  
 3. Tho' num - 'rous hosts of migh - ty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,  
 4. When trou - ble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath - er'd thick. and thun - der'd loud,



He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free !  
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how great !  
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how strong !  
 He near my soul has al - ways stood, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how good !



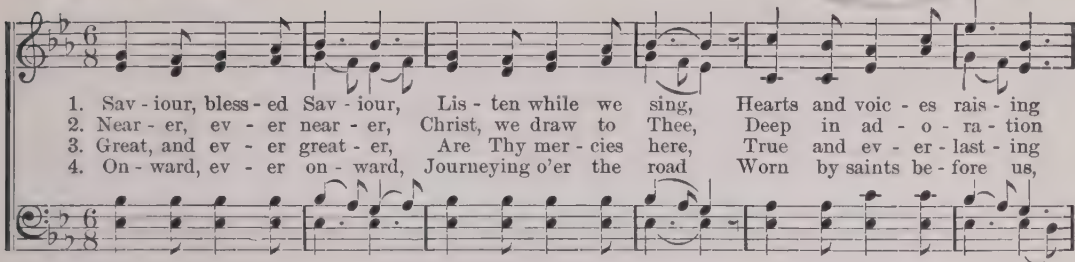
Lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free !  
 Lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how great !  
 Lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how strong !  
 Lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how good !

# Saviour, Blessèd Saviour.

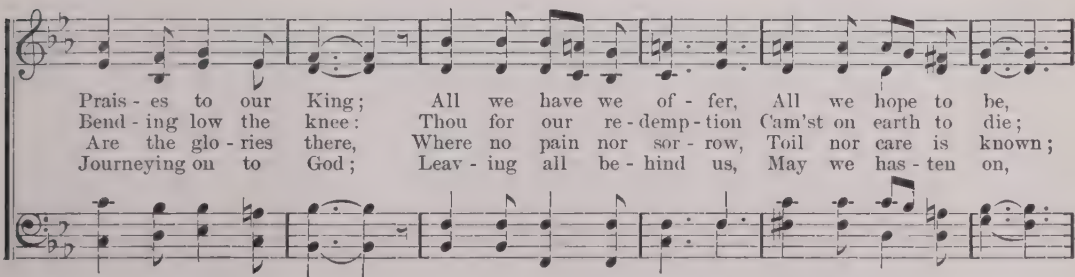
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GEO. EDW. STUBBS.

SIR A. SULLIVAN.

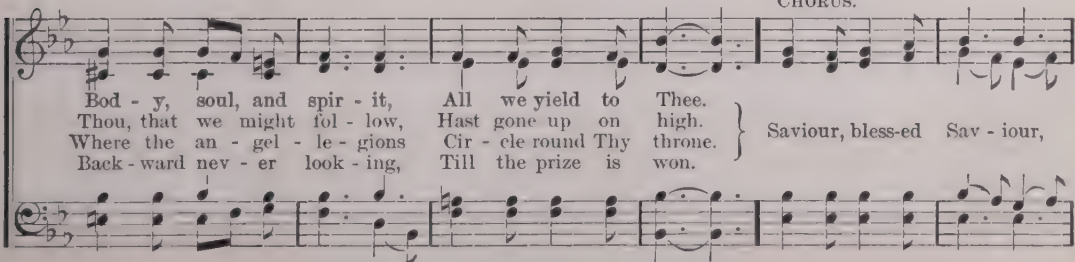


1. Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing, Hearts and voic - es rais - ing  
 2. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in ad - o - ra - tion  
 3. Great, and ev - er great - er, Are Thy mer - cies here, True and ev - er - last - ing  
 4. On - ward, ev - er on - ward, Journeying o'er the road Worn by saints be - fore us,



Prais - es to our King; All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be,  
 Bend - ing low the knee; Thou for our re - demp - tion Cam'st on earth to die;  
 Are the glo - ries there, Where no pain nor sor - row, Toil nor care is known;  
 Journeying on to God; Leav - ing all be - hind us, May we has - ten on,

## CHORUS.



Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.  
 Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high.  
 Where the an - gel - le - gions Cir - cle round Thy throne. } Saviour, bless - ed Sav - iour,  
 Back - ward nev - er look - ing, Till the prize is won.

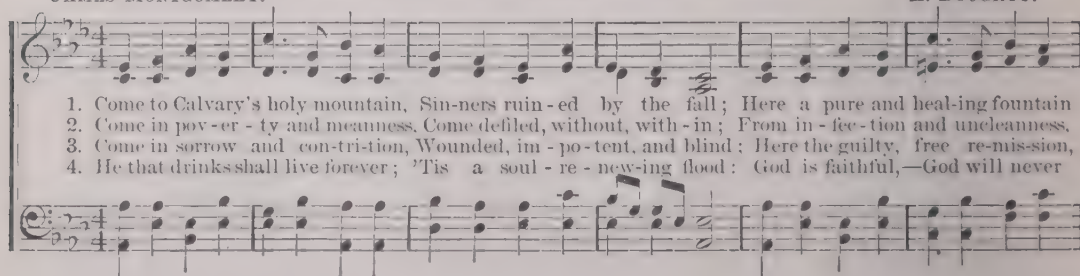


lis - ten while we sing, Hearts and voi - ces rais - ing prais - es to our King.

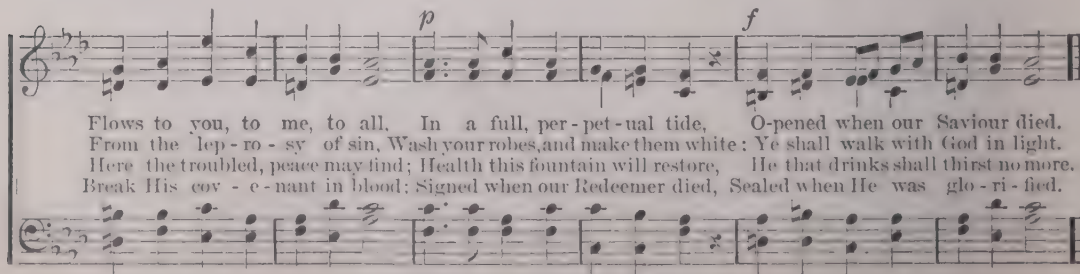
## Come to Calvary's Holy Mountain.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

E. DOUGHTY.



1. Come to Calvary's holy mountain, Sin - ners ruin - ed by the fall; Here a pure and heal - ing fountain
2. Come in pov - er - ty and meanness. Come defiled, without, with - in; From in - fec - tion and uncleanness.
3. Come in sorrow and con - tri - tion, Wounded, im - po - tent, and blind: Here the guilty, free re - mis - sion,
4. He that drink shall live forever; 'Tis a soul - re - new - ing flood: God is faithful, — God will never



Flows to you, to me, to all. In a full, per - pet - ual tide, O - pened when our Saviour died.  
 From the lep - ro - sy of sin, Wash your robes, and make them white: Ye shall walk with God in light.  
 Here the troubled, peace may find; Health this fountain will restore, He that drinks shall thirst no more.  
 Break His cov - e - nant in blood: Signed when our Redeemer died, Sealed when He was glo - ri - fied.

# The Child's Prayer.

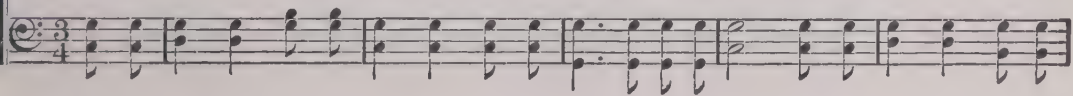
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J. E. FARNSWORTH.

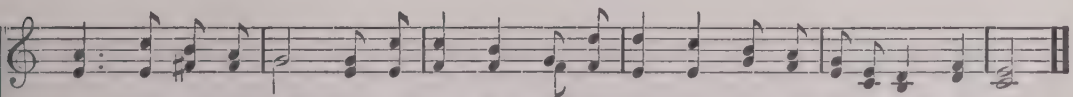
W. L. MASON.



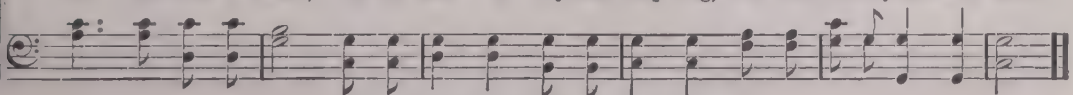
1. Bless-ed Je - sus, stoop and list - en, Tho' I am so ver-y small, I have man - y things to  
2. Show me just how I may please Thee, Do - ing good from day to day; Giv-ing joy to all a -



tell Thee; Sa-viour, hear me when I call. Naughty tho'ts and words and ac - tions Oft - en  
round me, In my work and in my play. Watch me, Je - sus, when I'm sleep-ing,—Should I



spoil my hap-py days; Make me clean and pure and ho - ly, Lead me in Thy bless-ed ways.  
die be - fore I wake, I'll be safe in Thy dear keep-ing, For the Lord my soul will take.



## Lord, Let Thy Light.

W. L. MASON

J. BARNBY.

1. Lord, let Thy light through all the earth in - crease, Bring - ing true  
 2. May Thy dear love en - com - pass all the earth Till, ris - ing  
 3. Then may Thy prais - es ring from sea to sea, Laud - ing the

glad - ness and Thy heav'n - ly peace. Then shall re - sound the  
 glo - rious as from a new birth, Man - kind shall praise that  
 Son who died to make new men free. Bless - ing and hon - or

songs that nev - er cease, — Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Name of match - less worth, — Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 ev - er be to Thee, — Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

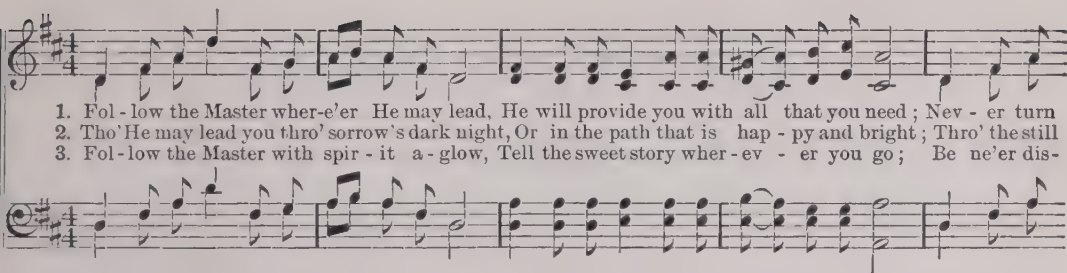


# Follow the Master.

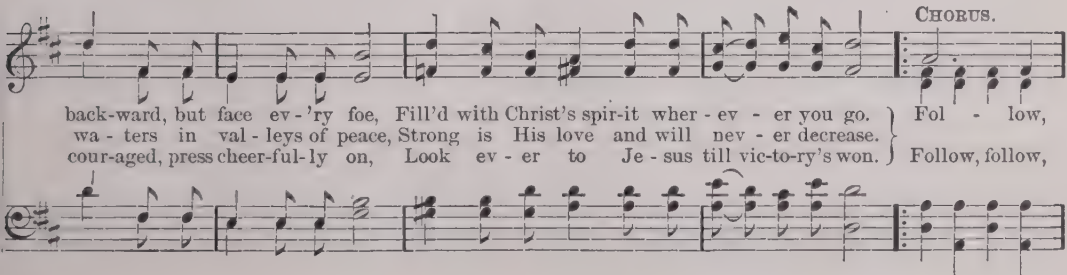
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IRVIN H. MACK.

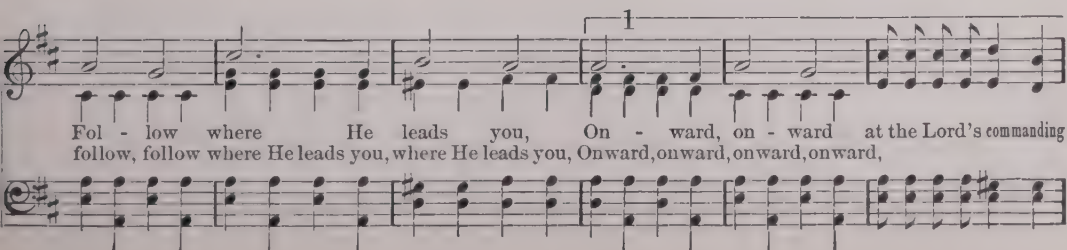
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Fol - low the Master wher-e'er He may lead, He will provide you with all that you need ; Nev - er turn  
 2. Tho' He may lead you thro' sorrow's dark night, Or in the path that is hap - py and bright ; Thro' the still  
 3. Fol - low the Master with spir - it a - glow, Tell the sweet story wher - ev - er you go ; Be ne'er dis-



CHORUS.  
 back-ward, but face ev-'ry foe, Fill'd with Christ's spir-it wher - ev - er you go. } Fol - low,  
 wa - ters in val - leys of peace, Strong is His love and will nev - er decrease. }  
 cour-aged, press cheer-ful-ly on, Look ev - er to Je - sus till vic-to-ry's won. } Follow, follow,



Fol - low where He leads you, On - ward, on - ward at the Lord's commanding  
 follow, follow where He leads you, where He leads you, Onward, onward, onward, onward,

*All voices melody.* <sup>2</sup>

word, Trusting in the Mas-ter, Fearing no dis-as-ter, He will lead to vic-to-ry.

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J. KEBLE.

## Sun of My Soul.

F. J. HAYDN. Arr.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;  
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,  
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;

O, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.  
 A-bide with me when death is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.

4. 5. 6.

If some poor wand'ring child of Thine  
 Has spurned to-day the voice divine—  
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor  
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
 Like infant's slumber, pure and light.

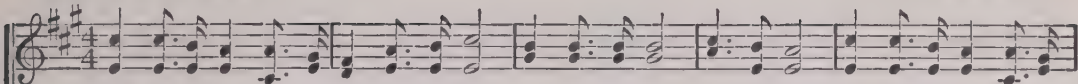
Come near and bless us when we wake,  
 Ere thro' the world our way we take,  
 Till in the ocean of Thy love  
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

# Homeward Bound.

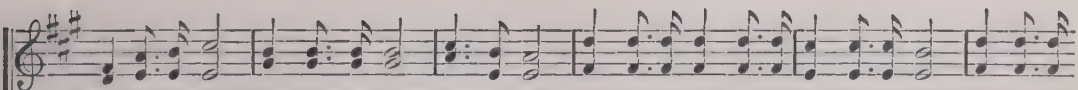
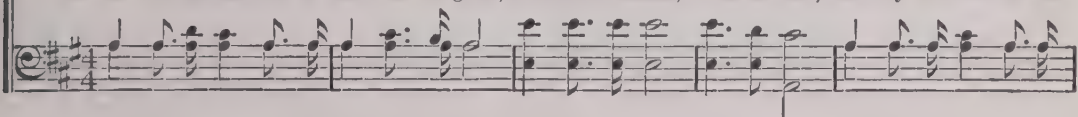
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REV. W. F. WARREN.

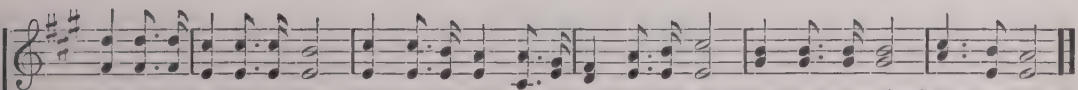
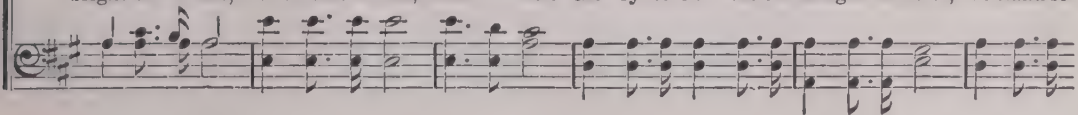
C. S. HARRINGTON.



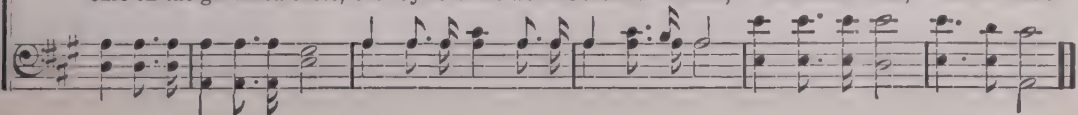
1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Toss'd on the waves of a
2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Look ! yonder lie the bright
3. In - to the har-bor of heav-en we glide, We're home at last, home at last; Soft-ly we drift on its



rough, restless sea, We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe, quiet har-bor we rode, Seeking our  
 heav-enly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Stead-y, O pilot ! stand firm at the wheel, Steady ! we  
 bright silver tide, We're home at last, home at last. Glo-ry to God ! all our dangers are o'er, We stand se-



Father's celes-tial a-bode, Promise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 soon shall out-weather the gale, Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 cure on the glo-rified shore, Glo-ry to God ! we will shout ever more, We're home at last, home at last.

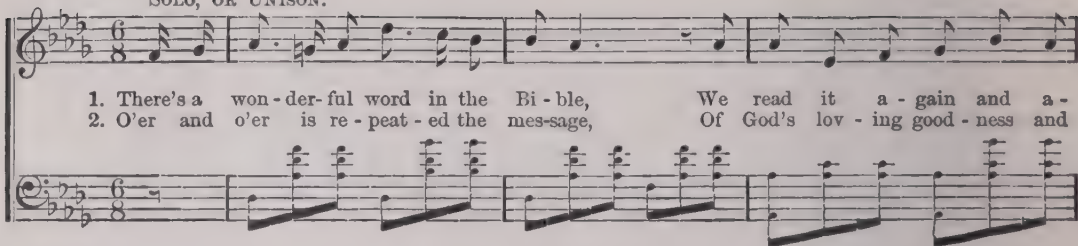


## The Wonderful Word.

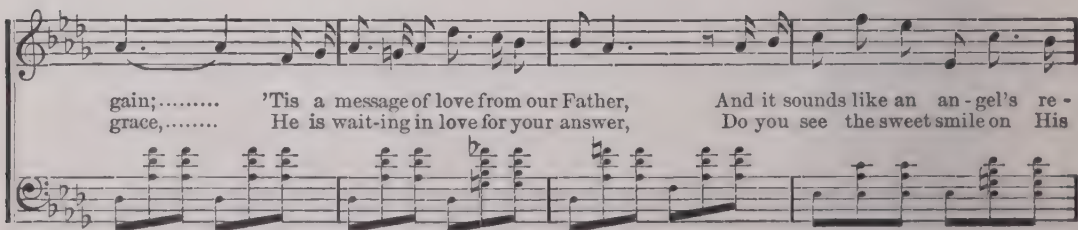
W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

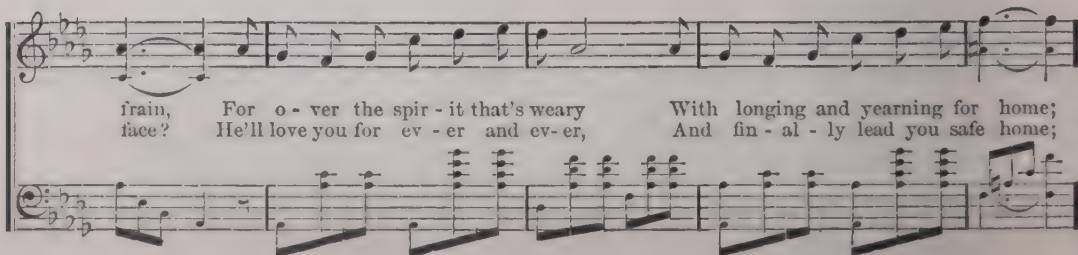
SOLO, OR UNISON.



1. There's a won - der - ful word in the Bi - ble, We read it a - gain and a -  
 2. O'er and o'er is re - peat - ed the mes - sage, Of God's lov - ing good - ness and



gain;..... 'Tis a message of love from our Father, And it sounds like an an - gel's re -  
 grace;..... He is wait - ing in love for your answer, Do you see the sweet smile on His



frain, For o - ver the spir - it that's weary With longing and yearning for home;  
 face? He'll love you for ev - er and ev - er, And fin - al - ly lead you safe home;

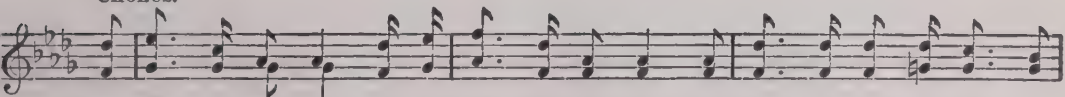


This word is like sunshine in dark-ness,  
Then turn not a-way from the Sav-iour,

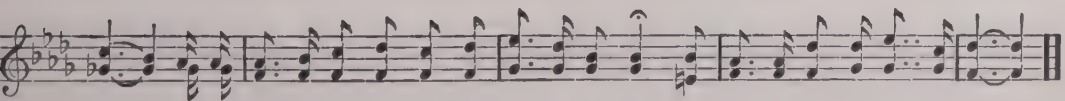
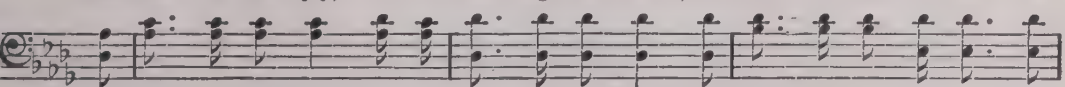
That word,—'tis the blessed word "Come."  
But list to His gracious word "Come."



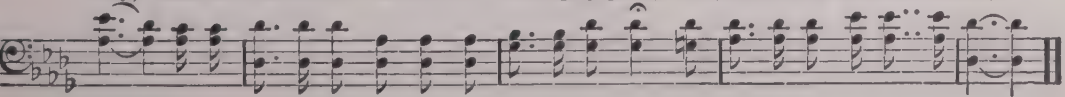
CHORUS.



Then hear it with joy, 'Tis a mes-sage from heav'n, Oh turn not from Je-sus a-



way, Hear the blest in-vi-ta-tion so lov-ing-ly giv'n, Come, come to the Saviour to-day.



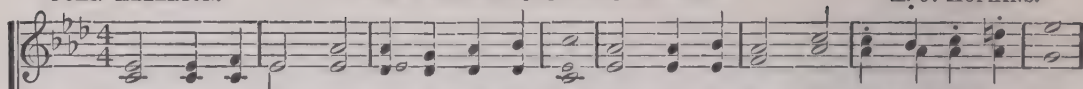


## Saviour, Again.

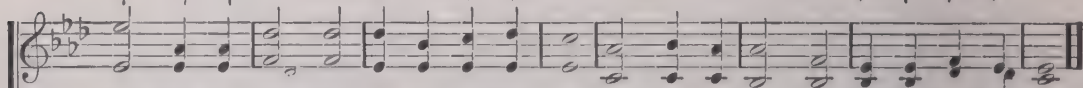
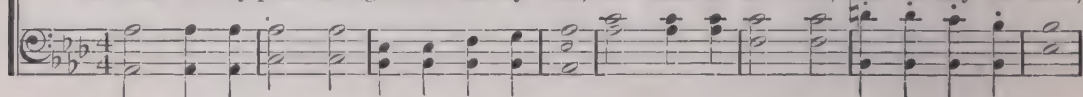
JOHN ELLERTON.

*"The Lord will bless his people with peace.—Ps. 59: 11.*

E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-cord our part-ing hymn of praise;
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee be-gun, with Thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou for us its darkness in-to light;
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sor-row, and our stay in strife;



Once more we bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.  
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd up-on Thy name.  
 From harm and dan-ger keep Thy chil-dren free, For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.  
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace.

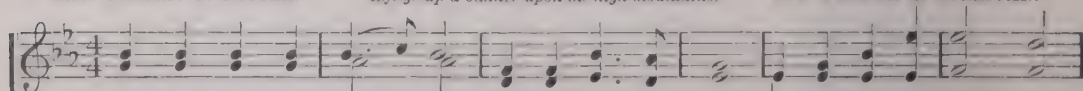


## Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

REV. THOMAS J. POTTER.

*"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."*

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

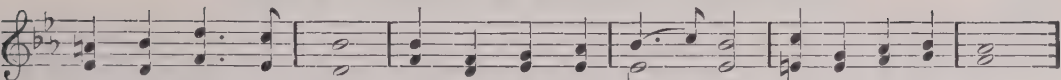


1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on-ward,
2. Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joice-ing,
3. All our days di-rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic-to-rious
4. Then with saints and an-gels May we join a-bove, Off-'ring end-less prais-es

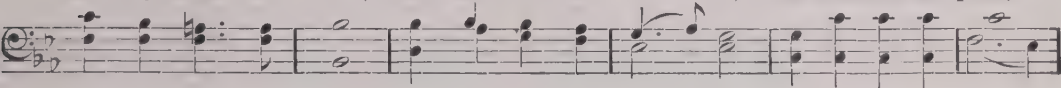


# Brightly Gleams Our Banner.—Concluded.

111



To their home on high; Jour - n'ing o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,  
 See thy chil - dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray,  
 O - ver ev - 'ry foe; Bid Thine an - gels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,  
 At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—



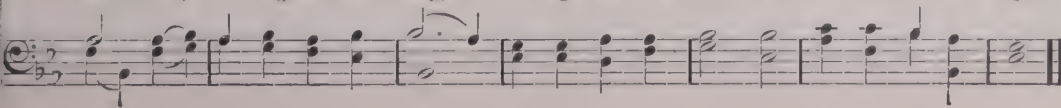
## CHORUS.



And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'n-ward way.  
 Keep us, migh - ty Sav - iour, In the nar - row way. } Bright - ly gleams our  
 Par - don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.  
 Je - sus in His beau - ty; Songs that nev - er cease.



ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wan-d'rers on - ward To their home on high.



W. L. M.

*Dolce.*

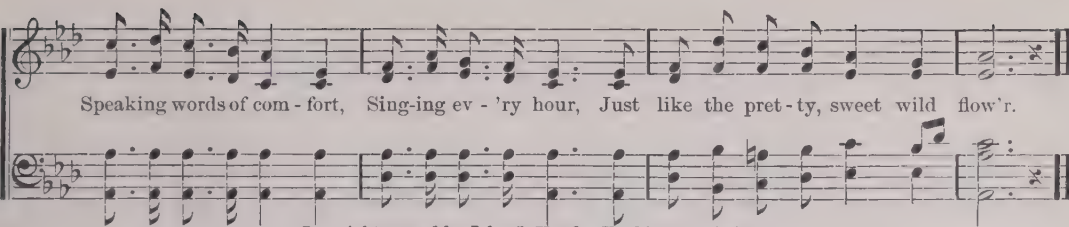
W. L. MASON.

1. All a-long the hedgerows, nodding in the sun, Come the lit-tle wild flow'rs, one by one;  
 2. But-tercups and dais-ies, dan-de-li-ons too, Smil-ing in the morn-ing, wet with dew!

In our path we meet them, And their modest grace Lends joy and charm to ev - 'ry place.  
 Oh, the wondrous beau-ty of these blossoms fair, Which tell us of God's ten-der care!

## CHORUS.

Fair as a lil - y, joy - ous and free, Pure as the wild flow'rs we should be!



Speaking words of com - fort, Sing-ing ev - 'ry hour, Just like the pret - ty, sweet wild flow'r.

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When Morning Gilds the Skies.

REV. E. CASWALL.

J. BARNBY.



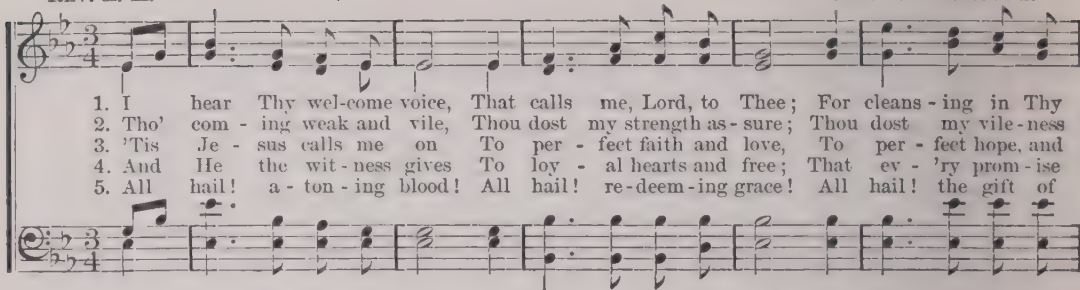
1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak-ing cries, May Je - sus Christ be praised :  
 2. Does sad-ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find, May Je - sus Christ be praised :  
 3. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine, May Je - sus Christ be praised :

A - like at work and pray'r To Je - sus I re - pair ; May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 Or fades my earth-ly bliss? My com - fort still is this ; May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 Be this th'e-ter - nal song, Thro' all the a - ges long. May Je - sus Christ be praised.

## I Am Coming, Lord.

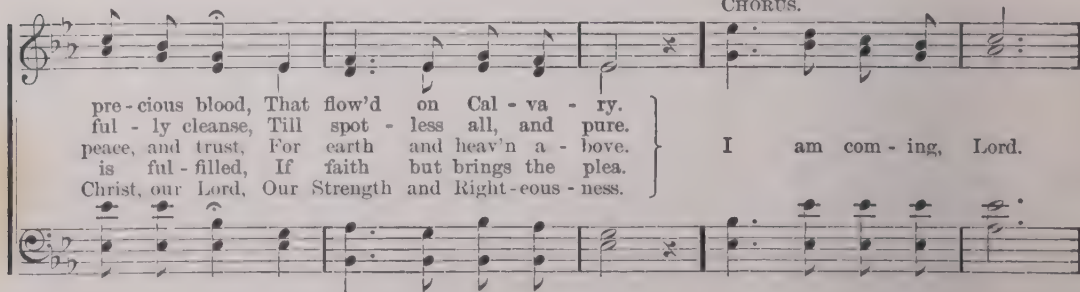
REV. L. H.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



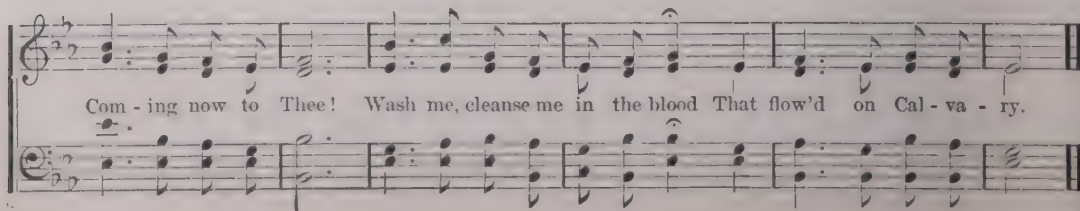
1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee; For cleans-ing in Thy  
 2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou dost my vile-ness  
 3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and  
 4. And He the wit-ness gives To loy-al hearts and free; That ev-'ry prom-ise  
 5. All hail! a-ton-ing blood! All hail! re-deem-ing grace! All hail! the gift of

## CHORUS.



pre-cious blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.  
 ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.  
 peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.  
 is ful - filled, If faith but brings the plea.  
 Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Right-eous-ness.

I am com-ing, Lord.



Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.



# A Call to Youth.

115

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

W. L. MASON.

1. Why lin - ger 'round the sunken wrecks Where old ar - ma - das found their graves? Why slum - ber on the  
 2. The dawn is here, the day - star shows The spoils of many a bat - tle won, But sin and sor - row

sleep - y decks While foam and clash the an - gry waves? Up, when the storm blast rends the clouds And  
 still are foes That face us in the morn - ing sun. 'Tis time this fall - en world should rise, Let

*ritard.* *a tempo.*  
 wing'd with ru - in sweeps the gale, Young feet must climb the quiv'ring shrouds, Young hands must reef the bursting sail!  
 youth this sa - cred work be - gin; What no - bler task, what fair - er prize, Than earth to save and heav'n to win?

By permission.

REV. GEORGE GILL, 1850.

T. J. COOK.

1. Beau-ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti - ful cit - y that I love;  
 2. Beau-ti - ful heav'n, where all is light; Beau-ti - ful an - gels cloth'd in white;  
 3. Beau-ti - ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow, Beau-ti - ful palms the con-querors show;  
 4. Beau-ti - ful throne for Christ our King, Beau-ti - ful songs the an - gels sing;

Beau-ti - ful gates of pearl - y white, Beau-ti - ful tem - ple— God its light,  
 Beau-ti - ful strains that nev - er tire; Beau-ti - ful harps thro' all the choir—  
 Beau-ti - ful robes the ran-somed wear, Beau-ti - ful all who en - ter there—  
 Beau-ti - ful rest all wanderings cease; Beau-ti - ful home of per - fect peace—

He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, O - pens those pearl - y gates to me.  
 There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Wor - ship - ing at the Sav - iour's feet.  
 Thith - er I press with ea - ger feet; There shall my rest be long and sweet.  
 There shall my eyes the Sav - iour see; Hasten to His heav'n - ly home with me.

## REFRAIN.

*Repeat pp.*

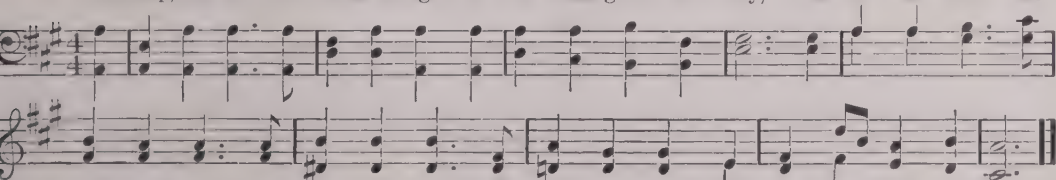
J. FAWCETT.

## How Precious is the Book Divine.

W. L. MASON.

*Sing in strict time.*

1. How pre-cious is the book di-vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n! Bright as a lamp its
2. O'er all the strait and nar-row way Its ra-diant beams are cast; A light whose nev-er
3. It sweet-ly cheers our drooping hearts, In this dark vale of tears; Life, light and joy it
4. This lamp, thro' all the te-dious night Of life shall guide our way, Till we be-hold the



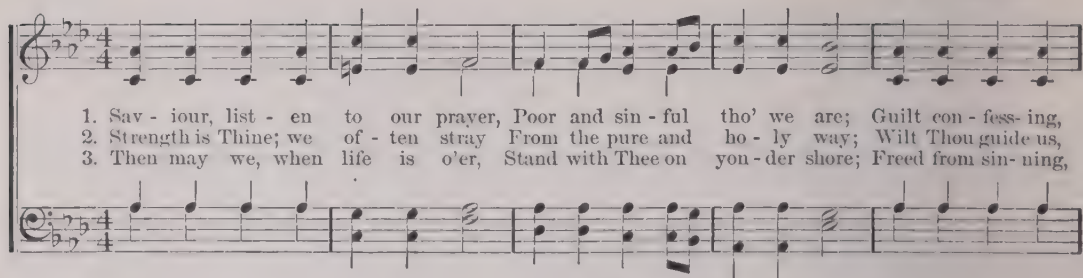
doc - trines shine, Bright as a lamp its doc - trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.  
wea - ry ray, A light whose nev - er wea - ry ray Grows bright-er at the last.  
still im - parts, Life, light and joy it still im - parts, And quells our ris - ing fears.  
clear - er light, Till we be - hold the clear - er light, Of an e - ter - nal day.



## Saviour, Listen to Our Prayer.

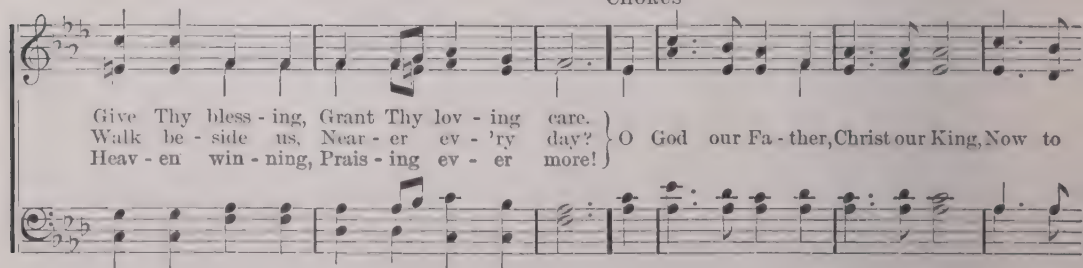
ANON.

E. W. KELLOG.

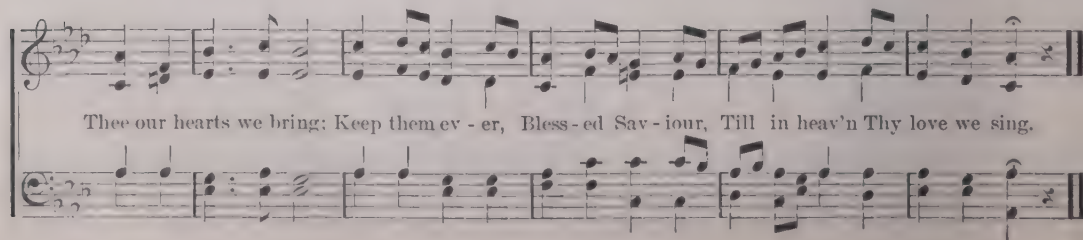


1. Sav - iour, list - en to our prayer, Poor and sin - ful tho' we are; Guilt con - fess - ing,  
 2. Strength is Thine; we of - ten stray From the pure and ho - ly way; Wilt Thou guide us,  
 3. Then may we, when life is o'er, Stand with Thee on yon - der shore; Freed from sin - ning,

## CHORUS



Give Thy bless - ing, Grant Thy lov - ing care. }  
 Walk be - side us, Near - er ev - 'ry day? } O God our Fa - ther, Christ our King, Now to  
 Heav - en win - ning, Prais - ing ev - er more! }



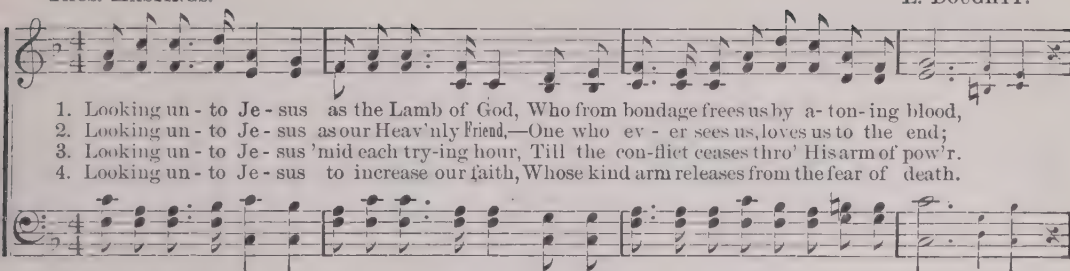
Thee our hearts we bring: Keep them ev - er, Bless - ed Sav - iour, Till in heav'n Thy love we sing.

# Looking Unto Jesus.

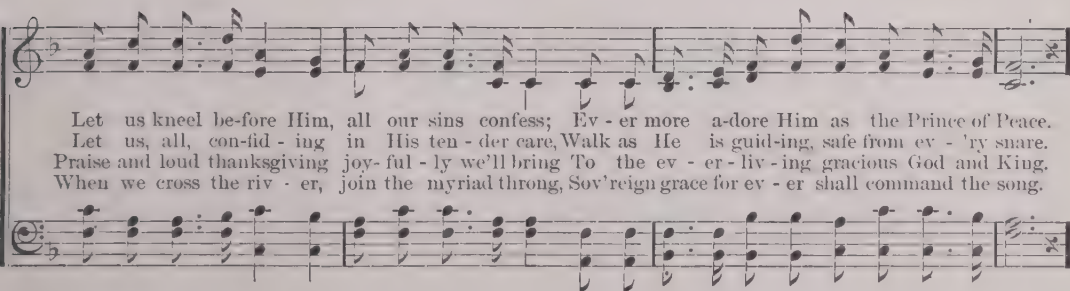
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THOS. HASTINGS.

E. DOUGHTY.

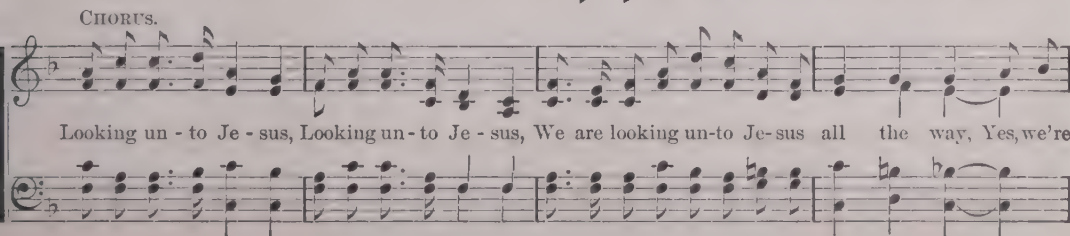


1. Looking un - to Je - sus as the Lamb of God, Who from bondage frees us by a - ton - ing blood,  
 2. Looking un - to Je - sus as our Heav'nly Friend, — One who ev - er sees us, loves us to the end;  
 3. Looking un - to Je - sus 'mid each try - ing hour, Till the con - flict ceases thro' His arm of pow'r.  
 4. Looking un - to Je - sus to increase our faith, Whose kind arm releases from the fear of death.



Let us kneel be - fore Him, all our sins confess; Ev - er more a - dore Him as the Prince of Peace.  
 Let us, all, con - fid - ing in His ten - der care, Walk as He is guid - ing, safe from ev - 'ry snare.  
 Praise and loud thanksgiving joy - ful - ly we'll bring To the ev - er - liv - ing gracious God and King.  
 When we cross the riv - er, join the myriad throng, Sov'reign grace for ev - er shall command the song.

CHORUS.



Looking un - to Je - sus, Looking un - to Je - sus, We are looking un - to Je - sus all the way, Yes, we're



## Looking Unto Jesus.—Concluded.

Looking un - to Je - sus, look-ing un - to Je - sus, We're looking un - to Je - sus all the way.

## O Clap Your Hands.

W. L. M.

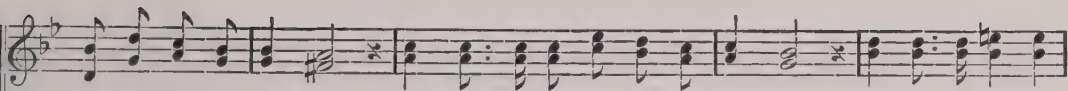
W. L. MASON.

1. O clap your hands, O clap your hands for joy, All ye peo - ple, great and small;  
2. O clap your hands, O clap your hands for joy, Ye that love and fear the Lord;

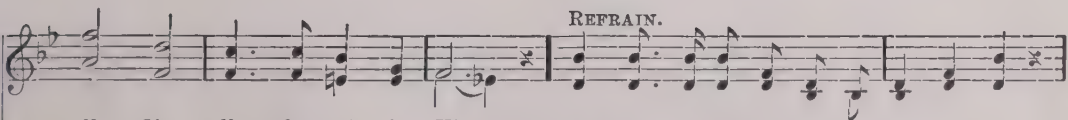
Shout un - to God with the voice of tri - umph, For He is Lord of all. Let all the  
For He did speak, and the world cre - at - ed, He framed it by His word. His grac - ious

# O Clap Your Hands.—Concluded.

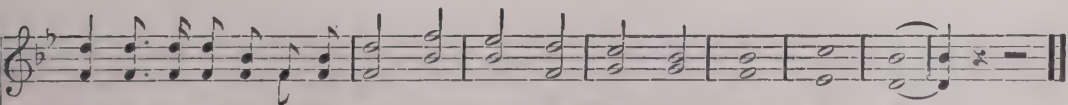
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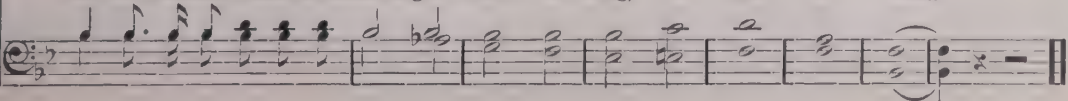
hills break forth with singing. Moun-tains and vales their tribute bring - ing, For God is King o'er  
word shall stand for-ev - er; His love, we know, will fail us nev - er; Then raise your voice and



all, O'er all the earth is King. } Then clap your hands, O clap your hands for joy,  
sing, The Lord in - deed is King. }



Let all the earth break forth and sing, For God is King, for God is King.



## With Thee I'll Bear the Cross.

HARRIET E. JONES.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Thy lead, O Lord, I know is best, And tho' my feet shall find no rest, I'll murmur not, at  
 2. If fier - y tri - als be my need - I'll thro' the furnace Thou shalt lead, Still I Thy just com -  
 3. If woes be mine, thro' love di - vine, My heart to soft - en and re - fine, Thy will, O Lord, shall  
 4. The cru - el cross was borne for me The rug - ged way to Cal - va - ry; 'Twas borne, O Lamb of

## REFRAIN.

Thy be - hest - With Thee, I'll bear the cross!  
 I'll bear the cross Thou giv - est me - I'll  
 I'll bear the cross Thou giv - est me - I'll  
 I'll bear the cross Thou giv - est me - I'll

bear the cross, O Lord, with Thee! A - bove the cross, a crown I see, With Thee, I'll bear the cross!

# I Need Thee, Precious Jesus.

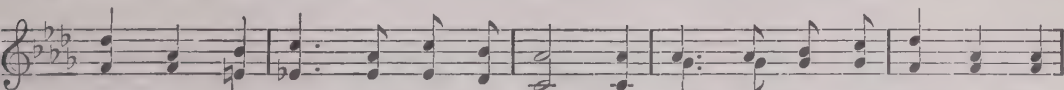
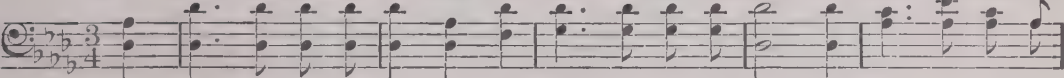
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F. WHITFIELD.

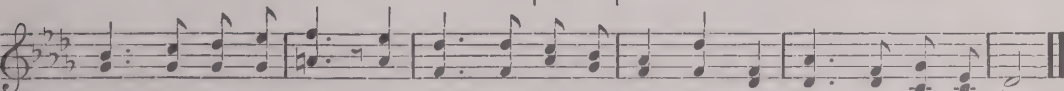
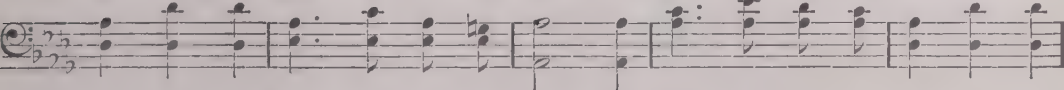
W. L. MASON.



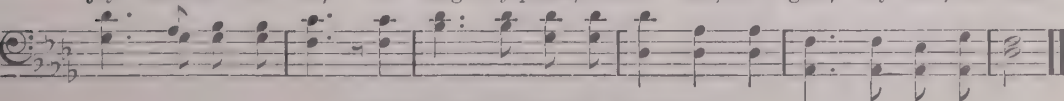
1. I need Thee, precious Je - sus, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and  
 2. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor; A stran - ger and a  
 3. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, I need a friend like Thee,— A friend to soothe and  
 4. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, And hope to see Thee soon, En - cir - cled with the



guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in: I need the cleansing foun - tain Where  
 pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store: I need the love of Je - sus To  
 pit - y, A friend to care for me. I need the heart of Je - sus To  
 rain - bow, And seat - ed on Thy throne! There, with Thy blood-bought chil - dren, My

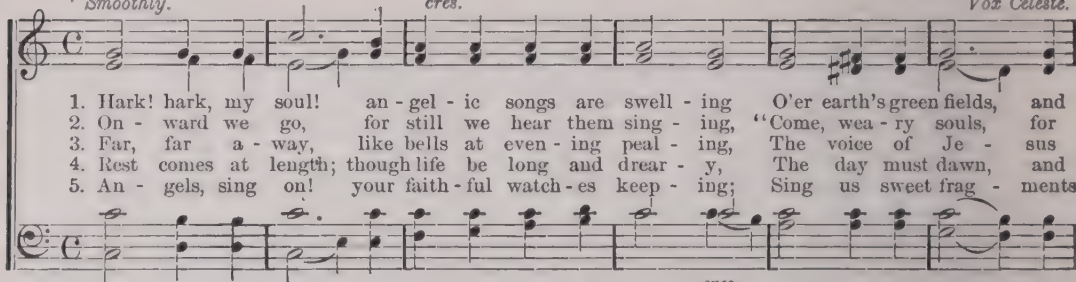


I can al - ways flee, The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - feet plea.  
 cheer me on my way, To guide my doubting foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.  
 feel each anx - ious care, To tell my ev - 'ry tri - al And all my sor - rows share.  
 joy shall ev - er be, To sing Thy praise, Lord Je - sus,—To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

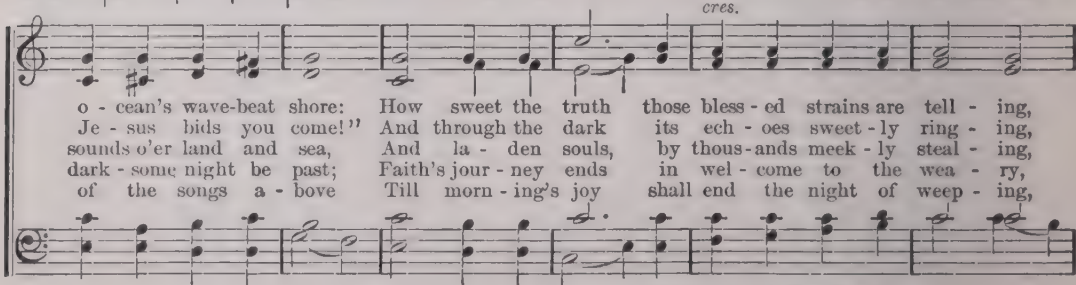


J. W. FABER.

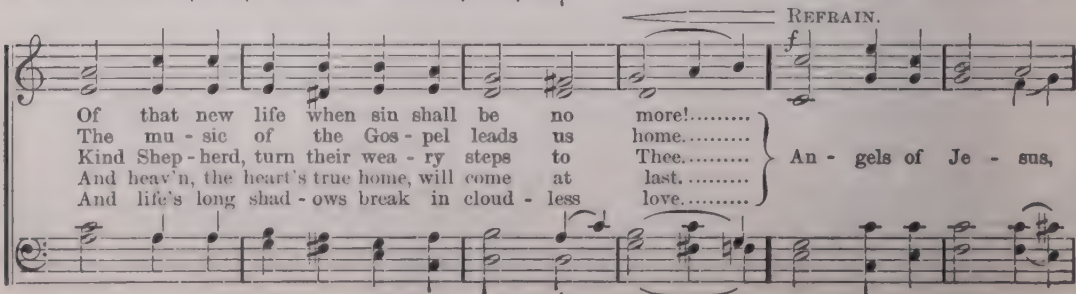
R. E. DEREEF.

*Smoothly.**cres.**Vox Celeste.*


1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at even - ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus  
 4. Rest comes at length; though life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and  
 5. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments



o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing,  
 Je - sus bids you come!" And through the dark its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,  
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by thous - ands meek - ly steal - ing,  
 dark - some night be past; Faith's jour - ney ends in wel - come to the wea - ry,  
 of the songs a - bove Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,



REFRAIN.  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more!.....  
 The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.....  
 Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.....  
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.....  
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.....

An - gels of Je - sus,



# Hark! Hark! my Soul! Angelic Songs are Swelling.—Concluded. 125

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night. A - men.

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## Come Unto Me.

(Henley. 11, 10.)

MRS. WM. C. E. ESLING.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come un-to Me when shadows dark-ly gath-er, When the sad heart is wea-ry and distressed;  
 2. Large are the man-sions in thy Fa-ther's dwelling, Glad are the homes that sorrows nev-er dim;  
 3. There, like an E-den blos-som-ing in glad-ness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rudely pressed;

Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.  
 Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing, Soft are the tones which raise the the heav'nly hymn.  
 Come un - to Me, all ye who droop in sad - ness, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.

## True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Arr.

W. L. MASON.

1. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our  
 2. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield - ing hence -  
 3. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, Sav - iour all glo - rious! Take Thy great


lives, by Thy grace we will be;..... Un - der Thy stand - ard, ex -  
 forth to our glo - ri - ous King;..... Val - iant en - deav - or, and  
 pow - er and reign Thou a - lone,..... O - ver our wills and af -

alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee.  
 lov - ing o - be - dience Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.  
 fec - tions vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur - ren - dered and whol - ly Thine own.

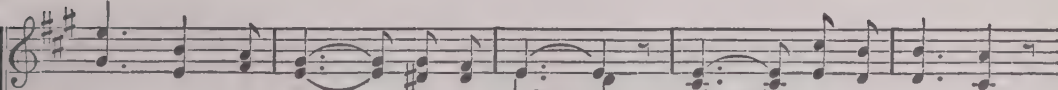
# True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.—Concluded.

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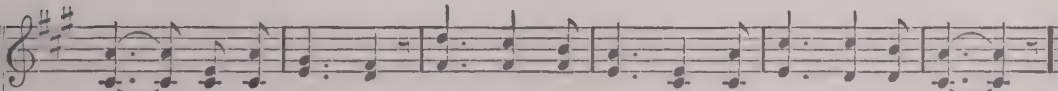
## CHORUS.



Sing..... of His good - ness, tell..... of His mer - cy, Won - drous Re -



deem - er and King..... o - ver all..... Sing..... of His good - ness,



tell of His mer - cy, Je - sus, the Sav - iour, who died for us all.....

IRWIN H. MACK.

HOWARD CLARE.

1. Sweet mo - ments when we feel The Sav - iour's pres - ence near, When bless - ings o'er us  
 2. O won - der - ful the peace, O mo - ments ev - er sweet, What bless - ings on us  
 3. Let fleet - ing mo - ments, Lord, Be turn'd to hours of praise; With hearts and arms of

## CHORUS.

steal, His lov - ing voice we hear,  
 fall, When - e'er the Lord we meet. } Sweet are the mo - ments When -  
 strength, Thy ban - ner we shall raise.

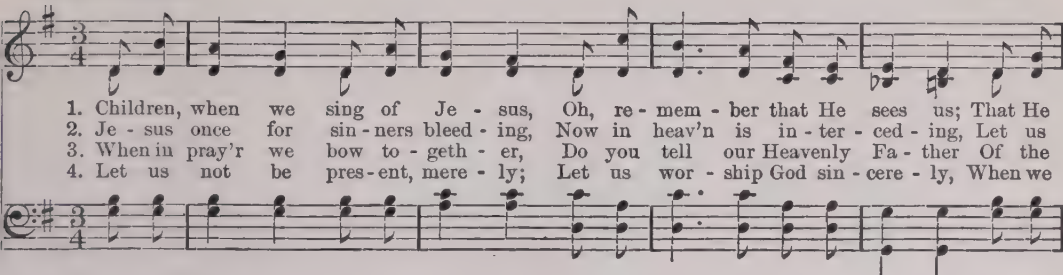
- e'er the bless - ings fall; Glad is the heart When Christ is all in all.

# Jesus Sees Us.

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THOS. HASTINGS.

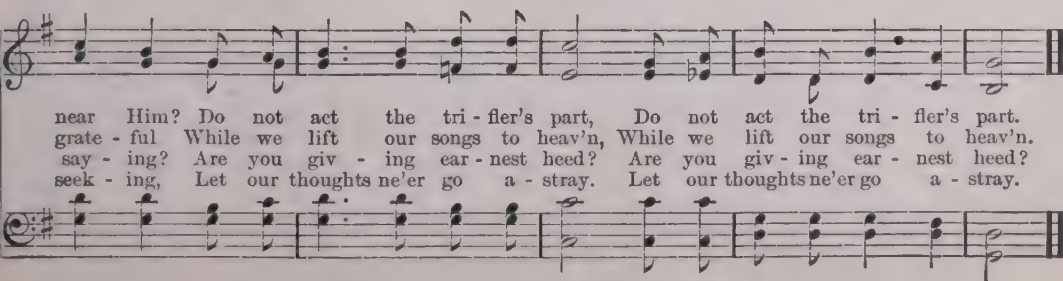
W. L. MASON.



1. Children, when we sing of Je - sus, Oh, re - mem - ber that He sees us; That He  
 2. Je - sus once for sin - ners bleed - ing, Now in heav'n is in - ter - ced - ing, Let us  
 3. When in pray'r we bow to - geth - er, Do you tell our Heavenly Fa - ther Of the  
 4. Let us not be pres - ent, mere - ly; Let us wor - ship God sin - cere - ly, When we



looks in - to the heart. Do you love Him while you fear Him? Do you trust Him and draw  
 seek to be for - giv'n. Let us feel that sin is hate - ful; Let us all be ver - y  
 ver - y thing you need? Do you *think*, while we are pray - ing? Do you feel what we are  
 sing and when we pray. When we're read - ing, when we're speak - ing, When God's bless - ing we are



near Him? Do not act the tri - fler's part, Do not act the tri - fler's part.  
 grate - ful While we lift our songs to heav'n, While we lift our songs to heav'n.  
 say - ing? Are you giv - ing ear - nest heed? Are you giv - ing ear - nest heed?  
 seek - ing, Let our thoughts ne'er go a - stray. Let our thoughts ne'er go a - stray.



## Home of the Soul.

*"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life."*

GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, from "Singing Pilgrim."

1. I will sing, you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way  
 2. O that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright jas - per  
 3. There the great tree of life in its beau - ty doth grow, And the riv - er of

home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the  
 walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be -  
 life flow - eth by; For no death ev - er en - ters that cit - y, you know, And

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll. roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 tween the fair cit - y and me. me. Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.  
 noth - ing that mak - eth a lie; lie; And noth - ing that mak - eth a lie;

4.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me,  
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;  
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,  
||: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :||

5.

O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
So free from all sorrow and pain!  
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,  
||: To meet one another again. :||

## Consecration Hymn.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

*"Neither count I my life dear unto myself."*

From MOZART.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;  
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;  
3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;

Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.  
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.  
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from Thee.

4.

Take my silver and my gold;  
Not a mite would I withhold:  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as thou shalt choose.

5.

Take my will, and make it Thine;  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart; it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

## The King of Love.

REV. H. W. BAKER.

W. L. MASON.

*mf* Sing smoothly. *cres.*

The King of love my Shepherd is, His good-ness fail-eth nev-er: I noth-ing lack if

*mf* *f*

I am His And He is mine for - ev - er. Wherestreams of liv-ing waters flow, My ransomed soul He

lead - eth, And, where the ver-dant past - ures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth; And,

where the ver-dant pastures grow, With food ce-les - tial feed - eth. Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, But

The first system of the musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass staff. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex pattern in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the vocal staff at the start of the second measure.

yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder gently laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me. And so thro' all the

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody features a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the vocal staff at the start of the second measure.

length of days Thy goodness faileth nev - er; Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise Within Thy house for-ev - er.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal melody features a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern. A dynamic marking of *cres.* (crescendo) is placed above the vocal staff at the start of the second measure, and a final *ff* (fortissimo) marking is placed above the vocal staff at the end of the system.

## Hymn of Praise.

ANON.

Har. by W. L. MASON.

*f*

1. Morn, in its splen-dor, fills a - gain the east - ern sky, Now would we ren - der  
 2. Keep us, oh keep us, in thy lov - ing care this day, And ev - er lead us

praise to God on high. He who guards our slum - ber Through the night so  
 in Thine own right way. Trust - ing Thee for - ev - er, Thy com - mands may

*p* REFRAIN.

dark and long, Hear our hap - py num - ber, This our morn - ing song. } Fa - ther, oh hear us,  
 we ful - fill, Naught Thy love can sev - er, Naught can do us ill. }



# Hymn of Praise.—Concluded.

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*cres.* *f* *p* *pp*

hear our joy - ful song of praise. Fa - ther, oh hear us, Hear us when we pray.

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E. PERRONET.

## Coronation.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall ; Bring forth the roy-al dia - a - dem,  
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,

And crown Him Lord of all ! Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all !  
And crown Him Lord of all ! Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all !

- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget, The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall :  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all !

## Consider the Lilies.

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

1. Con - sid - er the li - lies how blithe - ly they grow, They toil not, they spin not, no  
 2. The God of the flow'r-ets is God o - ver all, No bird - ling, no spar - row, with -  
 3. Our Fa - ther in heav - en He know - eth our needs, No good thing is lack - ing, His

care do they know; For God is their keep - er, by night and by day. No  
 out Him can fall; He loves all His crea - tures, His chil - dren are dear, He  
 creat - ures He feeds. What then shall we give Him for mer - cies so sweet? Our

harm can be - fall them, He cares for them al - way.  
 will not for - sake them, and they have naught to fear. } Then let us a - dore Him, Our  
 hearts and our lives we will lay at His dear feet. }

Sav - iour a - bove, He guards us, pro - tects us, And fills our lives with love.

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REV. W. M. HUNTER.

# The Great Physician.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON. Arr.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus; He speaks the drooping  
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for - giv'n, O, hear the voice of Je - sus; Go on your way in  
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now believe in Je - sus; I love the blessed  
4. And when to that bright world a - bove, We rise to see our Je - sus, We'll sing around the  
D. C.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

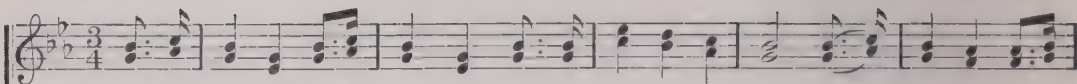
## REFRAIN.

D. C.

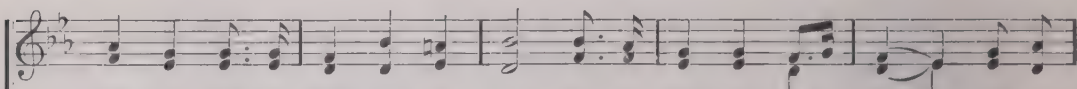
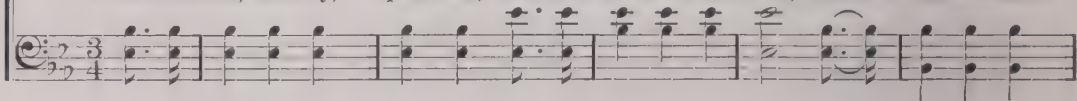
heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je - sus.  
peace to hear, And wear a crown with Je - sus.  
Savior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.  
throne of love His name, the name of Je - sus.  
Sweetest note of seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue.

W. L. M.

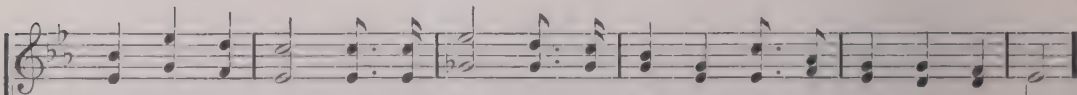
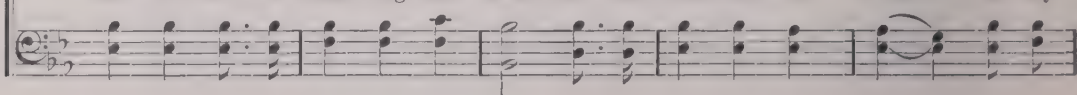
W. L. MASON.



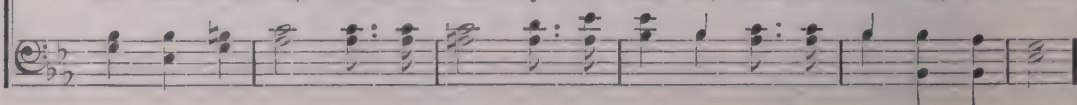
1. As the lark, heav'nward    soar - ing T'wards the deep a - zure blue,    Mounts high - er and  
 2. As the flow'rs in the    morn - ing, Lift their heads one by one,    And drink in with  
 3. As the hart, thirst - y,    pant - eth, From the chase and the heat,    For the cool streams of



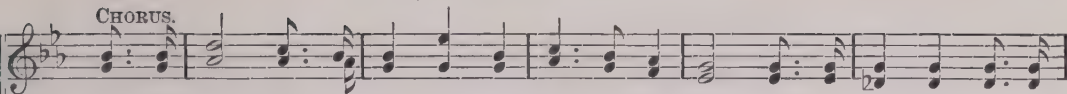
high - er Till at length lost to view: So my spir - it, dear    Sa - viour, Ris - es  
 glad - ness The bright beams of the sun: So my heart, ev - er    grate - ful, Turns with  
 wa - ter So re - fresh - ing and sweet: So the Wa - ter of    Life..... Is my



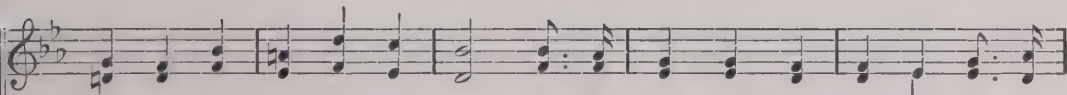
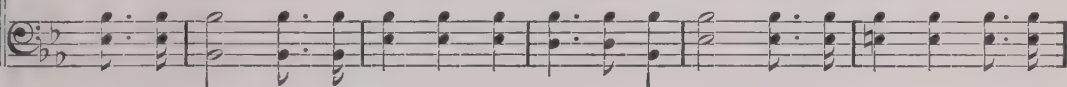
up - ward to Thee, When I think of Thy kind - ness, And Thy mer - cy to me.  
 joy un - to Thee, For the bless - ings, dear Je - sus, Which Thou send - est to me.  
 Sav - iour to me, Worn and wea - ry I hast - en, Bless - ed Je - sus, to Thee.



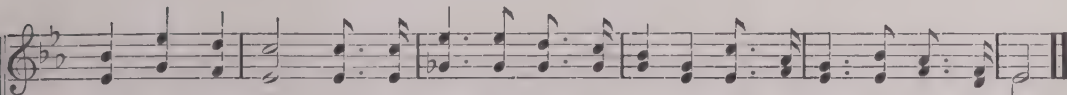
## CHORUS.



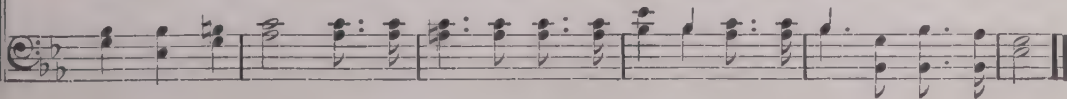
What a Sa - viour is Je - sus, We praise His dear name; How He loved us, And re -



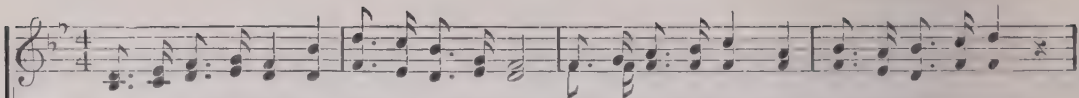
deem'd us From sin and from shame! Let us sing hal - le - lu - jah, Bend - ing



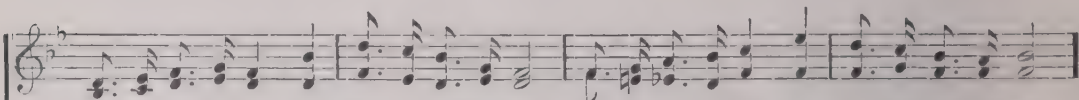
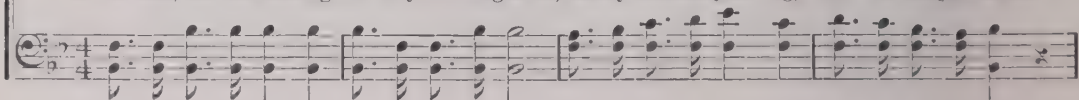
low - ly the knee, Praise the Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, Three in One, and One in Three.



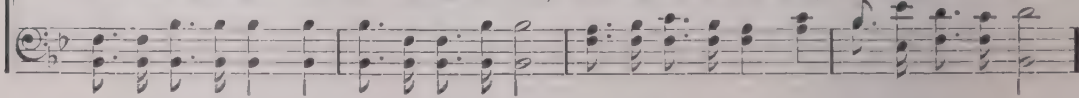




1. In the ear-ly spring-time, When your leaves are fair, Little buds of promise, Lit - tle blossoms rare ;
2. All the lit-tle chil-dren Glad-ly we will bring To the arms of Je - sus, Heav'n's exalt-ed King ;
3. Let them come in welcome To My bleeding side, To se-cure their par-don I was cru-ci-fied :
4. Je - sus, we are com-ing To Thy lov - ing arms, Safe-ly there re-pos - ing, Sin no longer harms.



Hear the words of Je - sus, Precious will they be, Bring the lit - tle chil-dren, Let them come to Me.  
 For the in - vi - ta - tion, Gra-cious, full, and free, Says to all the chil-dren, Let them come to Me.  
 They may be for-giv - en, From the law set free, I, the Lord, have ris-en, Let them come to Me.  
 From the wiles of Sa - tan Thou canst set us free, Tho' we're lit-tle chil-dren, We will come to Thee.



## CHORUS.



Let them come to Me, Let them come to Me, Bring the lit - tle chil-dren, Let them come to Me.

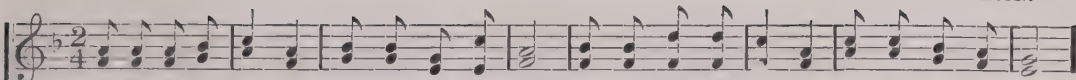


# Little Pilgrims.

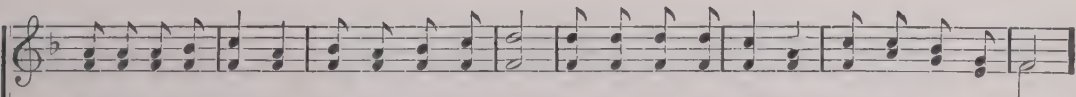
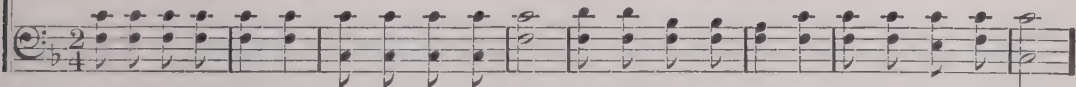
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W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.



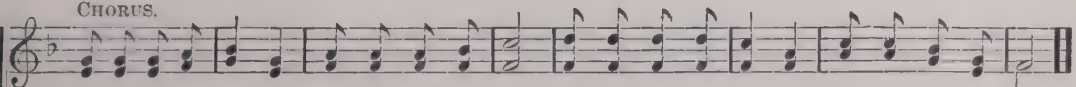
1. We are lit-tle pil-grims, On our homeward way, Marching up to Zi-on, Glad-ly day by day.
2. We are lit-tle pil-grims, Fol-low-ing the star, That once led the Wise Men On their way a-far.
3. We are lit-tle pil-grims, And to-night we bring All our rich-est treas-ures To our Sav-iour King.



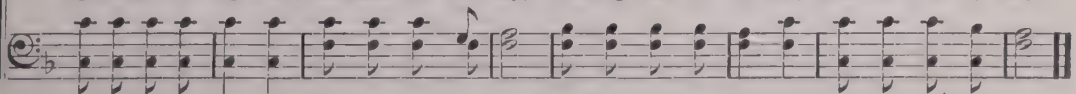
We are lit-tle pil-grims, Fol-low-ing our Lord, Walking in His foot-steps, Hark'ning to His word.  
Like these older pil-grims, Wor-ship-ing the King Ly-ing in the man-ger, While the an-gels sing.  
Gold and myrrh and in-cense, And our heart's best love To the Lord who saves us, And who reigns a-bove.

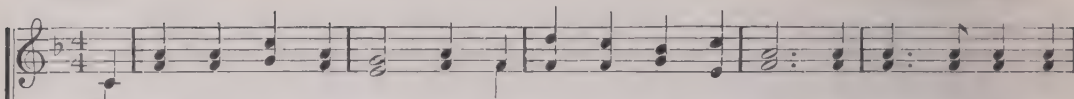


## CHORUS.

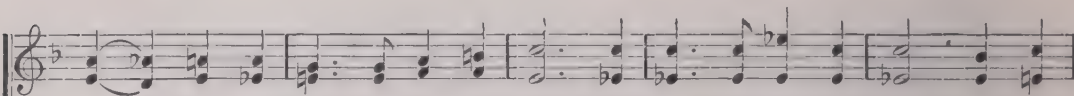


Upward, ev-er up-ward, This shall be our lay, Com-ing near-er Zi-on, Near-er day by day.

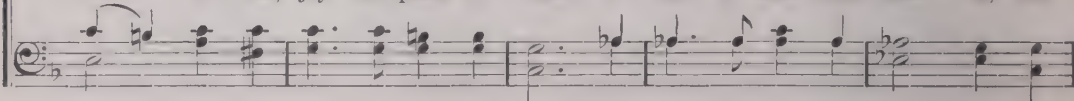




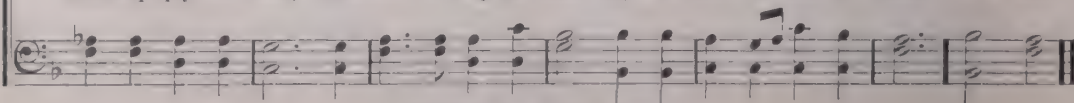
1. The Lord Je - ho - vah bless thee, And have thee in His care; What-ev - er may dis -  
 2. The Lord the Ho - ly Spir - it, Up - on thy spir - it shine, And cause thee to in -



truss thee, His fa - vor may'st thou share! The Lord thy Sav - iour cheer thee, And  
 her - it Love, joy and peace di - vine! O Lord! if thus Thou bless us, And



show His smil - ing face; May He be ev - er near thee, With all suf - fi - cient grace!  
 thus sup - ply our need, What-ev - er may dis - tress us, We shall be blest in - deed! A - men,



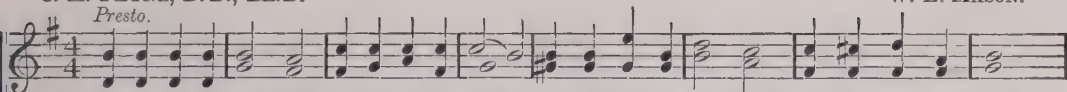
# We are Christian Soldiers.

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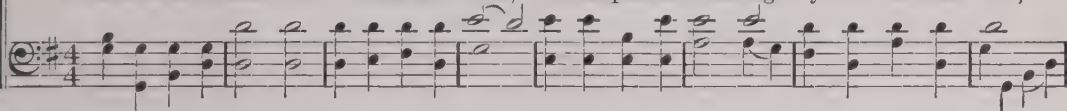
C. H. PAYNE, D. D., LL. D.

W. L. MASON.

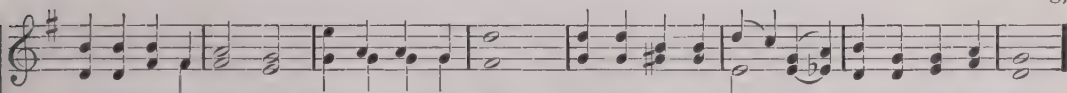
*Presto.*



1. We are Christian soldiers, Loy-al to our King; Lo! His roy - al ban - ner To the breeze we fling;
2. We are Christian patriots, Lov-ing na-tive land; Firm for right and jus-tice, And for truth we stand;
3. In our Christian ar-my, Youth and age u-nite; True cru-sa-ders march-ing For-ward to the fight;
4. Called to be de-fend - ers Of the truth of God; We the path are tread-ing By our fa - thers trod;



we fling;

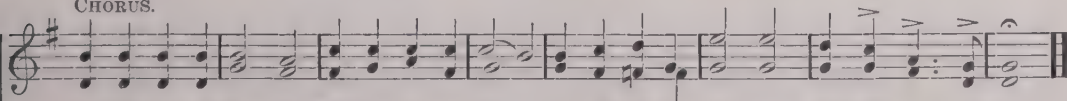


See the hosts of Sa - tan, Stand in strong ar - ray; But the church of Je - sus Stronger is than they.  
 For our land's sal - va - tion, Pray and work and wait; For a right - eous na - tion And a Christian State.  
 All the friends of Je - sus Marshaled on the field; All His foes con-found - ed To His cross must yield.  
 With His courage armored, By His strength made strong, On we march to con - quest, Sing-ing our glad song.

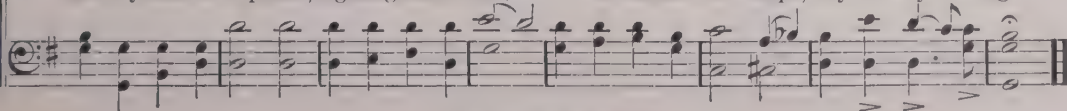


ar-ray;

CHORUS.



Led by such a Cap-tain, Fight-ing such a foe, On to cer-tain tri-umph, Joy-ful-ly we go.



Used by permission.

## Crown Him With Many Crowns.

REV. M. BRIDGES.

G. J. ELVEY.



1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne ; Hark, how the heav'nly an - them drowns
2. Crown Him the Lord of Love : Be - hold His hands and side, — Rich wounds, yet vis-i-ble a - bove,
3. Crown Him the Lord of Peace : Whose pow'r a scap-tre sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease.



All mu-sic but its own! A - wake my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,  
 In beau-ty glo - ri - fied: No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,  
 And all be pray'r and praise. His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc-ed feet



And hail Him as Thy match - less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 But down - ward bends his burn - ing eyes At mys - ter - ies so bright.  
 Fair flow'rs of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra - grance ev - er sweet.



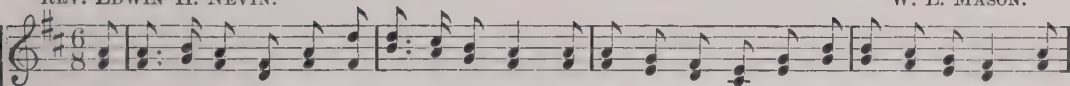


O Heaven! Sweet Heaven!

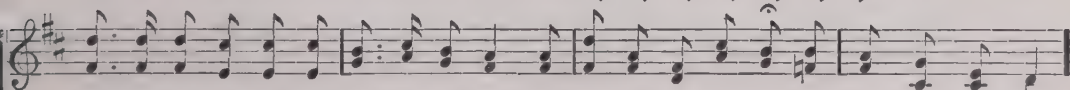
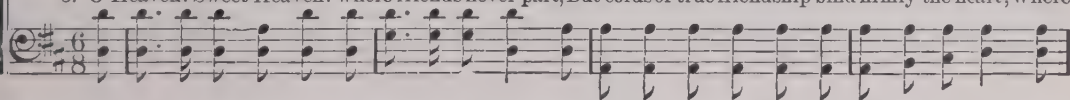
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REV. EDWIN H. NEVIN.

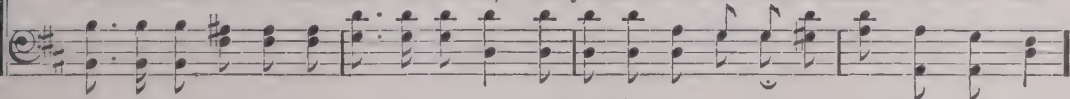
W. L. MASON.



1. O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! the home of the blest, Where hearts once in trouble are ev-er at rest; Where  
2. O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! the mansion of love, Where Christ in His beauty shines forth from a-bove, The  
3. O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! where pu-ri-ty reigns, Where er-ror dis-turbs not and sin never stains; Where  
4. O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! where music ne'er dies, But rich peal-ing anthems of glo-ry a-rise, Where  
5. O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! where friends never part, But cords of true friendship bind firmly the heart; Where

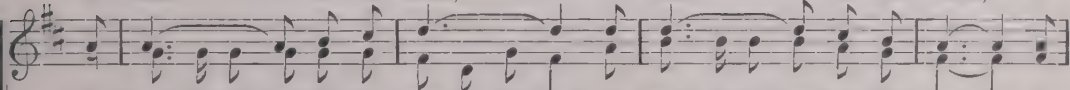


eyes that could see not re-joice in the light, And beggars, made princes, are walk-ing in white.  
Lamb with His sceptre, to charm and con-trol, And love is the sea that en-cir-cles the whole.  
ho-li-ness robes in its garments so fair The great mul-ti-tude that is wor-ship-ing there.  
saints with one feel-ing of rap-ture are stirred, And loud hal-le-lu-jahs for ev-er are heard.  
farewell shall nev-er-more fall on the ear, Nor eyes that have sorrowed be dimmed with a tear.



CHORUS.

O beau - - ti - ful home,..... O beau - - ti - ful home, O



O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home of the blest, O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home, O



## O Heaven! Sweet Heaven!—Concluded.

beau - ti - ful home of the blest,..... O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home,.....

*Ritard.*

beau - ti - ful home of the blest, sweet home, O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home, sweet home.

## Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing: Help us, to praise! Fa - ther all
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our pray'r at - tend; Come and Thy
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour; Thou who al -

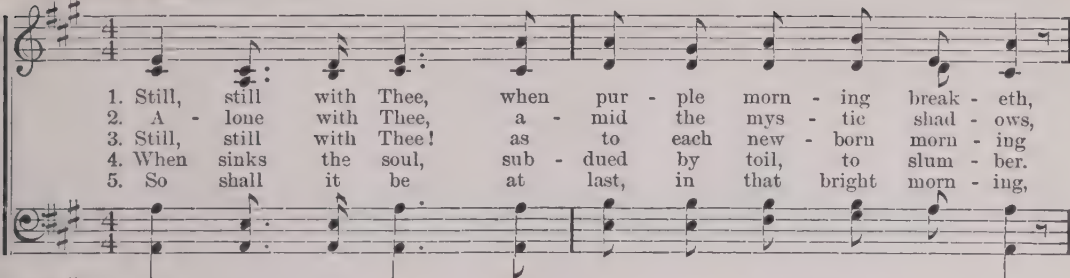
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.  
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.  
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.

# Still, Still With Thee.

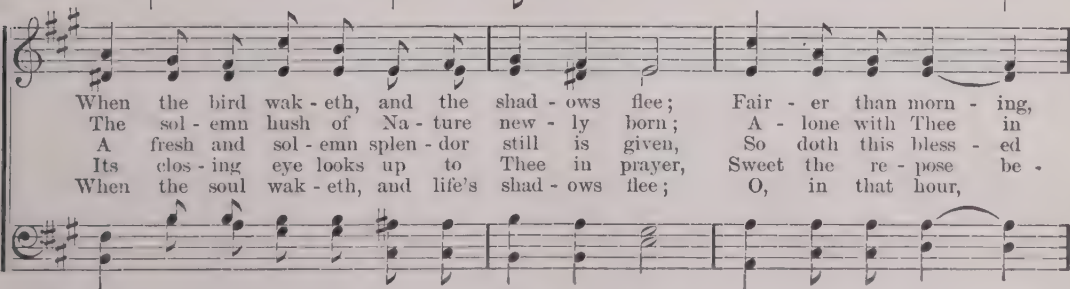
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HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

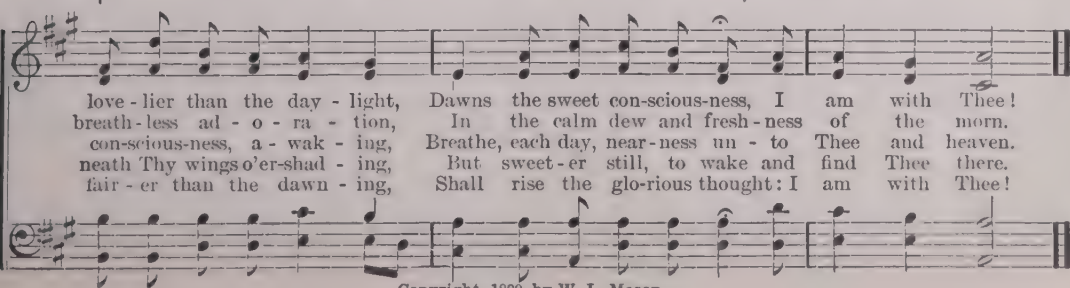
W. L. MASON.



1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth,  
 2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows,  
 3. Still, still with Thee! as to each new - born morn - ing  
 4. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber.  
 5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing,



When the bird wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,  
 The sol - emn hush of Na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with Thee in  
 A fresh and sol - emn splen - dor still is given, So doth this bless - ed  
 Its clos - ing eye looks up to Thee in prayer, Sweet the re - pose be -  
 When the soul wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee; O, in that hour,

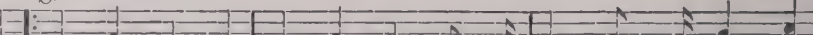
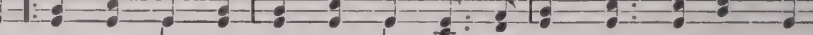


love - lier than the day - light, Dawns the sweet con - sci - ous - ness, I am with Thee!  
 breath - less ad - o - ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.  
 con - sci - ous - ness, a - wak - ing, Breathe, each day, near - ness un - to Thee and heaven.  
 neath Thy wings o'er - shad - ing, But sweet - er still, to wake and find Thee there.  
 fair - er than the dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - ri - ous thought: I am with Thee!

## We March, We March to Victory.

REV. GERALD MOULTRIE.

J. BARNBY.

♩:  We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, 

With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us,

*All verses except last.*

His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

His arm

1. We come in the might of the Lord of Light,  
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high,  
3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits  
4. Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove

With ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar-mies of night, That the  
Our hel - met His sal - va - tion; Our ban - ner the cross of Cal - va - ry, Our  
Our march to the gold - en Sion; For our Cap - tain has brok - en the braz - en Gates, and  
With the banner of Christ before us, With His eye of love looking down from a - bove, And

*D. S. Last verse only.*

sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We  
watchword, the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword, the In - car - na - tion. We  
burst the bars of ir - on, And burst the bars of ir - on. We  
His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. We

Gloria Patri.

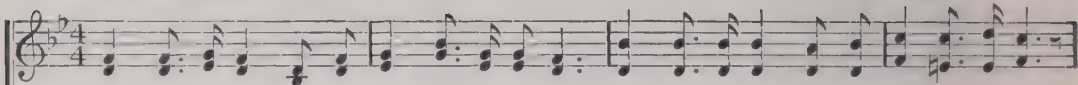
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - MEN.



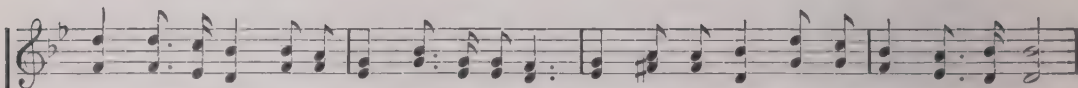
## Brightest and Best.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

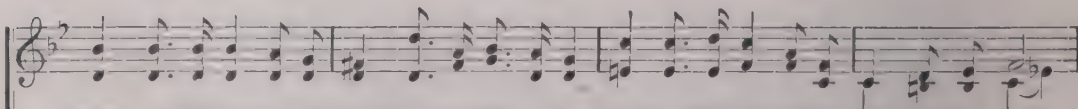
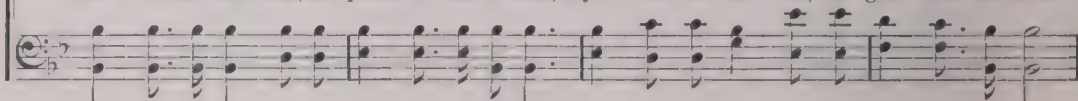
W. L. MASON.



1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us thine aid,  
 2. Say? shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of E - dom and off'rings di-vine,

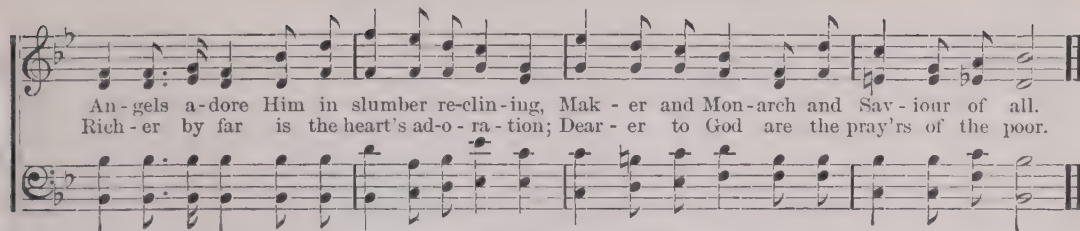


Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a-dorning, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er is laid.  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?



Cold on His cra-dle, the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall,  
 Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion; Vain - ly with gifts would His fa - vor se - cure:





An-gels a-dore Him in slumber re-clin-ing, Mak-er and Mon-arch and Sav-iour of all.  
Rich-er by far is the heart's ad-o-ra-tion; Dear-er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

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## Blest Jesus! Grant Us Strength.

REV. W. W. HOW.

G. J. ELVEY.



1. Blest Je-sus! grant us strength to take Our dai-ly cross, what-e'er it be,  
2. And day by day, we hum-bly ask, That ho-ly mem-'ries of Thy cross  
3. Help us, dear Lord, our cross to bear, Till, at Thy feet we lay it down;  
And glad-ly for Thine own dear sake, In paths of du-ty fol-low Thee.  
May sanc-ti-fy each com-mon task, And turn to gain each earth-ly loss.  
Win through Thy blood our par-don there, And through the Cross at-tain the Crown.

## Hear the Clink of the Coins.

W. L. M.

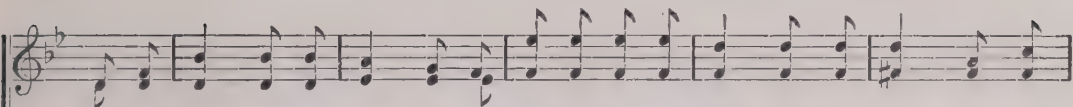
W. L. MASON.

*D. C.*—1. Hear the clink of the coins as they jin - gle in the hand, Soon they'll start on their  
2. Hear the crisp dol - lar bills as they rus - tle in the hand, 'Twouldn't take such a

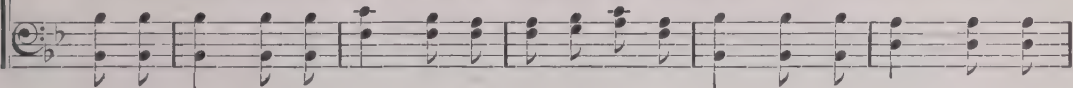
way to some far off heathen land, And per - haps, if our friends will but gen - er - ous - ly  
pile to re - deem our glorious land; For you know if we gave but a sin - gle cent each

give, We can send some 'way off where our west - ern mis - sion - a - ries live.  
day, Soon you'd see a church in ev - 'ry town wher - ev - er you might stray.

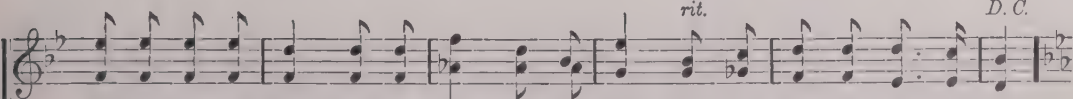
FINE.



For you know you may go to the prair-ies bleak and cold, And you'll find peo - ple  
Je - sus loves will-ing souls, and a bless-ing He im - parts, If we give from our



there who pos - sess but lit - tle gold; And they care not for God, and re -  
store all we can, with cheer - ful hearts; So let's give Him our - selves, and what



lig - ious du - ties shirk, But they're taught by the men whom we send to do the work.  
things to us be - long, And with souls filled with joy, join in this our hap - py song.



THEODULPH.

ANON.

1. Glo - ry, and praise, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem - er, King! To whom the lips of  
 2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's name  
 3. Thou went-est to Thy pas - sion A - mid their shouts of praise; Thou reign-est now in

CHORUS.

chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.  
 com - est, The King and bless - ed One. } Glo - ry, and praise, and hon - or To  
 glo - ry, While we our an-thems raise.

Thee, Re-deem - er, King! To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.



# With Holy Devotion.

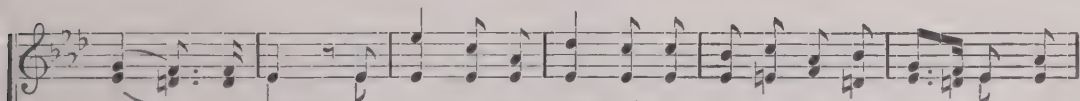
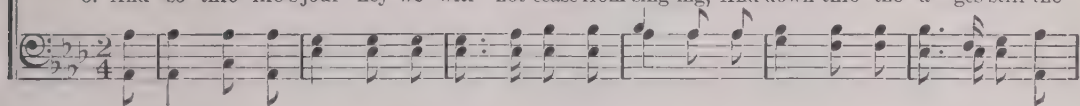
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W. L. M.

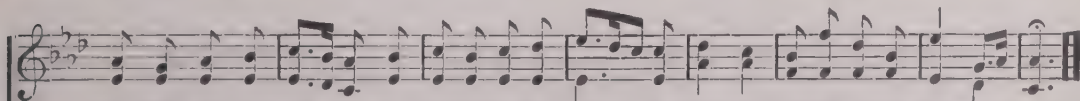
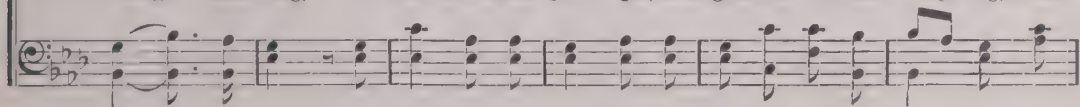
W. L. MASON, arr.



1. With ho - ly de - vo - tion we lift our youthful voi - ces To praise Him who came to earth the
2. All glo - rious Re - deem - er, the Son of God in - car - nate, Ac - cept us, we pray Thee now, in
3. And so thro' life's jour - ney we will not cease from sing - ing, And down thro' the a - ges still the



Liv - ing, Word; While high in the heav'ns the an - gel - ic host re - joic - es, And  
this glad hour; While e'en up to heav - en the air with praise shall vi - brate And  
song shall ring, Till all tribes and peo - ple, their grate - ful trib - utes bring - ing, Shall



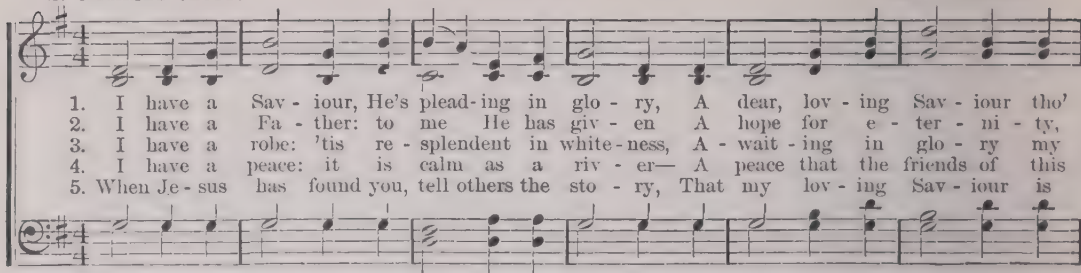
join with us in prais - es to Je - sus Christ, our Lord, And joins in praise to Je - sus Christ, our Lord.  
waft - ed back shall bless us by Thine almighty pow'r, And wafted back shall bless by Thy great pow'r.  
join with us in prais - es to Je - sus Christ, our King, Shall join in praise to Je - sus Christ, our King.



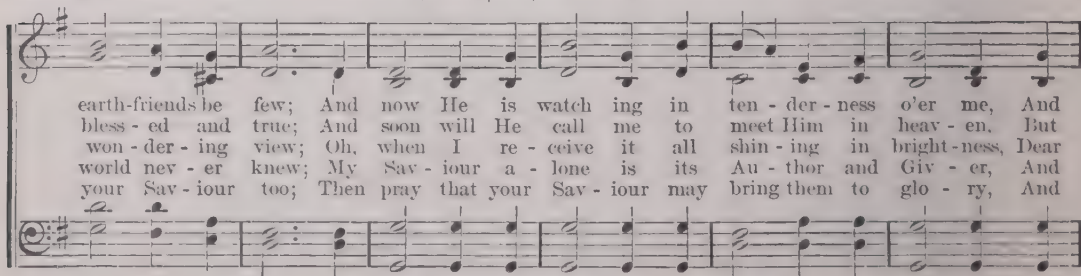
## I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY.

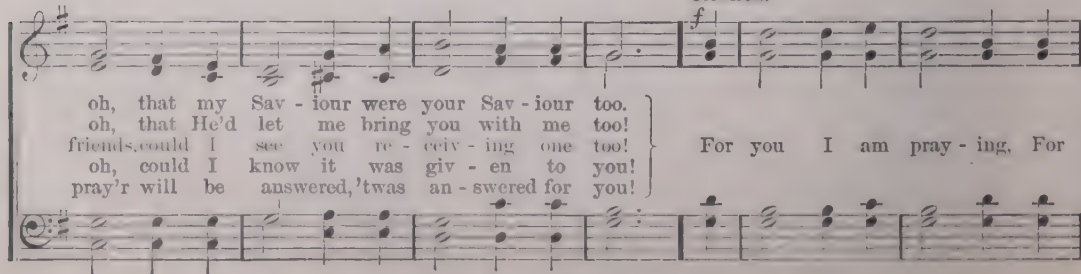


1. I have a Sav - iour, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing Sav - iour tho'  
 2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty,  
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splendent in white - ness, A - wait - ing in glo - ry may  
 4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the friends of this  
 5. When Je - sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav - iour is



earth-friends be few; And now He is watch ing in ten - der - ness o'er me, And  
 bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav - en, But  
 won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in bright - ness, Dear  
 world nev - er knew; My Sav - iour a - lone is its Au - thor and Giv - er, And  
 your Sav - iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may bring them to glo - ry, And

## CHORUS.



oh, that my Sav - iour were your Sav - iour too.  
 oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!  
 friends could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!  
 oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!  
 pray'r will be answered, 'twas an - swered for you!

For you I am pray - ing, For

# I Am Praying for You.—Concluded.

157

you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score consists of two staves. The first staff is for the voice, and the second staff is for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piano part features chords and single notes, with dynamics markings of *p*, *f*, *pp*, and *rall.*

## Thee We Adore, Eternal Lord!

ANON.

Magnoni. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Lord! We praise Thy name with one ac - cord;  
 2. To Thee a - loud all an - gels cry, And cease - less raise their songs on high;  
 3. Th' a - pos - tles join the glo - rious throng; The proph - ets swell the im - mor - tal song;  
 4. Thee, ho - ly Proph - et, Priest, and King! Thee, Sav - iour of man - kind, they sing:

Thy saints, who here Thy good - ness see, Through all the world do wor - ship Thee.  
 Both cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, The heav'ns and all the pow'rs there - in.  
 The mar - tyrs' no - ble ar - my raise E - ter - nal an - thems to Thy praise.  
 Thus earth be - low, and heav'n a - bove, Re - sound Thy glo - ry and Thy love.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/2. The score consists of two staves. The first staff is for the voice, and the second staff is for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piano part features chords and single notes, with dynamics markings of *p*, *f*, *pp*, and *rall.*

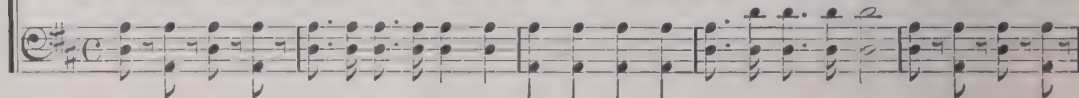
## The Christian Army.

W. L. M.

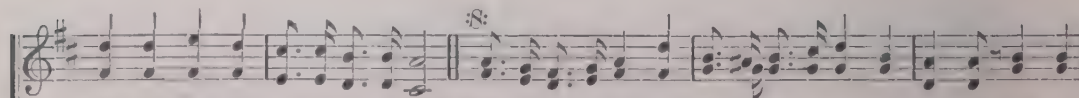
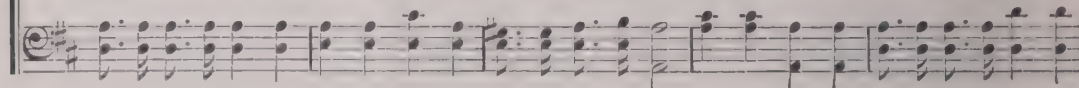
W. L. MASON.

*March time.*

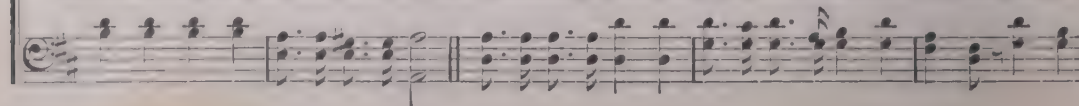
1. Marching, marching, like a mighty arm - y, Come the boys and girls from far and near; Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
2. Wake then, wake then, soldiers, for the bat-tle, Right o'er wrong must cer-tain-ly pre-vail! True hearts, clean hands,



see their banners waving, While the strains of mu-sic strike the ear. Who would stand a - loof at such a moment?  
purpose firm and fearless, Nev - er faltering, nev - er say-ing "Fail." "All the world for Christ" shall be our mot-to;



Who re - fuse to join this grand array? With our Captain glorious, We shall be victorious; Come, then, fall in  
Bloodless conquests thro' the Prince of Peace. When the fight is end-ed, With our Lord ascended, We shall join in



# The Christian Army.—Concluded.

159

*FINE.* *REFRAIN.* *Instr.* *Instr.* *D. S. al Fine.*

line without de-lay. } Hear the call! Hear the call! How it ech-oes far a-way.  
 songs that nev-er cease.

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M. M. W.

## Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.

*S:*

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; Gent - ly lead us by the hand,  
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease, Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r,  
 D.S.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer come!"

*FINE.* *D. S.*

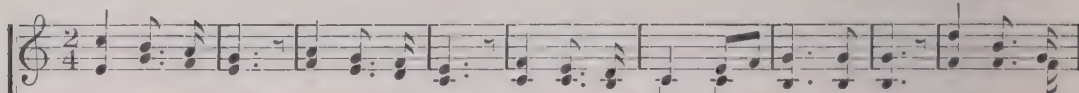
Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,  
 Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear. When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er.  
 Wond'ring if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je - sus' blood.  
 Fol - low me, I'll guidethee home."



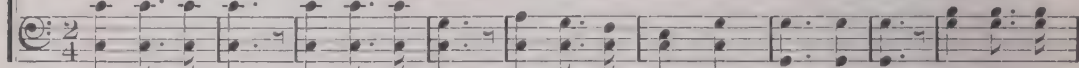
## Joy to the World.

I. WATTS.

Arr. by W. L. MASON.



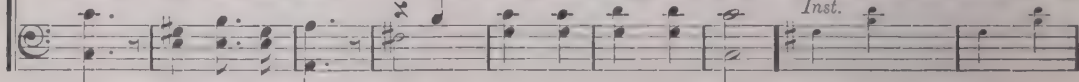
1. Joy to the world, joy to the world, Joy to the world the Lord is come, Joy to the  
 2. Joy to the earth, joy to the earth, Joy to the earth the Sav- iour reigns; Joy to the



D. C.—Joy to the world, joy to the world, Joy to the world the Lord is come, Joy to the



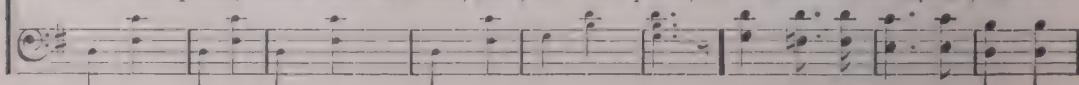
world, joy to the world, Let earth re- ceive her King. Let ev- 'ry heart pre-  
 earth, joy to the earth, Let men their songs em- ploy. While fields and floods, rocks,  
*Inst.*



world, joy to the world, Let earth re- ceive her King.



pare Him room, Let ev- 'ry heart pre- pare Him room, Let ev- 'ry heart pre- pare Him  
 hills and plains, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and



# Joy to the World.—Concluded.

161

*D. C. al Fine.*

*After last verse.*

*ad lib.*

room, And heav'n and na - ture sing..... A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.  
 plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy.....

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## Lord, Dismiss Us.

JOHN FAWCETT, D. D.

SICILIAN HYMN

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing,  
 2. Thanks we give and ad-o-ra-tion, For Thy gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of Thy sal-va-tion  
 3. So, whene'er the signal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way, Borne on angels' wings to heav-en,

Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace. Oh, re-fresh us. Oh, re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wild-er-ness.  
 In our hearts and lives about; May Thy presence, May Thy presence With us ev-er-more be found.  
 Glad the summons to o-bey, May we ev-er, May we ev-er Reign with Christ in end-less day.

## My Lord and I.

(Sung in the Rocks and Caves of France during the fierce persecution of the Huguenots 300 years ago.)

OLD HYMN.

W. L. MASON.

1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver-y dear to me, He loves me with such  
 2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea-ry, He knows that I am weak, And as He bids me  
 3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well, But with what love He

ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful-ly, I could not live a-part from Him, I  
 lean on Him, His help I glad-ly seek; He leads me in the paths of light Be-  
 lov-eth me My tongue can nev-er tell; It is an ev-er-last-ing love In

love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.  
 neath a sun-ny sky, And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.  
 ev-er rich sup-ply, And so we love each oth-er, My Lord and I.

4 I tell Him all my sorrows,  
I tell Him all my joys,  
I tell Him all that pleases me,  
I tell Him what annoys;  
He tells me what I ought to do,  
He tells me what to try,  
And so we talk together,  
My Lord and I.

5 He knows how I am longing  
Some weary soul to win,  
And so He bids me go and speak  
The loving word for Him;  
He bids me tell His wondrous love,  
And why He came to die,  
And so we work together,  
My Lord and I.

6 I have His yoke upon me,  
And easy 'tis to bear;  
In the burdens which He carries  
I gladly take a share;  
For then it is my happiness  
To have Him always nigh—  
We bear the yoke together,  
My Lord and I.

## Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

*"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."*—JER. 6: 4.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

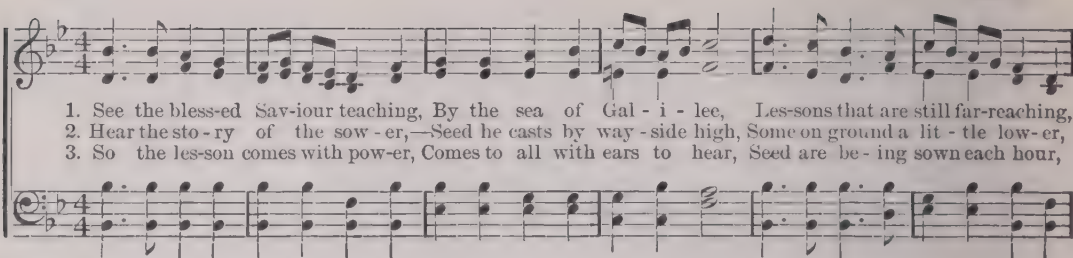
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,  
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose;  
3. Thro' the long night - watch - es May Thine an - gels spread  
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise  
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.  
With Thy ten - d' rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.  
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.  
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.  
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run. A - men.

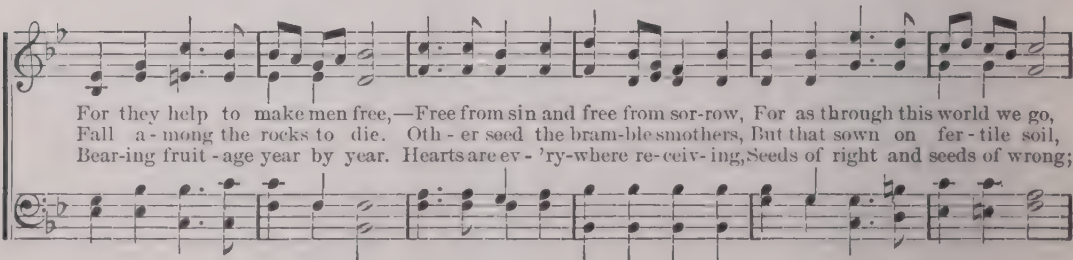
eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

W. L. M.

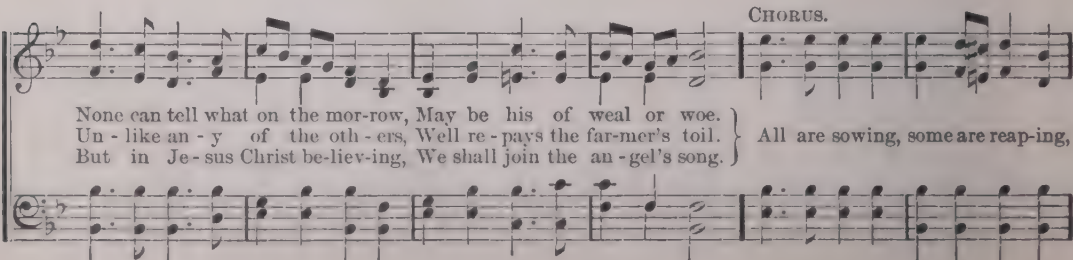
W. L. MASON.



1. See the bless-ed Sav-iour teaching, By the sea of Gal-i-lee, Les-sons that are still far-reaching,  
 2. Hear the sto-ry of the sow-er, Seed he casts by way-side high, Some on ground a lit-tle low-er,  
 3. So the les-son comes with pow-er, Comes to all with ears to hear, Seed are be-ing sown each hour,



For they help to make men free, — Free from sin and free from sor-row, For as through this world we go,  
 Fall a-mong the rocks to die. Oth-er seed the bram-ble-smothers, But that sown on fer-tile soil,  
 Bear-ing fruit-age year by year. Hearts are ev-'ry-where re-ceive-ing, Seeds of right and seeds of wrong;



CHORUS.

None can tell what on the mor-row, May be his of weal or woe. }  
 Un-like an-y of the oth-ers, Well re-pays the far-mer's toil. } All are sowing, some are reap-ing,  
 But in Je-sus Christ be-liev-ing, We shall join the an-gel's song. }



Soon the sheaves shall gathered be; Are you in your mem-'ry keep-ing, Je-sus' words in Gal-i-lee?

This block contains the musical notation for the first song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

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## From All that Dwell Below the Skies.

ISAAC WATTS.

(Park Street. L. M.)

F. M. A. VENUA.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re-deem-er's  
 2. E - ter-nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord, E - ter-nal truth at - tends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from  
 3. Your loft-y themes, ye mor - tals, bring, In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing; The great sal - va - tion

name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.  
 shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
 loud pro-claim, And shout for joy the Sav-iour's name, And shout for joy the Sav-iour's name.

This block contains the musical notation for the second song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

## Holy Word! Precious Word!

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

1. Ho - ly Word! Precious Word! Word of God e - ter - nal; Ev - er stand firm and grand,  
 2. Ho - ly Word! Precious Word! Tell - ing of cre - a - tion; Here we see, full and free,

With thy light su - per - nal; With such a bea - con fling - ing forth its ray,  
 Plans for our sal - va - tion; Down thro' the a - ges with a ra - di - ance bright,

Pil - grims need nev - er lose the heav - enly way. The Spir - it's plead - ing.  
 Gleam - eth its pag - es, light - en - ing our night. Bow - ing be - fore Thee,

May · we when read - ing, Be al - ways heed - ing, Heed-ing day by day.  
 Lord, we a - dore Thee, For Thy great glo - ry, And this won-drous light.

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The Lord is My Shepherd.

W. L. MASON.

A - men.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he | leadeth me  
 be- | side the still | waters.
2. He re- | storeth | my soul; | he leadeth me in the paths of | righteous- | ness | for his | name's sake.
3. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the | shadow of | death, || I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy  
 rod and thy | staff | they | comfort me.
4. Thou preparest a table before me, in the | presence | of mine | enemies; || thou annointest my head with oil;  
 my | cup— | runneth | over.
- \*5. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of | my | life; || and I will dwell in the | house | of  
 the | Lord for- | ever. || A- | men.

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## Happy Summer Time.

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

1. The sum - mer time is com - ing, All na - ture now is gay; Then haste to the  
 2. The dew is on the flow - ers, The grass and leaves are green; The wild wood in  
 3. Go forth, go forth in glad - ness, And 'neath the skies of blue Find balm for thy

wood-land, O come with us a - way, With joy our hearts are bound - ing, And  
 vites us, And in its bow'rs are seen The birds, their car - ols trill - ing, While,  
 sad - ness In ev - 'ry drop of dew, Where mir - rored is the sweet - ness Of

thrill-ing with de - light? The bird songs are sound-ing A - mid the sun-shine bright.  
 waft - ed o'er the plain, Come o - dors that tell us The sum-mer's come a - gain.  
 an Al-might-y love, Which in its com-plete - ness Is on - ly known a - bove.

## CHORUS.

A - way,.....

O hap - py, hap - py sum - mer! We hail thy gen - tle sway.

A - way, O

A - way,.....

haste a - way, A - way a - way O'er hills and val - leys, sing - ing

Sing - ing all the day.

all the day, O'er hills and val - leys, sing - ing, Singing, singing, singing all the day.

Sing - ing all the day.



## Herald Angels.

CHAS. WESLEY.

*"Glory to God in the highest."*

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

*Spirito.*

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and  
2. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteous-ness! Light and life to

mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled." Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise;  
all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings. Let us then with an - gels sing,

Join the triumph of the skies; With th' an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in  
"Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners

Beth-le-hem." Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"  
 rec-on-cited!" Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"

## Saviour, Thy Dying Love.

S. D. PHELPS.

E. DOUGHTY.

1. Sav-iour, Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee:  
 2. At the blest mercy-seat, Pleading for me, My fee-bble faith looks up, Je-sus, to Thee:  
 3. Give me a faithful heart, Likeness to Thee,— That each de-parting day Hence-forth may see  
 4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!

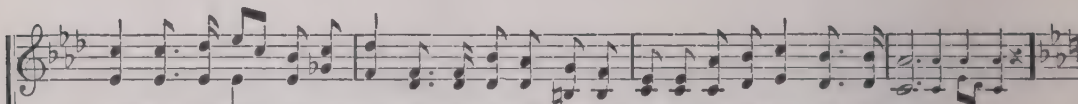
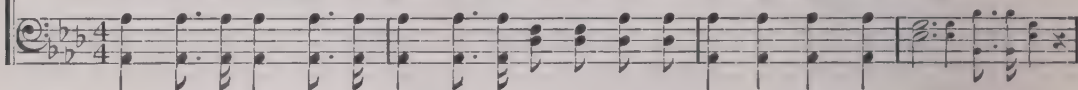
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fil its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee!  
 Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee!  
 Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'ersought and won, Something for Thee!  
 And when Thy face I see, My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Something for Thee!

W. L. M.

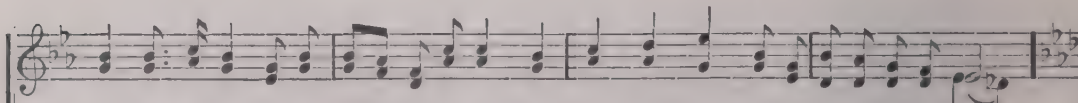
W. L. MASON.



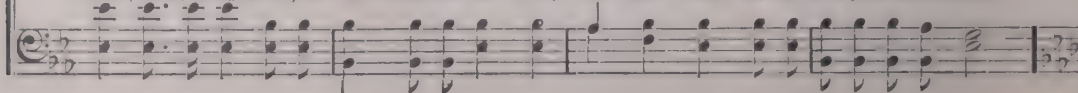
1. Sol - diers of Je - sus, we're marching to Zi - on, Up the straight and nar - row road ;  
 2. Sol - diers of Je - sus, by love we shall conquer, Like our ev - er glo - rious King.



Love is the ban - ner that floats ev - er o'er us, We're en - list - ed in the arm - y of God.  
 Tho' oft - en wea - ry, we faint not nor falter, For we know that patience vict'ry will bring.

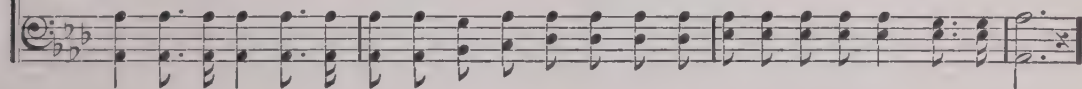


Shoulder to shoulder we're band - ed to - geth - er, Hand in hand we are struggling for the right.  
 Come, then, and join us, as on - ward we fol - low, Je - sus calls us, oh, will you not o - bey ?





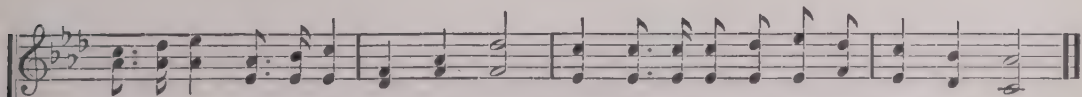
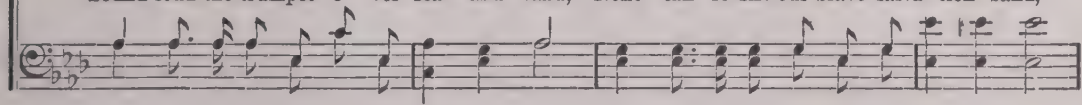
Vic-t'ry is sure, for our Cap-tain is al-might-y, He will conquer in the glo - ri - ous fight.  
Then by and by, when the strife is past and o - ver, We shall reign with Him in heav-en for aye.



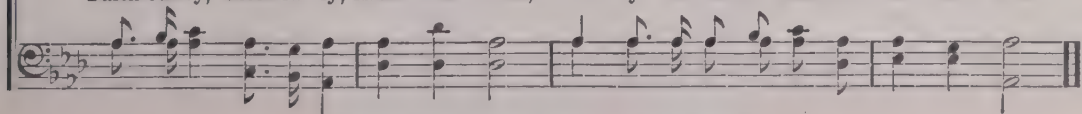
## CHORUS.



Sound loud the trumpet o - ver sea and land, None can re-sist our brave salva-tion band,



Faith-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly, friend with friend, On - ly in heaven shall the war - fare end.



S. BARING-GOULD.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christians sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.  
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Movesthe Church of God: Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod.  
 3. Crownsand thrones may perish, Kingdoms riseand wane, But the Church of Je - sus Constant will remain.  
 4. On-ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voi-ces In the triumph song.

Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe: For-ward in - to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go.  
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, — One in hope, in doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.  
 Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

On-ward, Christians sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

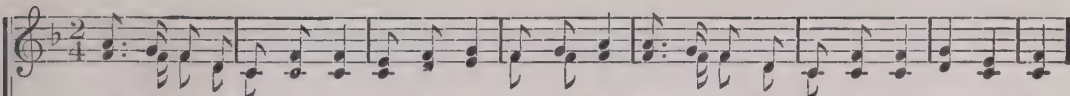


# Little Climbers.

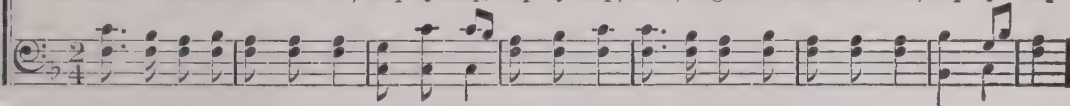
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W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.



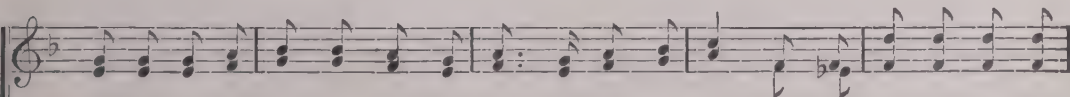
1. Mer - ry lit-tle climbers we, Step by step, step by step; Toil-ing upward ear-nest - ly, Step by step.
2. Hap - py lit-tle climbers we, Step by step, step by step; From all anxious care we're free, Step by step.
3. Ear-nest lit-tle climbers we, Step by step, step by step; May we faithful work-ers be, Step by step.
4. Con - se-cra-ted climbers we, Step by step, step by step; Lord, we give ourselves to Thee, Step by step.



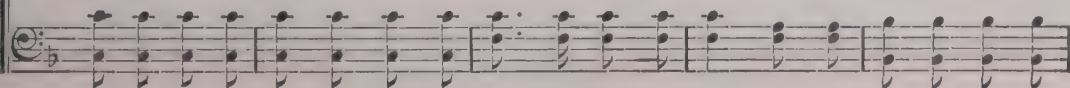
## REFRAIN.

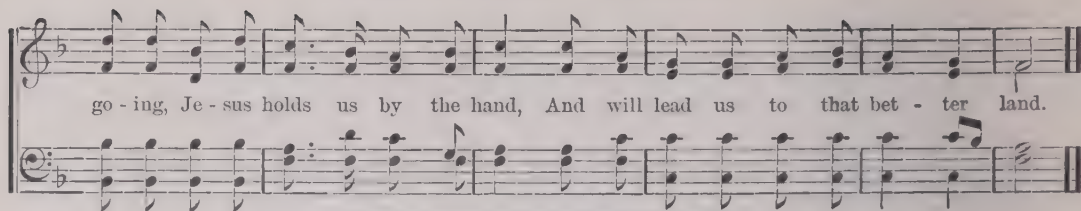


We are go - ing, we are go - ing To our home be - yond the skies, Where the



tree of life is grow - ing, And no storms can ev - er rise, We are go - ing, we are





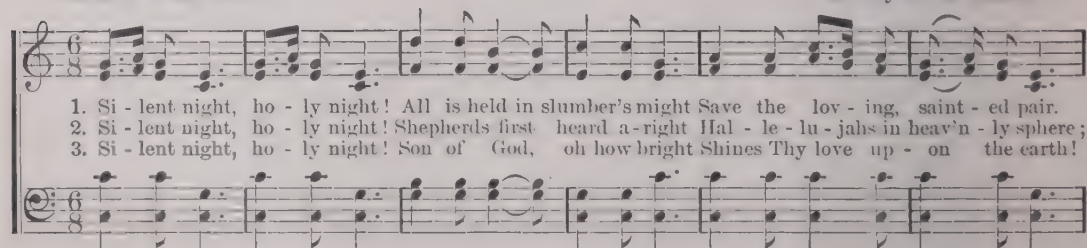
go - ing, Je - sus holds us by the hand, And will lead us to that bet - ter land.

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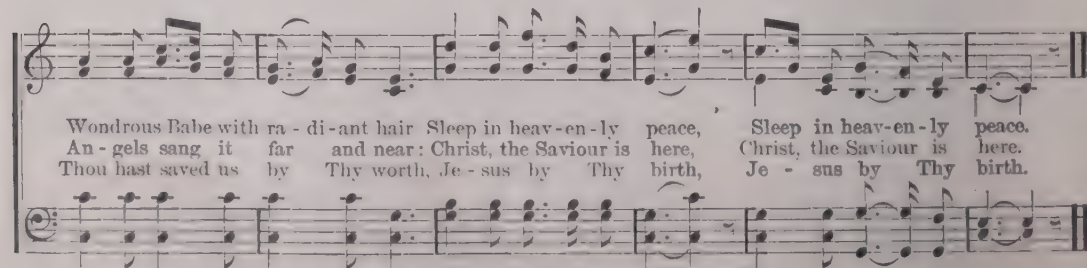
## Silent Night, Holy Night.

GERMAN FOLK SONG.

Arr. by W. L. MASON.



1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! All is held in slumber's might Save the lov - ing, saint - ed pair.  
 2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Shepherds first heard a - right Hal - le - lu - jahs in heav'n - ly sphere;  
 3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Son of God, oh how bright Shines Thy love up - on the earth!



Wondrous Babe with ra - di - ant hair Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 An - gels sang it far and near: Christ, the Saviour is here, Christ, the Saviour is here.  
 Thou hast saved us by Thy worth, Je - sus by Thy birth, Je - sus by Thy birth.

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# The Good, the Beautiful, the True.

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C. H. PAYNE, D. D., LL. D.

W. L. MASON.

1. O happy they whose ear-ly youth Is passed in fellowship with truth; Who, with pure, chosen friends pur-
2. O happy youth whose guarded hearts Escape the tempter's poisoned darts, Which from the pictured volume
3. O happy they whose life's white page Bears no sad blot from youth to age; No deed of wrong, no act of
4. Thrice happy who all e-vil shun; Their youth is bright as cloudless sun; And brighter glows as day mounts

## CHORUS.

sue The good, the beau-ti-ful, the true.  
 fair Their dead-ly vi-rus swiftly bear.  
 shame To scourge the mind with whips of flame.  
 high, Till heav'nly glories flood the sky.

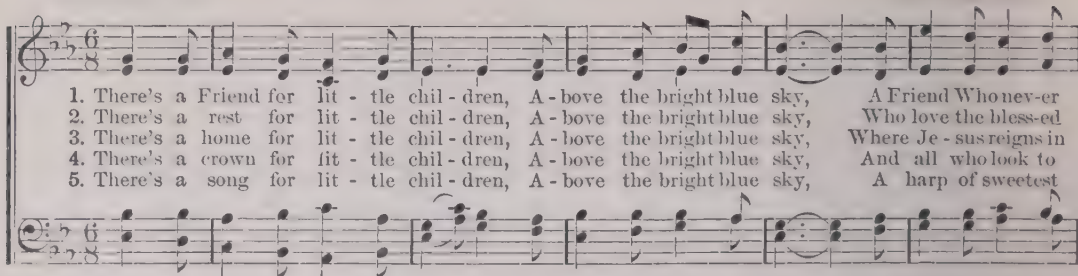
the true, the true,..... The

brightest gems that angels view; A par-adise to earth they bring, they bring, Like that above where seraphs sing.

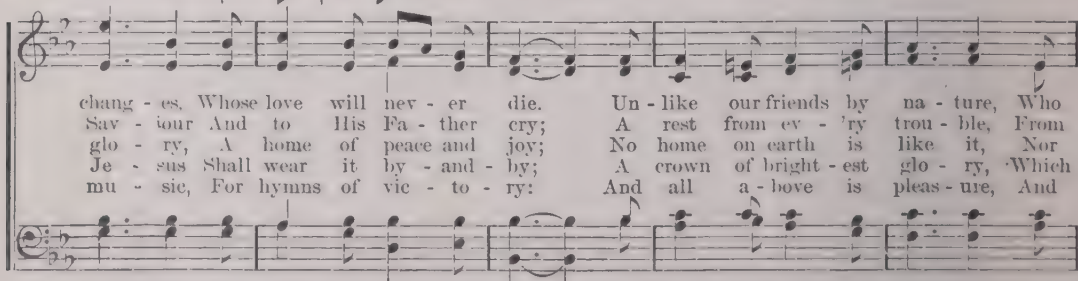
*Ritard ad lib.*

ALBERT MIDLANE.

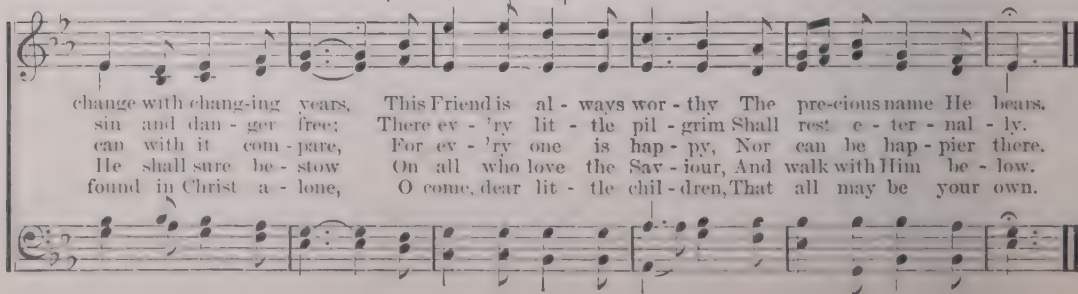
JOHN STAINER.



1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend Who nev - er  
 2. There's a rest for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, Who love the bless - ed  
 3. There's a home for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, Where Je - sus reigns in  
 4. There's a crown for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, And all who look to  
 5. There's a song for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, A harp of sweetest



chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die. Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who  
 Sav - iour And to His Pa - ther cry; A rest from ev - 'ry trou - ble, From  
 glo - ry, A home of peace and joy; No home on earth is like it, Nor  
 Je - sus Shall wear it by - and - by; A crown of bright - est glo - ry, Which  
 mu - sie, For hymns of vic - to - ry: And all a - bove is pleas - ure, And



change with chang - ing years, This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious name He bears.  
 sin and dan - ger free; There ev - 'ry lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly.  
 can with it com - pare, For ev - 'ry one is hap - py, Nor can be hap - pier there.  
 He shall sure be - stow On all who love the Sav - iour, And walk with Him be - low.  
 found in Christ a - lone, O come, dear lit - tle chil - dren, That all may be your own.

# Trustingly, Trustingly.

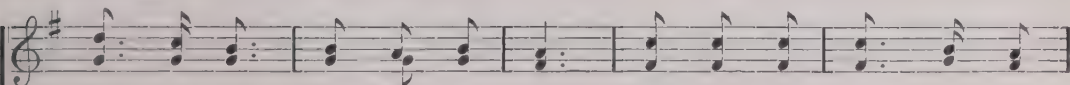
179

H. BONAR.

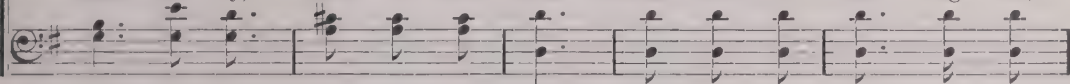
W. L. MASON.



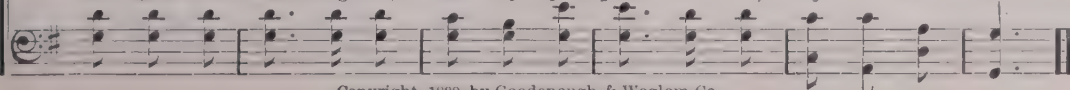
1. Trust - ing - ly, trust - ing - ly, Je - sus, to Thee Come I; Lord,
2. Peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly, Walk I with Thee; Je - sus, my
3. Whom but Thy - self, O Lord! Have I a - bove? What have I
4. Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly, Pass I a - long, Ea - ger to
5. Hope - ful - ly, hope - ful - ly, On - ward I go, Cheer - ful - ly,



lov - ing - ly, — Come Thou to me! Then shall I lov - ing - ly,  
 Lord, Thou art All, all to me. Peace Thou hast left to us,  
 left on earth? On - ly Thy love! Come then, O Fa - ther come!  
 work for Thee, Earn - est and strong. Life is for ser - vice true,  
 cheer - ful - ly, Meet I the foe. Crowns are a - wait - ing us,



Then shall I joy - ful - ly, Then shall I will - ing - ly, Walk here with Thee.  
 Thus, hath Thou bless - ed us, Thy peace hast giv - en us; So let it be.  
 Come, then, O Sav - iour! come: Come then, O Spir - it come: Heav - en - ly Dove.  
 Life is to be and do, Life is for bat - tle too, Life is for song.  
 An - gels are watch - ing us, Glo - ry pre - pared for us; Joys o - ver - flow.





## Angels, from the Realms of Glory.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HENRY SMART.

♩ = 100.

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth, Ye who sang cre - a - tion's  
 2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watching o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now re -  
 3. Sag - es, leave your con - tem - plations, Brighter vis - ions beam a - far; Seek the great De - sire of  
 4. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bending, Watching long in hope in fear, Sud - den - ly the Lord, de -

sto - ry, Now proclaim Mes - si - ah's birth:  
 siding; Yon - der shines the in - fant - light;  
 nations; Ye have seen His na - tal star:  
 scending, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear:

} Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

## Opening Sentences.

RICHARD FARRANT.


The Lord is in His ho - ly temple, let all the earth keep silence be - fore..... Him.  
 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, fear be - - - fore Him all the earth.  
 Let the words of my mouth, } of my heart, { be acceptable in Thy sight,  
 and the meditation } O Lord, my Strength and my Re - deemer.

# Around the Throne of God in Heaven.


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A. H. SHEPHERD.


H. E. MATTHEWS.



1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thou - sands of chil - dren stand,  
 2. What brought them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,  
 3. Be - cause the Sav - iour shed His blood To wash a - way their sin;  
 4. On earth they sought their Sav - iour's grace, On earth they loved His name:



Chil - dren whose sins are all for - given, A ho - ly, hap - py band,  
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came those chil - dren there?  
 Bathed in that pure and pre - cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean,  
 So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb,



Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.

## The Path of the Just.

W. L. M.

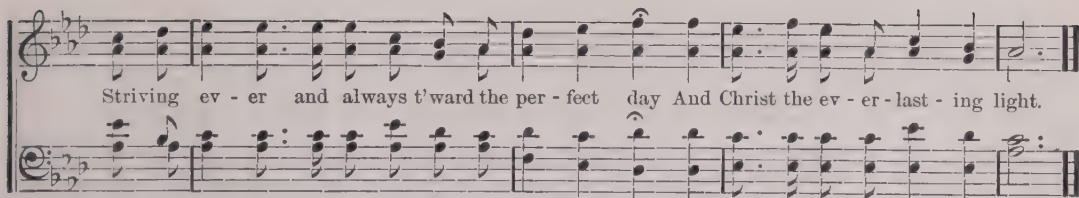
W. L. MASON.

1. The path of the just is as the shin - ing light, That shin - eth to the per - feet day;  
 2. The path of the just is as the shin - ing light, That lead - eth to the throne a - bove,  
 3. The path of the just is as the shin - ing light, Il - lu - min-ing this world of sin,

As the light of the morning when the sun is ris'n And shed-deth its beams upon the way.  
 Where the an - gels are sing-ing joy - ous hymns of praise, A - mid Heaven's ho-li-ness and love.  
 While it point - eth the way to end-less realms of joy, And bid-deth the saved to en-ter in.

## CHORUS.

Then let us be lights, to light - en the world, And chase a - way the dark-ness and night;



Striving ev - er and always t'ward the per - fect day And Christ the ev - er - last - ing light.

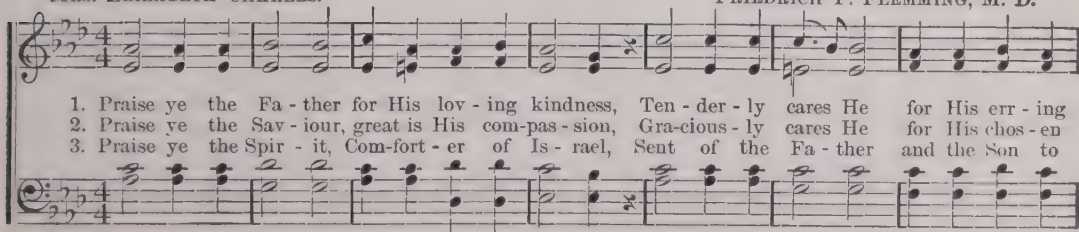
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## Praise ye the Father.

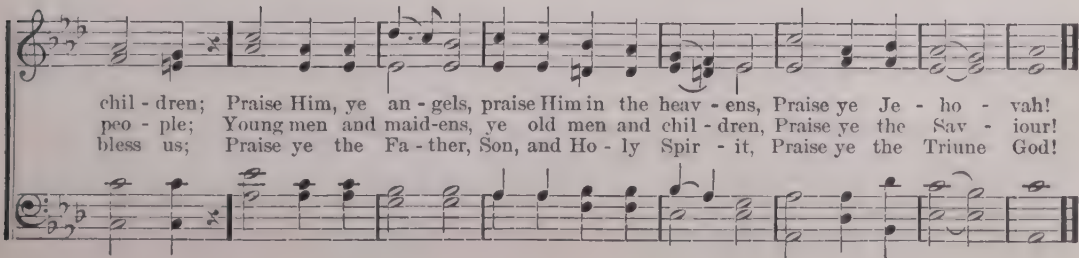
*Thou art my praise.—JER. 17: 14.*

MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES.

FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING, M. D.



1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for His lov - ing kindness, Ten - der - ly cares He for His err - ing  
2. Praise ye the Sav - iour, great is His com - pas - sion, Gra - cious - ly cares He for His chos - en  
3. Praise ye the Spir - it, Com - fort - er of Is - rael, Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to

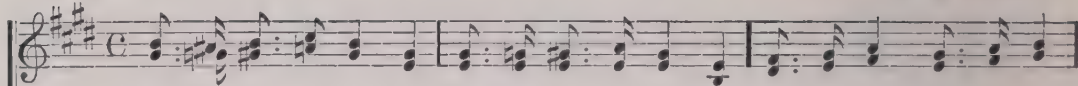


chil - dren; Praise Him, ye an - gels, praise Him in the heav - ens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!  
peo - ple; Young men and maid - ens, ye old men and chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - iour!  
bless us; Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise ye the Triune God!

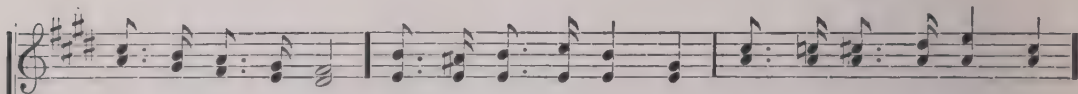
## Jesus is Our Refuge.

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.



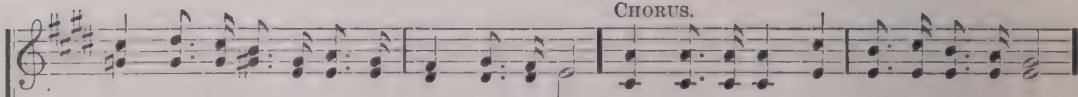
1. Je - sus is our Ref - uge, tried and pre - cious Ref - uge; Let us sing, wor - ship - ing,  
 2. Thou a - lone dost lead us, In Thy pas - tures feed us, May we be blest by Thee,



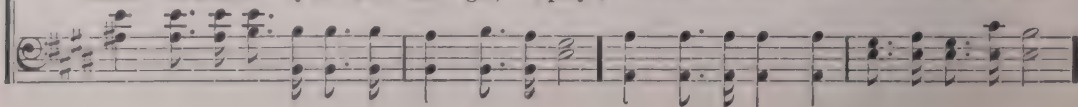
Glo - ry to His name! For the great and ho - ly, For the meek and low - ly,  
 All our pil - grim way. Thou art our De - fend - er, Ev - er true and ten - der,



## CHORUS.



Je - sus, our Ref - uge, is for - ev - er the same. } Then let us praise Him, — Praise Him ev - er - more;  
 Shield us from ev - 'ry foe and dan - ger, we pray. }





Let joy - ous an - thems ring from shore to shore. Free for all cre - a - tion,

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Jesus is Our Refuge.—Concluded.' It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Let joy - ous an - thems ring from shore to shore. Free for all cre - a - tion,' and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

Rock of our sal - va - tion, Je - sus, we bow be - fore Thee, and a - dore.

The second system of musical notation continues the song. It features the same vocal and piano parts. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Rock of our sal - va - tion, Je - sus, we bow be - fore Thee, and a - dore.' and concludes with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

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## My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

HEATH.

(Laban. S. M.)

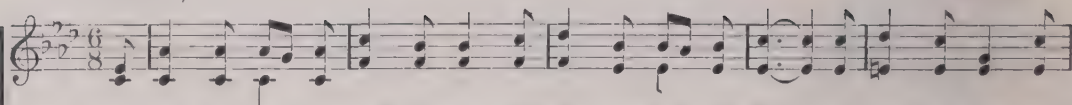
LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly eve - ry day. And help divine implore.  
3. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee, at thy parting breath, To his divine abode.

The musical notation for 'My Soul, be on Thy Guard.' It begins with a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line includes three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

J. B. KENYON, Lit. D.

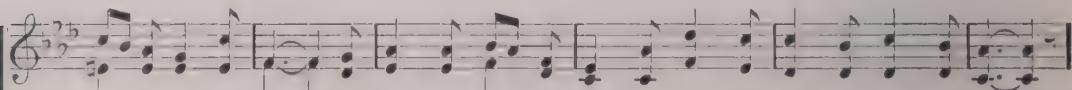
W. L. MASON.



1. The orbs that thro' the vaults of night Sweep on their noise-less way, And the great sun whose  
 2. The bird that braves the track-less deep On home-ward-far-ing wing: The seeds that break their  
 3. Lord, write thy stat-utes on each heart; Give us the fil-ial mind, To make thy word our



glo-rious light Pours round the realms of day; The plenteous streams that sea-ward flow To  
 frost-y sleep At the warm breath of spring; The roll-ing earth that ev-er takes Its  
 life's high chart; Help us each day to bind Be-tween our brows thy pre-cepts wise, That



make the world re-joice, And herbs that grow, and winds that blow, O-bey his sovereign voice.  
 blind way without pause; The flow'r that in-to beau-ty wakes, All heed their Mak-er's laws.  
 thus thy ho-ly will May ev-er be be-fore our eyes, To guide our foot-steps still.



## CHORUS.

Speak, O Lord, thy ser - vants hear; Speak, we will no long - er fear;

Where thou lead - est we will go; What thou bid - dest we will do.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system is for the vocal parts, with the lyrics 'Speak, O Lord, thy ser - vants hear; Speak, we will no long - er fear;'. The second system is for the piano accompaniment, with the lyrics 'Where thou lead - est we will go; What thou bid - dest we will do.'.

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## The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed..... be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in..... earth as it is in heaven.

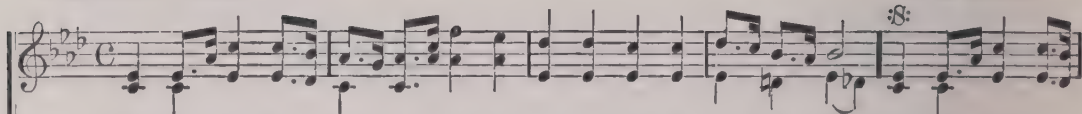
2. Give us this day our..... dai - ly bread; And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever A - MEN.

The musical score is a single system with two staves. The first staff is for the vocal parts, and the second staff is for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, corresponding to the three verses of the Lord's Prayer.

HARRIET E. JONES.

W. L. MASON.



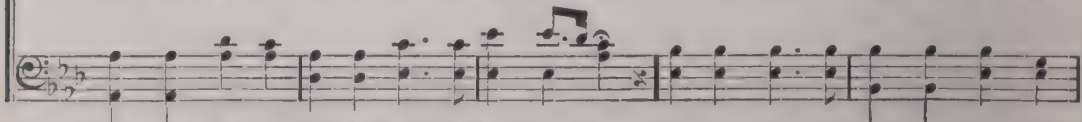
1. Trust-ing in the words of Je-sus, On the sa-cred page en-roll'd, We His chil-dren
2. Where are pic-tured streams of heal-ing And the wondrous tree of life; Where we read of
3. We will chant our sweet-est mu-sic While we stand be-fore the Lord; We will of-fer



*D.S.*—Him be-liev-ing,  
*D.S.*—Where we read of  
*D.S.*—While in heart we



here as-sen-ble, Members of His peace-ful fold, Joy-ful-ly we bring our trib-utes,  
 saints and an-gels And the fields where joy is rife; Where the King in all His beau-ty  
 true thanks-giv-ing For the rich-ness of His word; We will place up-on His al-tar,



Him a-dor-ing, While we lay them at His feet.  
 blood-wash'd na-tions Ev-er-more His own to be.  
 each will wor-ship Him the Truth, the Life, the Way.

# Holy Bible! Golden Treasure.—Concluded.

189

*D. S. al Fine.*

Ho - ly, Bi - ble, Golden Treas - ure,  
CHORUS.

Pray'r and praise and off - 'rings sweet,  
We are prom - ised soon to see;  
Grate - ful hearts on this glad day,

Ho - ly, Ho - ly Bi - ble, Golden, Golden Treasure,

Un - to thee we fond-ly cling.

Where is found the "who-so-ev-er," Coming from our royal King.

cling, fondly cling,

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JEMIMA LUKE.

## I Think, When I Read.

ANON.

1. I think; when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,
2. I wish that His hands had been plac'd on my head, That His arm had been thrown around me;
3. Yet still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share of His love;



## I Think, When I Read.—Concluded.



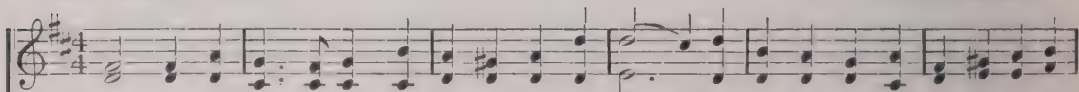
How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.  
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."  
 And..... if I now earn - est - ly seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.



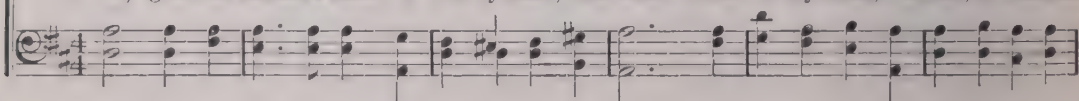
## Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

REV. JAMES D. BURNS.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Hush'd was the evening hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark ; The lamp was burning dim Be - fore the
2. Oh, give me Samuel's ear—The o - pen ear, O Lord ! A - live and quick to hear Each whisper
3. Oh, give me Samuel's heart ! A low - ly heart, that waits When in Thy house, Thou art, Or watches



sa - cred ark : When sud - den - ly a voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.  
 of Thy word ; Like him to an - swer at Thy call, And to o - bey Thee first of all.  
 at Thy gates ; By day and night, a heart that still Moves at the breathing of Thy will.



# "Grant Us Thy Peace."

191

ANON.

ADAPTED FROM CHARLES F. GOUNOD.

*p* *p* Grant us Thy peace, that like a deep'ning

*cres* *p* riv-er, Swells ev-er out-ward to a sea of praise; O Thou of peace the on-ly Lord and Giv-er,

*p* *Inst.* *pp* *Inst.* *pp* Grant us Thy peace, O Saviour, all our days. A - MEN, A - MEN, A - MEN.

By kind permission of Giles T. Bushnell Esq.'

## Out Upon the Rolling Prairie.

W. L. M.

(Children's Missionary Hymn.)

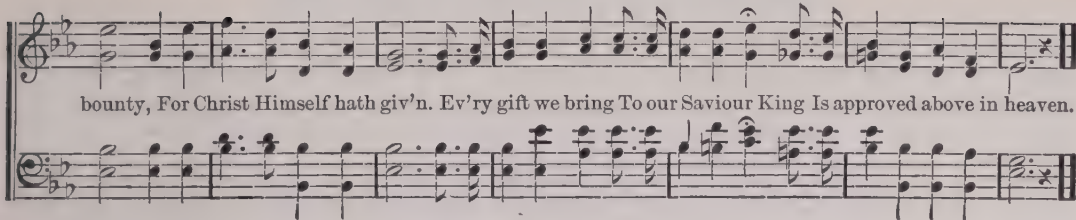
W. L. MASON.

1. Out up-on the roll - ing prairie Ma - ny lit - tle children dwell, Far removed from Christian teaching,  
 2. Lo! they come to us by thousands From the na - tions o'er the sea. Shall we leave them in their darkness,

And the sound of Sabbath bell, Oh! these little ones they are God's own lambs, He willeth not that they be lost.  
 Lift no hand to set them free? Oh! do not neglect those who, coming thus, So greatly need a helping hand;

CHORUS.

We can help to save, if we on - ly will. Those He purchased at such cost. } Then give..... of your  
 Go and bring them in, 'tis the Saviour's will, 'Tis His last and great command. } O, give,



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## Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

(Hendon. 7s.)

REV. DR. MALAN.

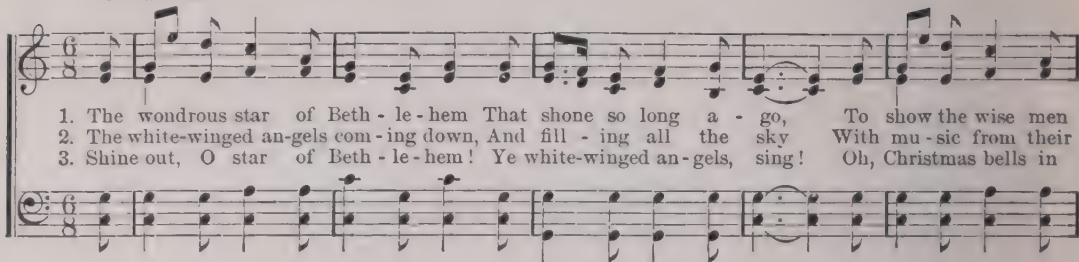
musical score for the song "Lord, We Come Before Thee Now." The score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of one sharp (F# major or D minor). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 2/2 time. The lyrics are: "1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now; At Thy feet we hum - bly bow: Oh, do not our  
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend; Fill our hearts with  
3. Send some mes - sage from Thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford; Let Thy Spir - it  
4. Grant that all may seek and find Thee, O glo - rious God, their Friend; Heal the sick, the

musical score for the song "Lord, We Come Before Thee Now." The score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of one sharp (F# major or D minor). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 2/2 time. The lyrics are: "suit dis - dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?  
Thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.  
now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart, Full sal - va - tion to each heart.  
cap - tive free, Let us all re - joice in Thee, Let us all re - joice in Thee."

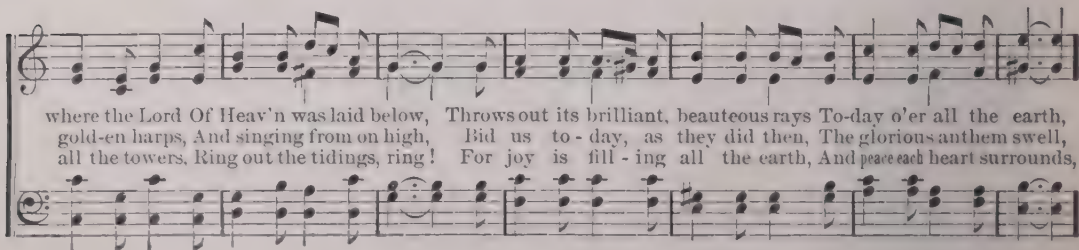
CAROL M. BRUENING.

*Con anima.*

W. L. MASON.

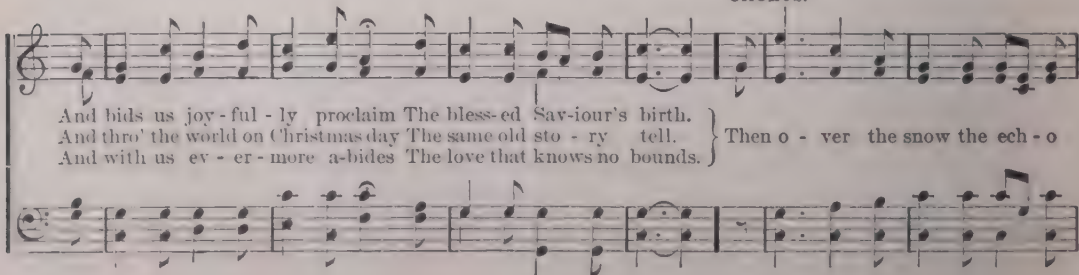


1. The wondrous star of Beth - le - hem That shone so long a - go, To show the wise men  
2. The white-winged an-gels com - ing down, And fill - ing all the sky With mu - sic from their  
3. Shine out, O star of Beth - le - hem! Ye white-winged an-gels, sing! Oh, Christmas bells in



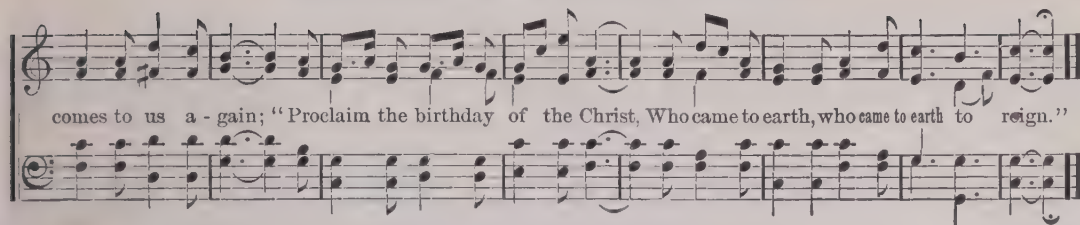
where the Lord Of Heav'n was laid below, Throws out its brilliant, beauteous rays To-day o'er all the earth,  
gold-en harps, And singing from on high, Bid us to-day, as they did then, The glorious anthem swell,  
all the towers, Ring out the tidings, ring! For joy is fill - ing all the earth, And peace each heart surrounds,

## CHORUS.



And bids us joy - ful - ly proclaim The bless-ed Sav-iour's birth.  
And thro' the world on 'Christmas day The same old sto - ry tell. } Then o - ver the snow the ech - o  
And with us ev - er - more a-bides The love that knows no bounds.



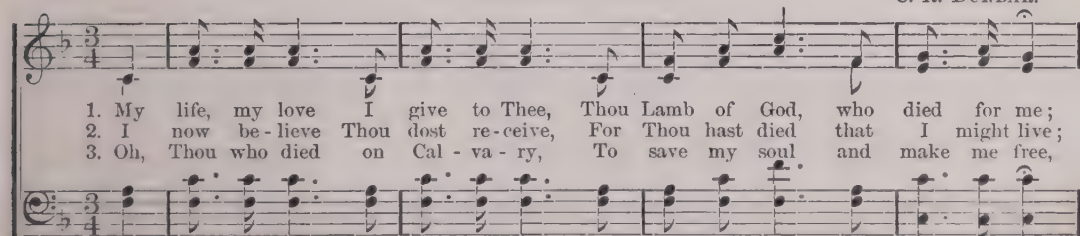


comes to us a - gain; "Proclaim the birthday of the Christ, Who came to earth, who came to earth to reign."

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## I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;  
 3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

D. C.



Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!  
 And now hence - forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!  
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

## The Many Mansions.

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

1. There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal in the sky, In  
 2. We'll sing sweet songs of pur - est joy, In that bright home so fair, For

which with Je - sus we shall dwell, Some sweet day by - and - by. In our  
 from temp - ta - tion we'll be free, No sin can en - ter there. No more

Fa - ther's house man - y man - sions are For those who own His love; And by His grace We'll  
 sick - ness, death, neither pain nor care, Are in that home of peace— But con - verse sweet At

# The Many Mansions.—Concluded.

197

## CHORUS.

see His face, If here we faith - ful prove. } Hark! they call..... us from on  
 Je - sus' feet, And songs that nev - er cease. } Hark! they call

high,..... "We are com - - ing," we re - ply,..... For our  
 from on high, "We are com - ing," we re - ply, we re - ply,

dear ones wait at heav - en's gate, To wel - come us home by - and - by.

## Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

MARY DUNCAN.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;  
 2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
 3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.  
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me, Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer.  
 Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

## Let Them Come to Me.

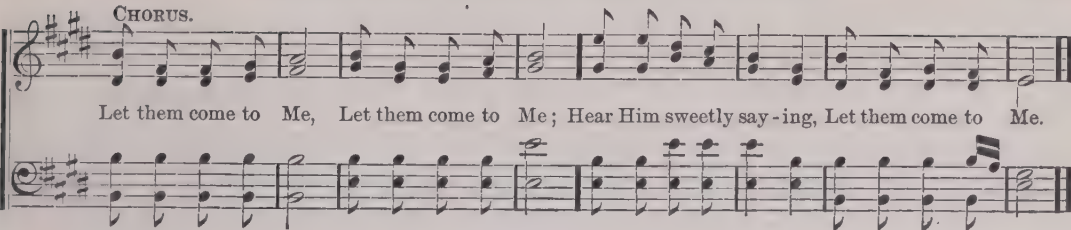
A. H. ADAMS.

W. W. BENTLEY.

*Tenderly.*

1. Hear the gentle Shepherd Calling lambs like me, In His sweetest accents: Let them come to Me.  
 2. He will bid us en - ter; When our tired feet Reach the golden ci - ty, He'll be there to greet.  
 3. Thanks, dear blessed Saviour, For Thy words of love, Bidding children en - ter Thy bright courts a - bove.

## CHORUS.



Let them come to Me, Let them come to Me; Hear Him sweetly say - ing, Let them come to Me.

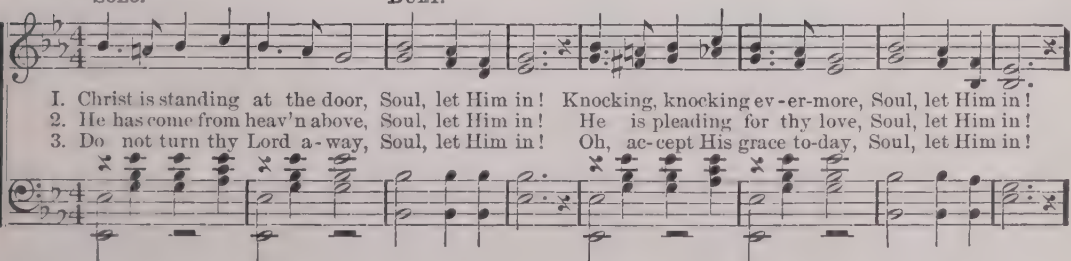
## Soul, Let Him In.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

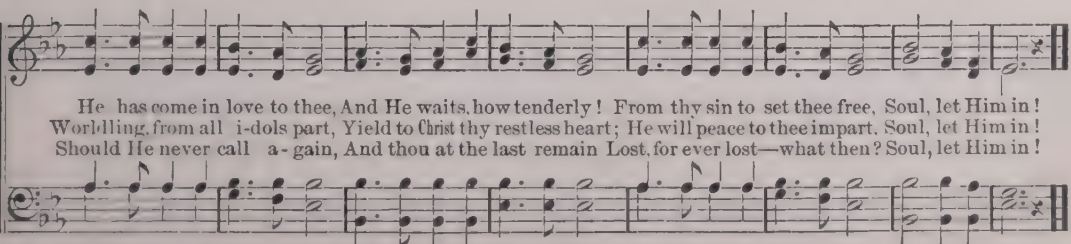
I. N. McHose.

### SOLO.

### DUET.



1. Christ is standing at the door, Soul, let Him in! Knocking, knocking ev - er - more, Soul, let Him in!  
 2. He has come from heav'n above, Soul, let Him in! He is pleading for thy love, Soul, let Him in!  
 3. Do not turn thy Lord a - way, Soul, let Him in! Oh, ac - cept His grace to - day, Soul, let Him in!



He has come in love to thee, And He waits, how tenderly! From thy sin to set thee free, Soul, let Him in!  
 Worshipping from all i - dols part, Yield to Christ thy restless heart; He will peace to thee impart, Soul, let Him in!  
 Should He never call a - gain, And thou at the last remain Lost, for ever lost—what then? Soul, let Him in!



## Wonderful Star.

W. L. M.

(Solo, with Obligato by School.)

W. L. MASON.

*Sing with expression and emphasis.*

1. I see a star..... in yon - der sky,..... It gleams a -  
 2. And now once more,..... the star my guide,..... An o - pen  
 3. Oh, prom - ised Child,..... so long fore - told,..... Who sweet - ly

1. I see a star in yon - der sky,  
 2. And now once more, the star my guide,  
 3. Oh, prom - ised Child, so long fore - told,

The first system of musical notation for 'Wonderful Star'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 12/8 time. The treble staff contains the melody for the three verses, with lyrics written below it. The bass staff contains a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. I see a star in yon - der sky, 2. And now once more, the star my guide, 3. Oh, prom - ised Child, so long fore - told,'.

- far..... and yet draws nigh,..... It leads me on..... to Beth - le -  
 door..... I stand be - side;..... A vir - gin mild..... with - in I  
 smiled..... on sa - ges old,..... We seek Thy face..... this Christmas

It gleams a - far and yet draws nigh, It leads me on  
 An o - pen door I stand be - side; A vir - gin mild  
 Whosweetly smiled on sa - ges old, We seek Thy face

The second system of musical notation for 'Wonderful Star'. It continues the treble and bass staves from the first system. The lyrics are: 'far..... and yet draws nigh,..... It leads me on..... to Beth - le - door..... I stand be - side;..... A vir - gin mild..... with - in I smiled..... on sa - ges old,..... We seek Thy face..... this Christmas'.

hem,..... And there up - on..... a di - a - dem..... Of brighter  
 see,..... A lit - tle Child..... up-on her knee..... And as I  
 night,..... Up-on this place..... shed Thou Thy light,..... And when at

*ritard.*

to Beth-le-hem,  
 within I see,  
 this Christmas night,

And there up-on  
 A lit - tle Child  
 Up-on this place

a di - a-dem,  
 up-on her knee,  
 shed Thou thy light,

*ritard.*

hue..... than e'er was seen..... By favored few..... on king or  
 gaze,..... a light di - vine..... A - bout Him plays..... with glow be -  
 last..... all toils are o'er,..... When earth is past..... and reach'd that

*tempo.*

Of brighter hue  
 And as I gaze,  
 And when at last

than e'er was seen  
 a light di-vine  
 all toils are o'er,

By favored few  
 About Him plays  
 When earth is past

## Wonderful Star.—Concluded.

queen,..... It seems to fling..... its heav'nly light,..... While seraphs  
 nigh..... Oh, shall I e'er..... for-get that sight..... Which met me  
 shore,..... May we in love,..... dear Lord, with Thee..... In realms a -

on king or queen,  
 with glow benign,  
 and reach'd that shore,

It seems to fling  
 Oh, shall I e'er  
 May we in love,

its heav'nly light,  
 for-get that sight,  
 dear Lord, with Thee

sing..... with calm..... de - light.....  
 there..... that Christ - mas night!.....  
 bove..... for-ev - er be,.....

they sing  
 met there  
 a-bove

with calm de-light, with calm delight.  
 that Christmas night, that Christmas night.  
 for-ev - er be, for-ev - er be.

CHORUS.

Be thou, O Star, our guide,

*Rit.*.....

What-ev - er may be - tide, And shine to-night with radiant light, As we kneel at the man-ger side.

# I will Bless Thee with Peace.

203

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

*First time, DUET; second time, SCHOOL.*

God hath said, I will bless thee with peace, And great shall be the peace of thy chil-dren, And

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 12/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 12/8. The bottom staff is in G major and 12/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 12/8. The lyrics are written below the staves.

they shall be taught, be taught, they shall be taught of the Lord, they shall be

The second system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and 12/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 12/8. The bottom staff is in G major and 12/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 12/8. The lyrics are written below the staves.

taught of the Lord, and I will bless thee, will bless thee with peace. will bless thee with peace.

The third system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and 12/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 12/8. The bottom staff is in G major and 12/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 12/8. The lyrics are written below the staves. The system includes first and second endings, indicated by the numbers 1 and 2 above the staves.

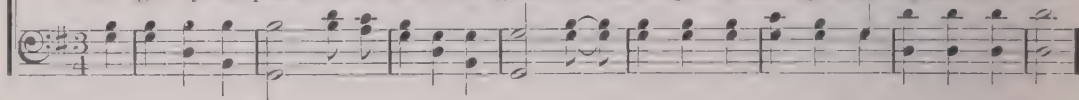
## Revive Us Again.

DR. W. P. MACKAY.

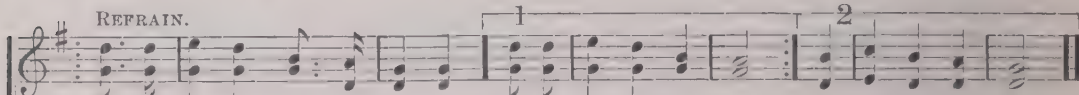
ENGLISH MELODY.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain. Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

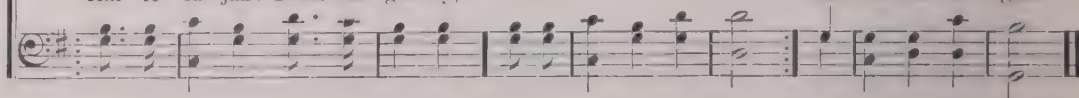


## REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry,

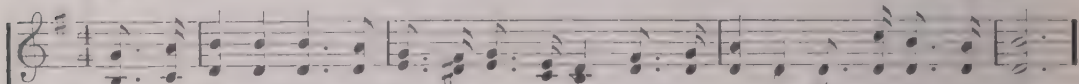
Re - vive us a - gain.



## The Conquering Host.

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.



1. Like a conqu'ring host the chil - dren come and go, March - ing on - ward with re - sist - less tread:
2. Oh, how glad we are, as chil - dren of the King, To be in the fore - most ranks to - day:





# The Conquering Host.—Concluded.

205

FINE.



Noth - ing can with - stand Such a might - y band, And by such a might - y Cap - tain led.  
At His blest com - mand We will march or stand, For we know He wants us to o - bey.



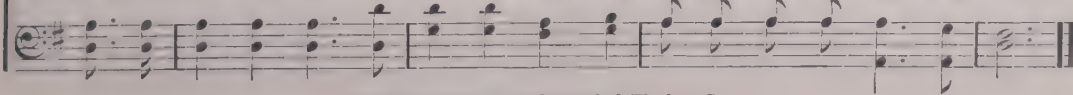
From far and near The sound we hear Of the song of tri - umph sweet;  
Then for - ward go, For here be - low We must be in march - ing trim,



*D. C. al Fine.*



Swell the joy - ous song, This glo - rious throng Can nev - er suf - fer real de - feat.  
Till His sig - nal come To call us home, Where we shall reign at last with Him.



## Tell, O Tell the Wondrous Story.

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

1. Tell, O tell, the won-drous sto - ry Of our blest Re - deem - er's birth,  
 2. Tell, O tell, the won-drous sto - ry Of sal - va - tion full and free;  
 3. Choirs of an - gels told His com - ing To the shep - herds on the plains,  
 4. Let us then re - peat the mes - sage, Tell, O tell, it far and wide,

How He left His home in glo - ry To re - deem the lost of earth.  
 Je - sus came, the Prince of Glo - ry. — Lived and died for you and me.  
 While they lis - tened mute with won - der. — Lis - tened to the wel - come strains.  
 Of a ran - som for the sin - ner. Of a Sav - iour cru - ci - fied.

## CHORUS.

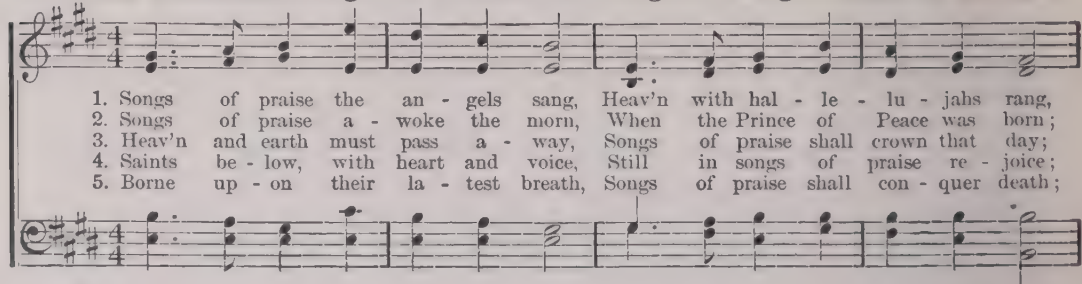
Tell, O! tell..... the bless - ed sto - ry  
 Tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Tell, O! tell the bless - ed sto - ry

Of His gra - - - cious love so free,.....  
Of His gra - cious love so free, His love so free, His love so free,

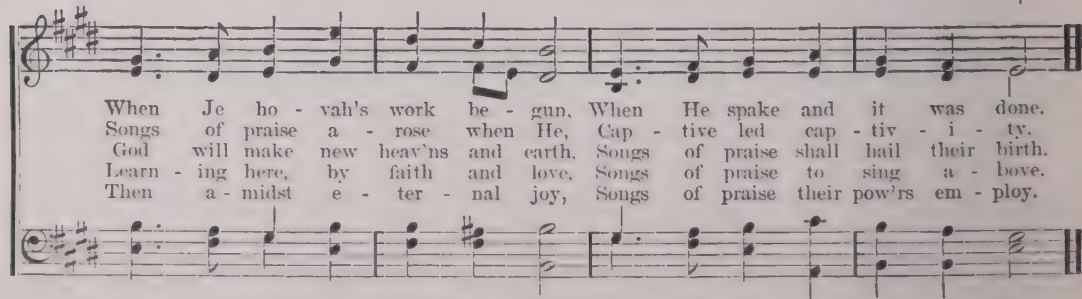
Glo - ry, in..... the high - est, glo - ry,  
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, in the high - est, glo - ry in the high - est,

*ritard.* . . . . .  
Be to Christ..... e - ter - nal - ly.....  
Be to Christ e - ter - nal - ly, e - ter - nal - ly.

208 JAMES MONTGOMERY. Songs of Praise the Angels Sang. THIBAUT OF NAVARRE.



1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jahs rang,  
 2. Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;  
 3. Heav'n and earth must pass a - way, Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
 4. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice;  
 5. Borne up - on their la - test breath, Songs of praise shall con - quer death;

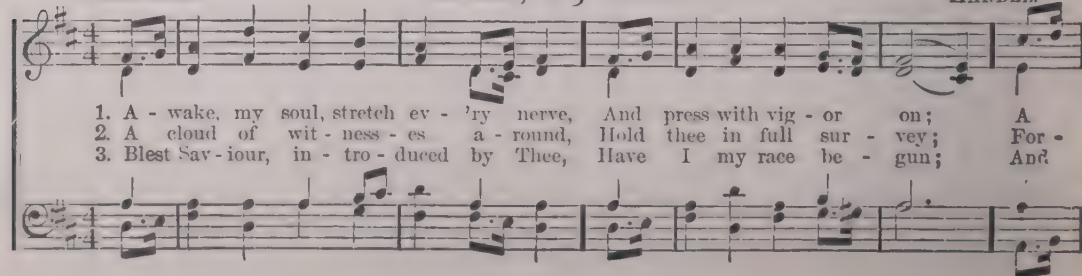


When Je ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.  
 Songs of praise a - rose when He, Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.  
 God will make new heav'ns and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.  
 Learn - ing here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove.  
 Then a - midst e - ter - nal joy, Songs of praise their pow'rs em - ploy.

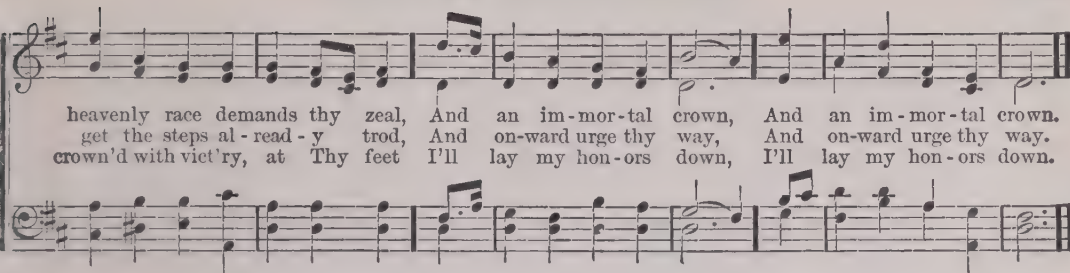
P. DODDRIDGE.

Awake, My Soul.

HANDEL.



1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A  
 2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round, Hold thee in full sur - vey; For -  
 3. Blest Sav - iour, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be - gun; And



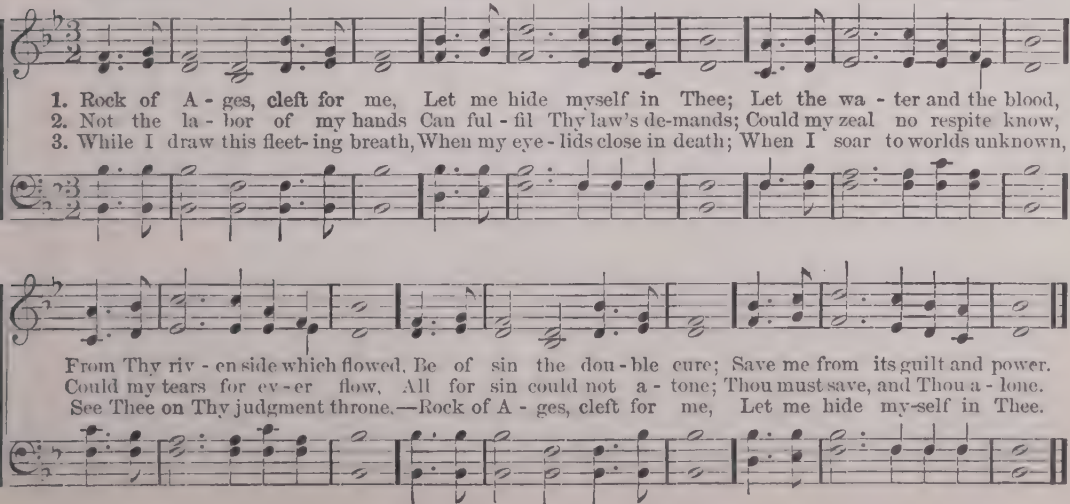
heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.  
get the steps al-read-y trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.  
crown'd with vict'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

## Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Toplady. 7s. 6 lines.

THOS. HASTINGS.

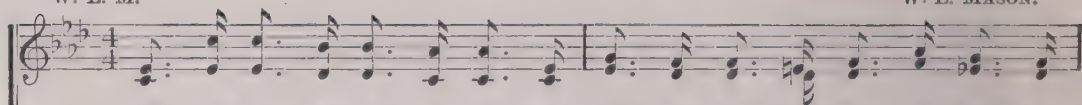


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,  
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de-mands; Could my zeal no respite know,  
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death; When I soar to worlds unknown,  
From Thy riv - en side which flowed. Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Save me from its guilt and power.  
Could my tears for ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

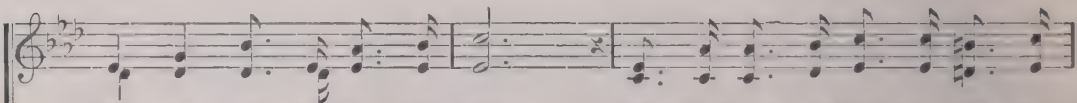


W. L. M.

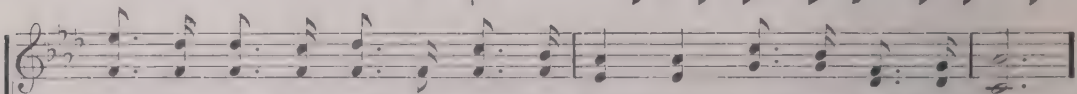
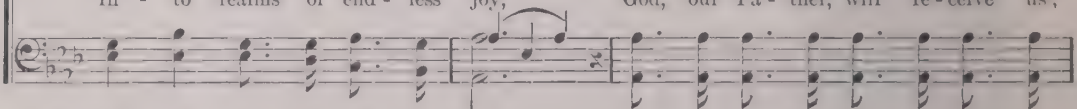
W. L. MASON.



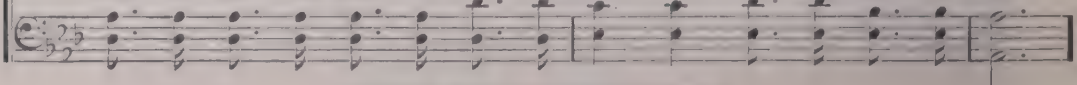
1. One there is Who, as a bro - ther, Loves us more than a - ny oth - er;
2. On the cross He hung in an - guish, Suf - fered not His zeal to lan - guish,
3. Then ac - cept this pre - cious Sav - iour, Come and seek His gra - cious fa - vor,
4. Then when life for us is end - ed, And with Je - sus we've as - cend - ed



His is love be - yond com - pare; He would have us serve and fear Him,  
 That we might from sin be free. Je - sus came for us from heav - en,  
 He is wait - ing here to - day. O - pen wide your hearts be - fore Him,  
 In - to realms of end - less joy, God, our Fa - ther, will re - ceive us;



He im - plores us to draw near Him, Cast on Him our ev - 'ry care.  
 That we all might be for - giv - en, If we serve Him faith - ful - ly.  
 For for - give - ness now im - plore Him, He'll not turn from you a - way.  
 From all fear and harm re - lieve us, Grant us bliss with - out al - lay.



# Come to Jesus.—Concluded.

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## CHORUS.

Come to Je - - sus while you may,..... O - pen

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus while you may, while you may, O - pen

now your hearts while yet 'tis call'd to - day,..... Come to Je - - sus, don't de-

now your hearts while yet 'tis call'd to - day, call'd to-day, Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, don't de-

lay,..... Oh, ac - cept the Sav - iour now this ver - y day.....  
*Ritard.*

lay, don't de - lay, Oh, ac - cept the Sav - iour now, this ver - y day, this ver - y day.

CHRISTOPHER C. COX.

REV. D. E. JONES.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of even - ing Gath - er round my lone - ly door;  
 2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got;  
 3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend;  
 4. How such ho - ly mem'ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past;

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.  
 Oh, the shroud - ed and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.  
 They, un - link'd with earth - ly trou - ble, — We still hop - ing for its end.  
 Point - ing up to that far heav - en, Which we hope to gain at last.

LYTE.

## Abide With Me.

MONK.

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!  
 2. Swift to its close, ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r.  
 4. Hold Thou Thy Cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies,

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O, a-bide with me!  
 Change and de - cay in all a-round I see; O, Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!  
 Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be, Thro' cloud and sunshine O, a-bide with me!  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

## The Lord's Prayer.

W. L. MASON.

Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name,  
 Give us this day our dai - ly bread,  
 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.  
 And forgive us our debts as we for - give our debtors.  
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever. A - men.

H. F. LYTE.

J. BARNBY.

*p*

|                                       |                  |                              |
|---------------------------------------|------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Abide with me; fast falls the      | e - ven - tide:  | The darkness deepens:        |
| 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's | lit - tle day;   | Earth's joys grow dim; its   |
| 3. I need Thy presence every          | pass - ing hour; | What but Thy grace can       |
| 4. I fear no foe with Thee at         | hand to bless;   | Ills have no weight, and     |
| 5. Hold Thou Thy Cross before my      | clos - ing eyes; | Shine through the gloom, and |

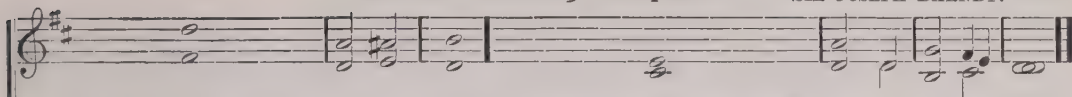
|                              |                                           |                   |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Lord, with me a - bide;      | When other helpers fail, and              | com - forts flee; |
| glo - ries pass a - way;     | Change and decay in all a -               | round I see;      |
| foil the temp - ter's power? | Who like Thyself my guide and             | stay can be?      |
| tears no bit - ter - ness;   | Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy | vic - to - ry?    |
| point me to the skies;       | Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain | shad - ows flee;  |

|                             |                         |            |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|------------|
| Help of the helpless,       | O a - bide with me.     |            |
| O Thou Who changest         | not, a - bide with me.  |            |
| Through cloud and sunshine, | Lord, a - bide with me. |            |
| I triumph still, if         | Thou a - bide with me.  |            |
| In life, in death, O        | Lord, a - bide with me. | A - - men. |

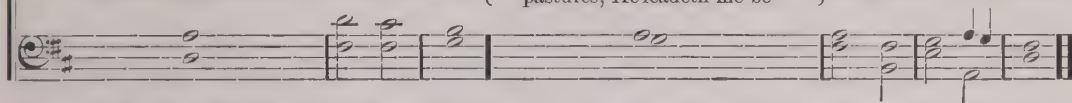


# The Lord is my Shepherd.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY. 215



1. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. { He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me be - } side the still..... waters:



2 He re | storeth · my | soul || He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for · His | name's | sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the | shadow · of | death || I will fear no evil; for | Thou · art | with — | me;

4 Thy rod and Thy staff, they | com · fort | me || Thou prepest a table before me in the | presence | of · mine · | enemies:

5 Thou anointest my | head · with | oil || my | cup · — | run · neth | over.

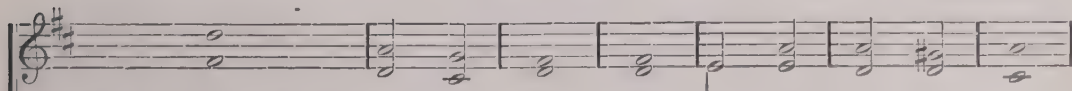
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days · of my | life || and I will dwell in the | house · of | the | Lord for | ever.

Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:

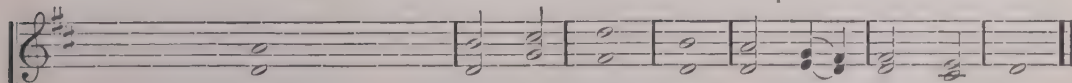
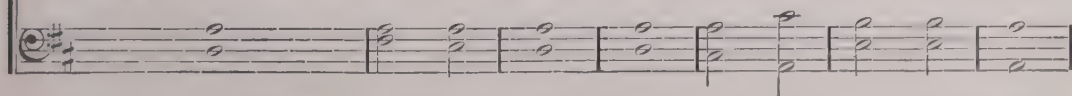
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be || world with | out · end | A · — | MEN.

## Gloria Patri.

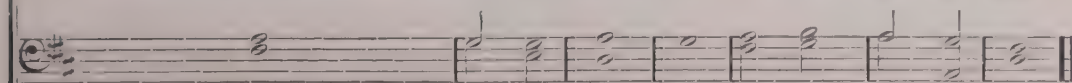
WM. BOYCE.



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;



As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - MEN.



## MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.



1. My faith looks up to Thee,

1 My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
When griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide.  
Bid darkness turn to day;  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove,  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

*Rev. Ray Palmer.*

## JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul,

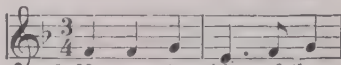
1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me;  
All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
All my help from Thee I bring.  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

*Rev. Charles Wesley.*

## MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee,

1 My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

*S. F. Smith.*

## BLEST BE THE TIE.



1. Blest be the tie that binds

1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

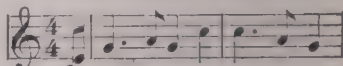
2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent pray'rs;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

*J. Fawcett.*

## THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood,

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

## REFRAIN.

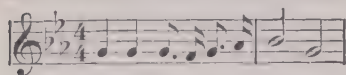
[ : Lose all their guilty stains, : ] [ flood  
And sinners plung'd beneath that  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

*W. Cropper.*



## SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.



1. Shall we gather at the riv-er,

- 1 Shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod—  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God?

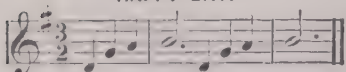
## CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river—  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever  
All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

*Rev. R. Lowry.*

## HAPPY DAY.



1. O happy day, that fixed my choice,  
1 O happy day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

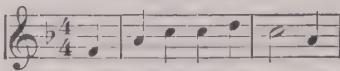
## CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away;  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day;  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.

*Rev. P. Doddridge.*

## FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.



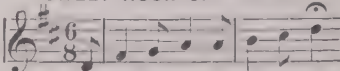
1. From Greenland's i-cy mountains,

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand;  
Where Africa's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sands;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

*Rev. Reginald Heber.*

## SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.



1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known;  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

*Rev. W. W. Walford.*

## HE LEADETH ME.



1. He leadeth me! O blessed thought!

- 1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

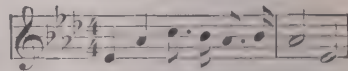
## REFRAIN.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me,  
By His own hand He leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

*Rev. J. H. Gilmore.*

## THE PRECIOUS NAME.



1. Take the name of Jesus with you,

- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe—  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it, then, where'er you go.

## CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,  
Precious name, O how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,

- 2 O the precious name of Jesus!  
How it thrills our souls with joy.  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ!
- 3 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,  
King of kings in heaven we'll crown  
Him.

When our journey is complete.

*Mrs. Lydia Butler.*

*Wm H Keyser & Co., Phila., Pa.*

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